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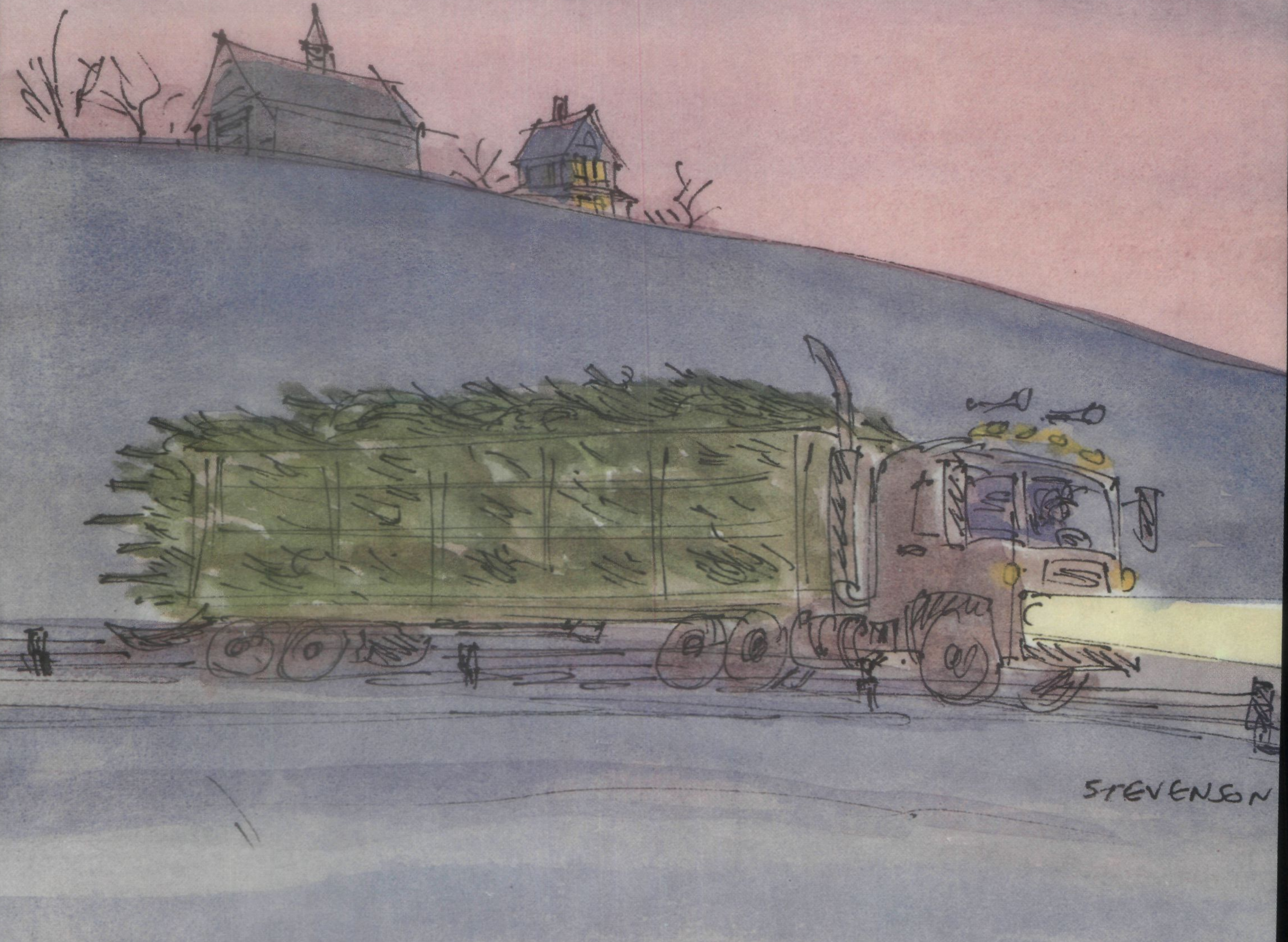

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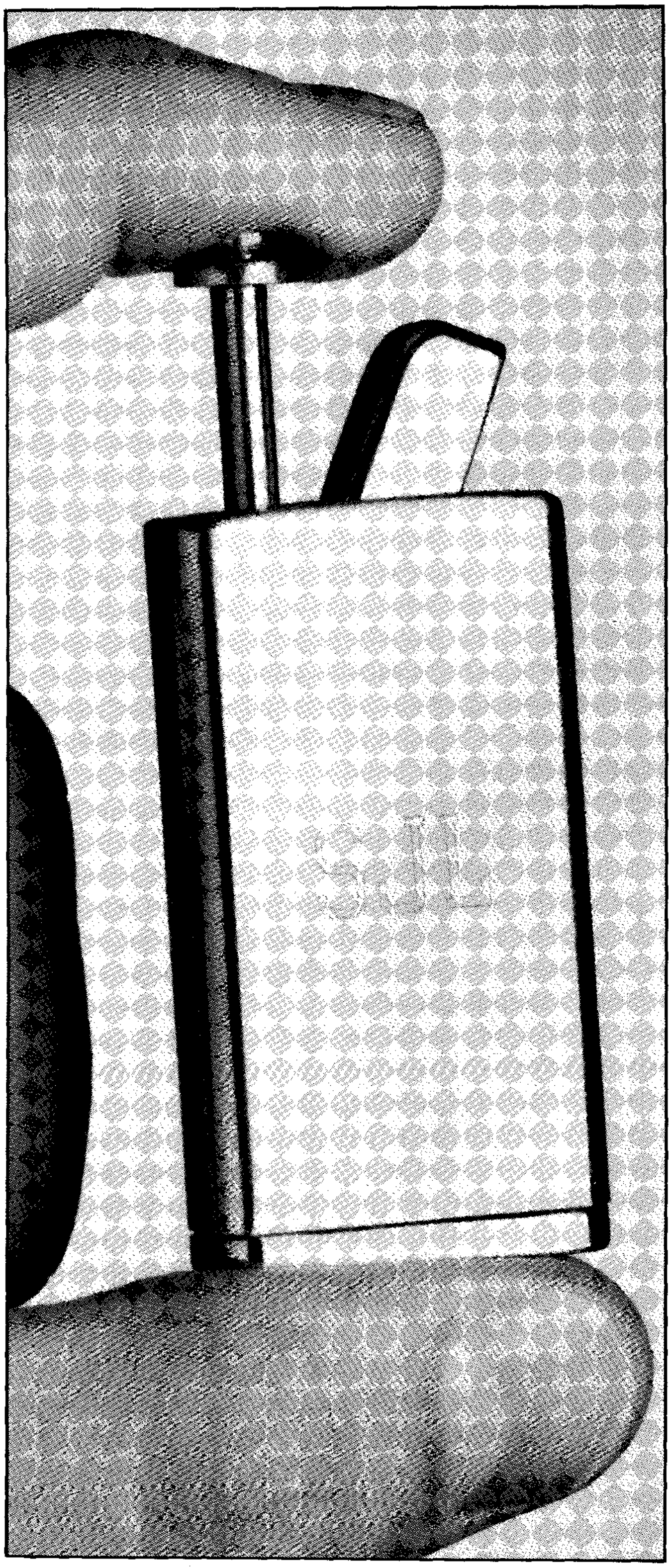

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet that depicts the perplexities—sometimes cruel, sometimes touching, and often surprisingly funny—of three sorry souls in the lower depths of Chicago. Superbly enacted by Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston, under the direction of Arvin Brown. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21-22, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A comedy about a lower-middle-class English family and its sad and merry ups and downs during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor. (12/12/83) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in hospital. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Kate McGregor-Stewart and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. There will be no performances Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 20-25.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 23, at 2:30.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. With Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Company—Frederick Neumann in a return engagement of the monologue adapted by him and Honora Fergusson from Samuel Beckett's narrative work. With music by Philip Glass. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.)

Damnée Manon, Sacrée Sandra—A drama by the Canadian playwright Michael Tremblay, translated by John Van Burek. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doonesbury—A musical fashioned from the famous comic strip. Undergraduate humor is glacially slow to change, which may be just as well for all of us. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Oliver Hailey's 1973 *play* FOR THE USE OF THE HALL *is the third in this* season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7 and 10; and Christmas Eve at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Dec. 21, and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2.)

The Glass Menagerie—The Tennessee Williams classic is at once sentimental and astringent, thanks to first-rate performances by Jessica Tandy, Amanda Plummer, John Heard, and Bruce Davison. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Heartbreak House—Shaw's vision of the time of

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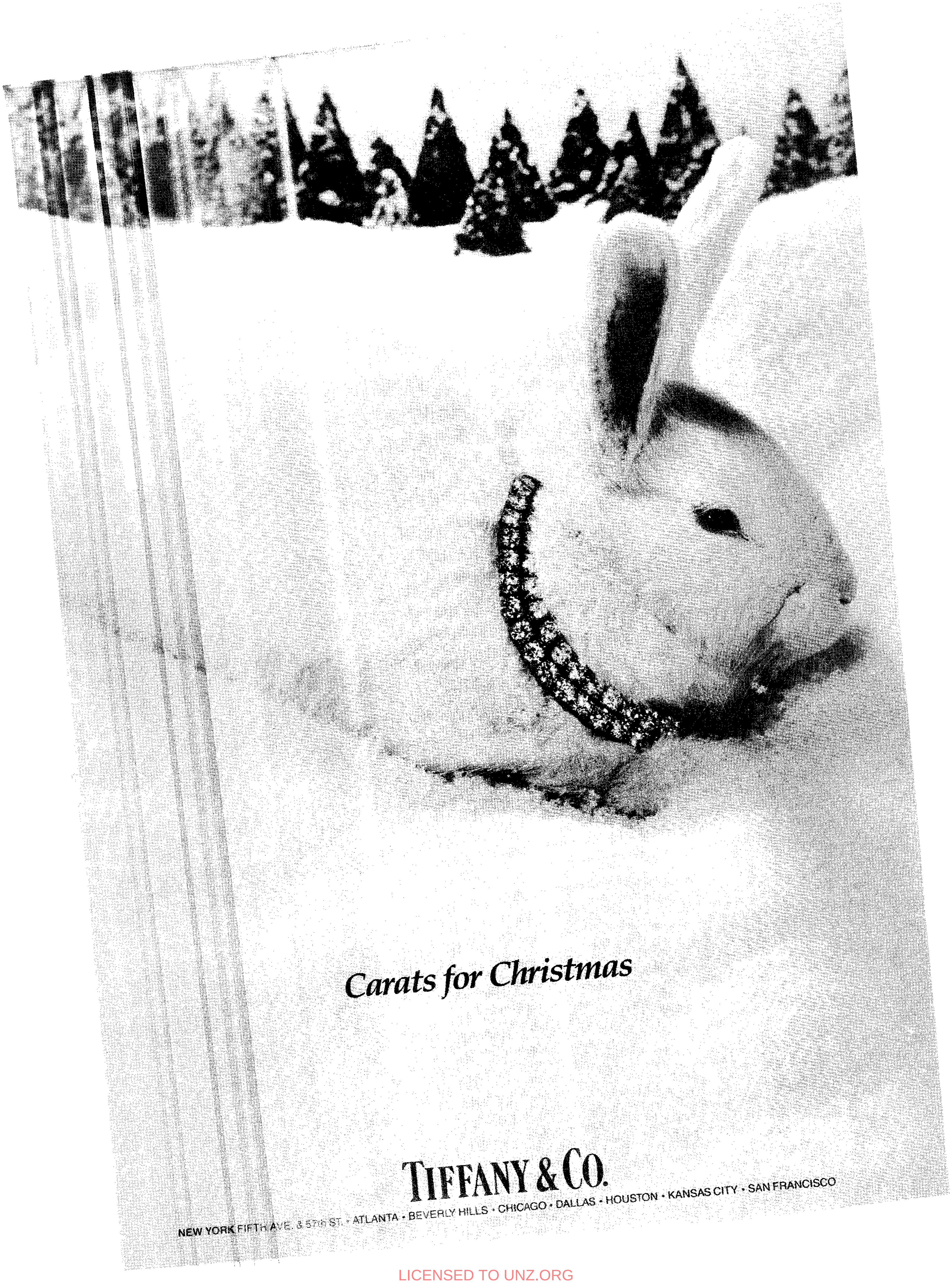
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"the breaking of nations," circa 1914. Rex Harrison is magnificent as Captain Shotover; also in the cast are Rosemary Harris, Dana Ivey, Stephen McHattie, and Philip Bosco. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A comedy by Wendy Wasserstein. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 15. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. There will be no performances Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 20-25.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Lady and the Clarinet—A woman presumably in her thirties recounts and reënacts the three most telling sexual adventures of her life for the benefit of a clarinettist who responds only musically. Michael Cristofer's script has its shortcomings, but it is undeniably theatrical and sometimes funny. The acting, under Gordon Davidson's direction, is first-rate. Stockard Channing is the lady, and Kevin Geer, Paul Rudd, and Josef Sommer are the objects of her affections. Jay Dryer is the eloquent clarinettist, who plays Stanley Silverman's music. (12/12/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leftovers—This evening, composed of the improvisations by three fat women—on diets, daydreams about food and sex, and related subjects—is a bore, but Marcia Kimmell, the fattest of the women, is a talented actress. (AMDA Theatre, in the Ansonia Hotel, Broadway at 73rd St. 206-9393/787-5300. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7:30 and 10; and Christmas Eve at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 3:30. Special performances Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8; Thursday, Dec. 22, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A new company presenting two revivals as the opening productions in a season of six plays performed in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS,** and Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page. (Mirror Theatre, 320 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 279-4200.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The enthralling jazz saxophone of Wendell Brooks propels the action of **PUPPETPLAY,** a poetic story of two young women who are held captive by a masculine puppet. Pearl Cleage is the dramatist, Seret Scott and Phylicia Ayers-Allen are the women, and Brad Brewer designed and manipulates the puppet. Clinton Turner Davis directed the fine performance for the Negro Ensemble Company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21-22, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

d. ehrenberg

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'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday evening, Dec. 19.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for, from Santa Claus or anyone else. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peg—Peggy Lee stars in her autobiographical musical, with original songs by Paul Horner and herself to supplement her standard repertoire. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 14. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Frances Cuka. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 8; Saturday, Dec. 17 at 7 and 10; and Christmas Eve at 8. Special performance Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Secret Honor *The Last Testament of Richard M Nixon—A play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, with Philip Baker Hall in the leading role. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30 Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of them is a fantasy based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (11/21/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8 Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Close Sunday, Jan. 1.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singer and dancers who are presumed to be old bu whose performances refute that presumptio at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary Willian Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston wa the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A musical with a book b Charles Blackwell, music by Henry Krieger and lyrics by Robert Lorick, based on Louis Fitzhugh's novel "Nobody's Family Is Goin to Change." Vivian Matalan is the director Previews through Tuesday, Dec. 20. Open officially on Wednesday, Dec. 21. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtai at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of woman dead for two years continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out The play, by Michael Brady, despite som good lines, may prove too sweet for mos palates, but the performance is commendable. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of th Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, take from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire *(11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center.* 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, a 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2:30.)

Wednesday—A dismal British import by Juli Kearsley about a stoic Lancashire mothe and her idiot son. The production, however, a distinguished one, under Geraldine Fitzgerald's direction. With Sada Thompson, Joh Bowman, Mia Dillon, and John Cunningham (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guil Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Close Sunday, Dec. 18.)

You Can't Take It with You—Eddie Albert, Colleen Dewhurst, and an army of others in th Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of th lines and all of the fireworks are as funny a ever. (4/18/83) (Royale, 242 W. 45th S 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very live revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fir almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/8

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(Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mightly little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,832 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance *Monday evening, Dec. 19.*) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 23, at 8; Sundays at 7; Saturday, Dec. 17, and Friday, Dec. 23, at 7 and 10; and Christmas Eve at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7 and 10; and Christmas Eve at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7 and 9:30; *and Christmas Eve at 8.* Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. There will be no performances Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 20-25.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7 and 10; and Christmas Eve at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Dec. 21, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30. No 11:30 performance Christmas Eve.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—*The* annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave., at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 11, and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11 and 2:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and three elephants are some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 14-15, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 16, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18, at 1 and 4; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 19-20, at 11 and 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. *21-23*, at 4 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about tickets, call 362-2500.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Saturday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 14-15, at 6; Friday, Dec. 16, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 18, at 1 and 5; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 19-22, at 6; Friday, Dec. 23, at 4 and 8; and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 14: "Research," "Inside," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 15: "Landscape," "The Stack Up," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 16: "Concerto in F," "Treading," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Dec. 17: "Isba," "Inside," "Research," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 17: "Phases," "Cry," "Songs Without Words," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 18: "Fontessa and Friends," "Pigs & Fishes," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 18: "Isba," "Love Songs," "The Stack Up," and "Blueshift." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Bagatelles," "Journey," "Ragtime," and "Koan." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3: "Butterfly," "Four Etudes," "Passing Time," "Movin'," and "Four Temperaments." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Les Ballets Jazz de Montréal—"Hors d'Oeuvre," "J'Freak Assez," "La Machine," and "La Perfectly Swell." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Mark Morris—With his company, in the second of two programs of his own works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 15-17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Ohad Naharin—With Sherry Lanier, in a program of his own works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call 658-7400.)

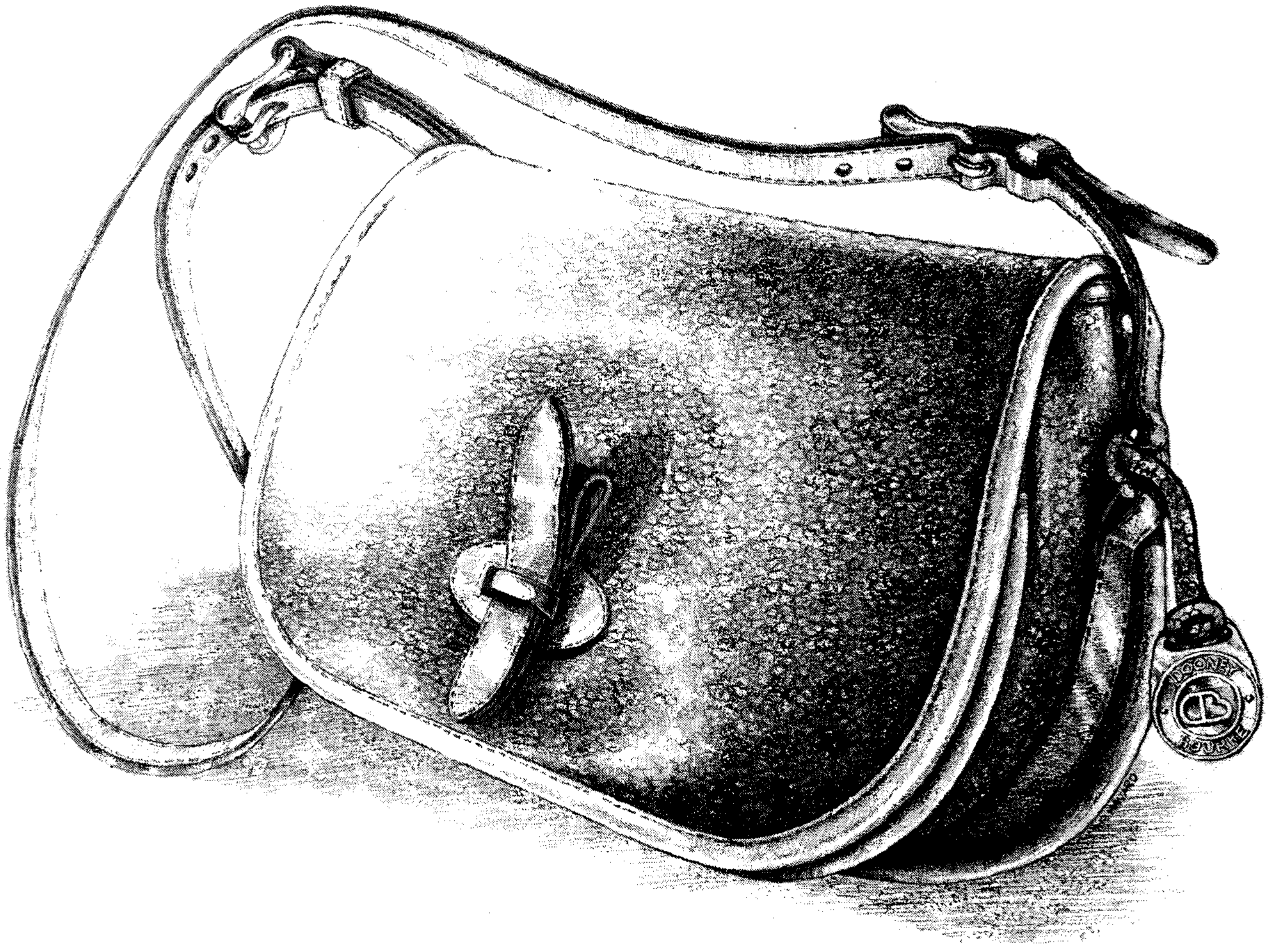
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano singing batches of Noël Coward tunes for his devoted audiences in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the Mayflower with jazz. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, will be devoted to showboating bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who hums while he bows his bass, and **HILTON RUIZ,** a terrific bebop pianist with Latin-jazz roots. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOS-**



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We make no apologies. While many manufacturers stuff each handbag with elaborate leather care instructions, we offer you nothing but the bag itself. Pure and simple. No apologies for natural faults in the leather. No detailed directions on how to protect your bag from spots and stains. On the contrary. We invite you to expose your All-Weather Leather bag to rain, sleet, snow and the wear-and-tear of everyday use. And we encourage you to expect the same great looks from your bag day after day, year after year. Because our All-Weather Leather bags are guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Pictured: The Tack Bag (7"x10"x3"), $125. In black, brown, burgundy, rouge, navy, taupe, black olive, rust, green, cocoa and honey.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SOM DEARIE is here doing concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Hard-bop guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** is here through Sunday, Dec. 18; Monday, Dec. 19, will belong to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI—LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND;** and on Tuesday, Dec. 20, jazz-funk tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will arrive. Music from nine-thirty. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Thursday, Dec. 15, **BILL MONROE & THE BLUEGRASS BOYS** and banjoist **DOUG DILLARD'S** band, at eight and ten-thirty; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL,** drummer **ALPHONSE MOUZON,** and their quintet; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 18-19, the original **BLUES PROJECT—ROY BLUMENFELD, DANNY KALB, STEVE KATZ, AL KOOPER,** and **ANDY KULBERG;** and Saturday, Dec. 24, the **ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER ORCHESTRA.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **CEDAR WALTON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Dec. 17, and **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** beginning Monday, Dec. 19. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** once the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle—nowadays, a prized visitor—is here, vigorously paying his respects to Coward, Porter, Gershwin, and company, as his ardent followers vigorously pay him theirs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. On Saturday, Dec. 17, **ALBERTA HUNTER** will fill in for Mr. Short. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has moved back into this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Dec. 14, the Orwells, the Action Faction, and the Legendary Earthlings; Friday, Dec. 16, the Young Hegelians, the Treble Boys, IBM, and Riddley Walker; Saturday, Dec. 17, the Swans, Sonic Youth, and Nature Blend; and Tuesday, Dec. 20, Made for TV, Fierce Jones, and the Privates. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH,** a strong-voiced blues and jazz singer and a convincing Bessie Smith interpreter, performs Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays are given over to singer Laura Theodore. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Saturday, Dec. 17, **SKYLINE,** a bluegrass band led by banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA;** Wednesday, Dec. 21, Nancy Crutcher & Jerry O'Sullivan. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

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Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer's quintet is on hand, Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

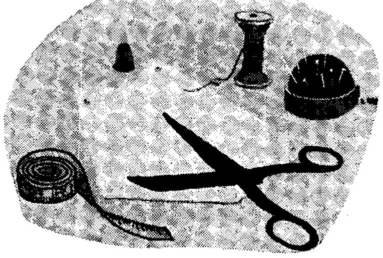
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A spiffy downstairs jazz room. **BETTY CARTER,** a risk taker of a jazz singer, is here right now with her trio. Carter's vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and (in the case of novice Carter listeners) probably cause a good deal of anxiety: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Dec. 14, Panther Burns, the Del Fuegos, and Barence Whitfield & the Savages; Friday, Dec. 16, Bleaker Street Incident, with Ann Magnuson, and Kristian Hoffman, & Robert Mache; Saturday, Dec. 17, **JOHN SEBASTIAN;** Sunday, Dec. 18, Jane Brucker; Monday, Dec. 19, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Dec. 20, Steve and Mark; and Friday, Dec. 23, Jake & the Family Jewels and the Floor Models. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** through Saturday, Dec. 17; Sunday through Wednesday, Dec. 18-21, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER;** and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 22-24, singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 14-18, singer Kitt Moran and a quartet will be on the stand, and Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 21-25, Alicia Sherman will sing with the Matt McErlean trio. On Mondays pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, pianist Emme Kemp is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. **ART HODES,** whose sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101 as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods, is here through Saturday, Dec. 17. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will take over. **DICK HYMAN** owns the dining-room grand on Mondays, and Keith MacDonald drops by on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.



Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **JOHN LEWIS** and **MARC JOHNSON** perform through Saturday, Dec. 17; on Tuesday, Dec. 20, **DR. BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** will take charge; and the Sunday and Monday guys are, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can spot the down-home folks; they're the guys in Bermudas and sockless loafers who look like former high-school football players. Wednesday, Dec. 14, **JERRY JEFF WALKER** and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog; Thursday, Dec. 15, Max Creek; Sunday, Dec. 18, the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 19-20, bluesman **ALBERT KING;** and Thursday, Dec. 22, rock drummer Ginger Baker. Music from eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. Bebop classicist and alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** leads a quintet through Sunday, Dec. 18; on Tuesday, Dec. 20, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will bring in his sextet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL—JACKIE & ROY** to their devoted followers—sing sublime and jazzy duets in a tribute to Cy Coleman. Tuesdays through Saturdays, beginning at nine-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: R. & B. and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose shows are often a wonderful celebration of sixties soul music, is here on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and, lately, more-than-occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 14, Troy & the Tornados and Carlson Smith & Outrage; Thursday, Dec. 15, the Adventurers, Yahoo Yahotts, and Bricks Mortar; Friday, Dec. 16, Doug Harris and Fats Deacon & the Dumbwaiters; Saturday, Dec. 17, George Theiss, Grape Jam, and the Pinch; Sunday, Dec. 18, Grant Wightman and Larry Rivers & the East 12th Street Band; Monday, Dec. 19, Modom, Faze, and Nekron 99; Tuesday, Dec. 20, Nancy Parker and Kitty Bruce; and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 21-23, Melanie. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St.

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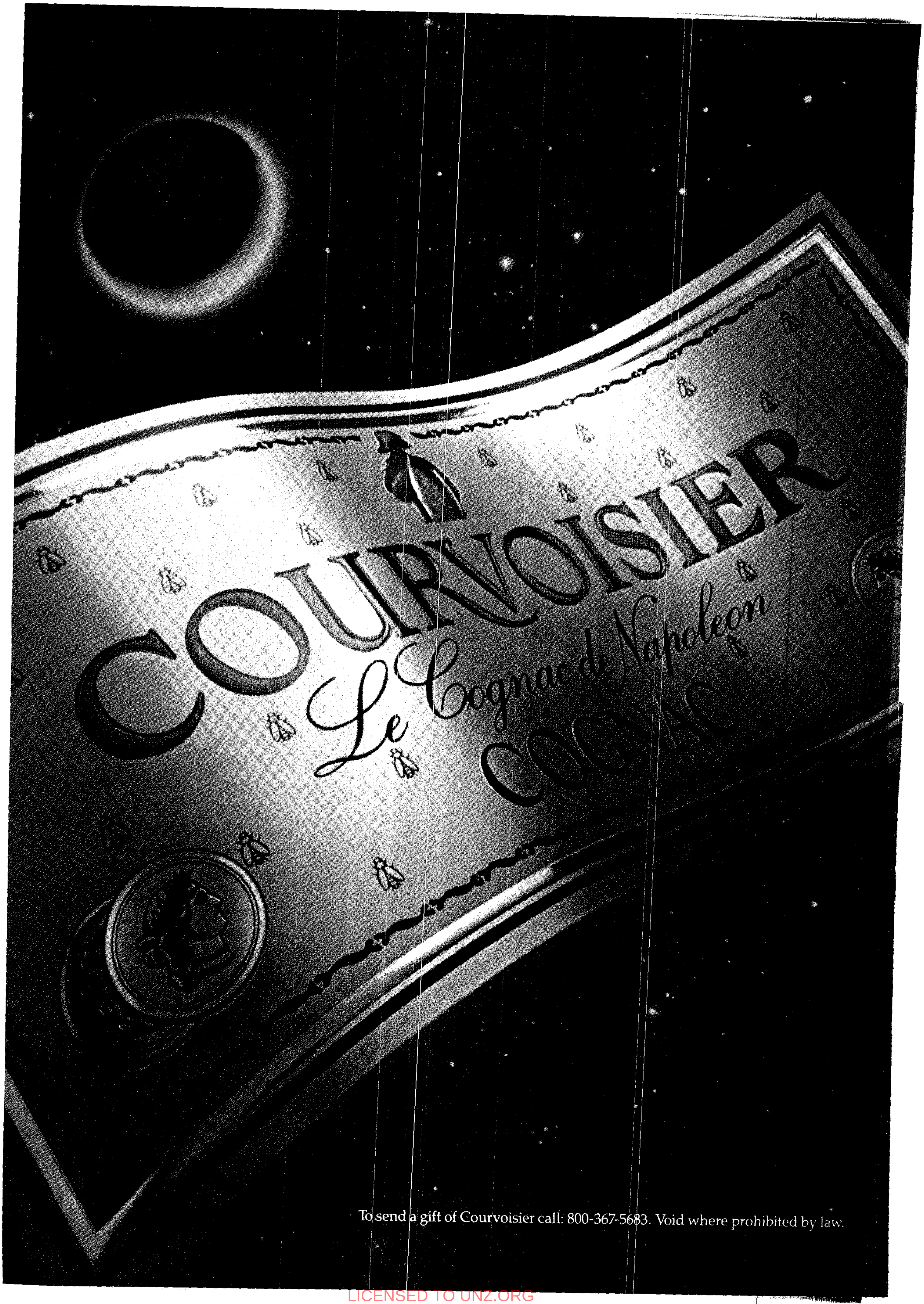
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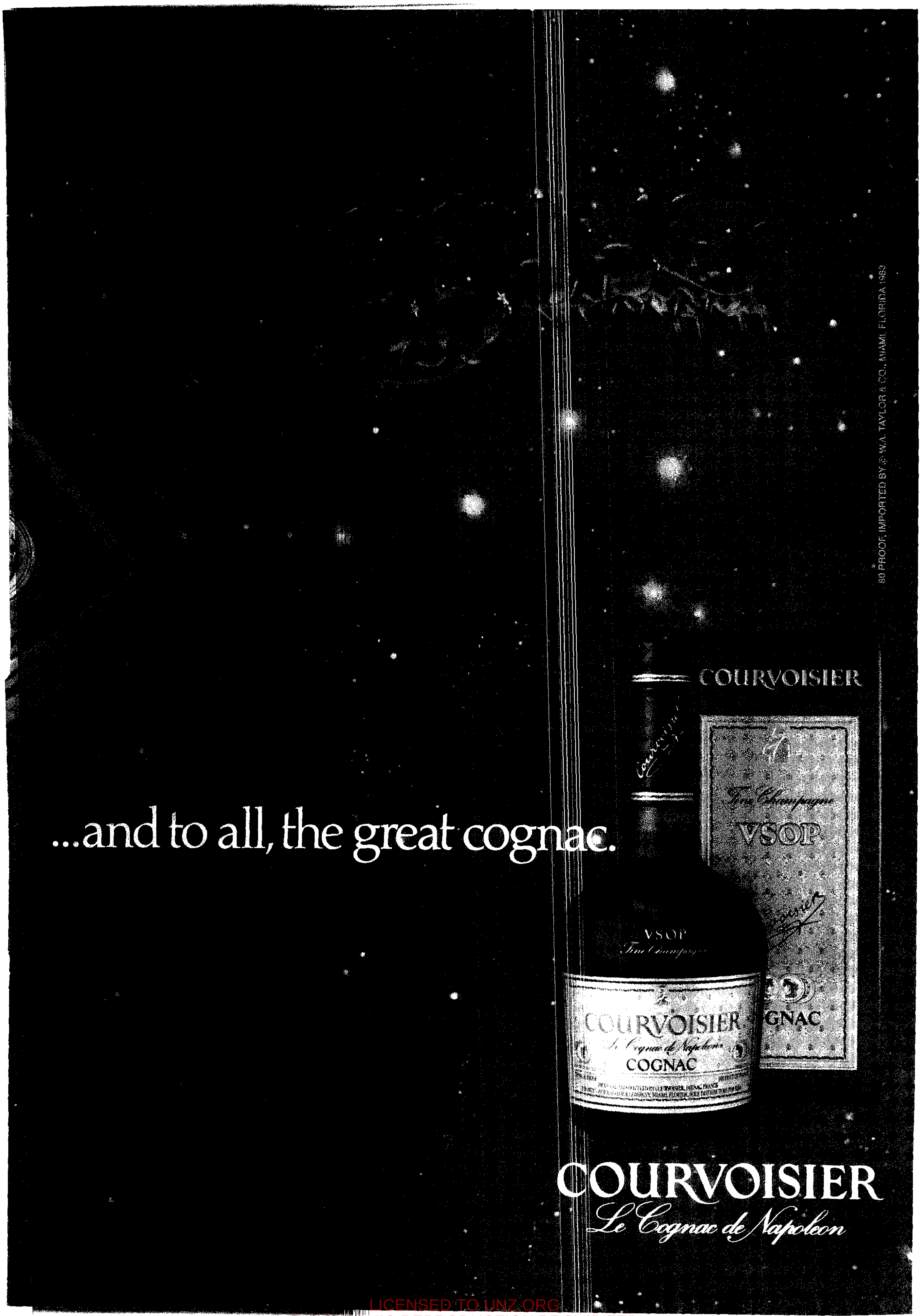
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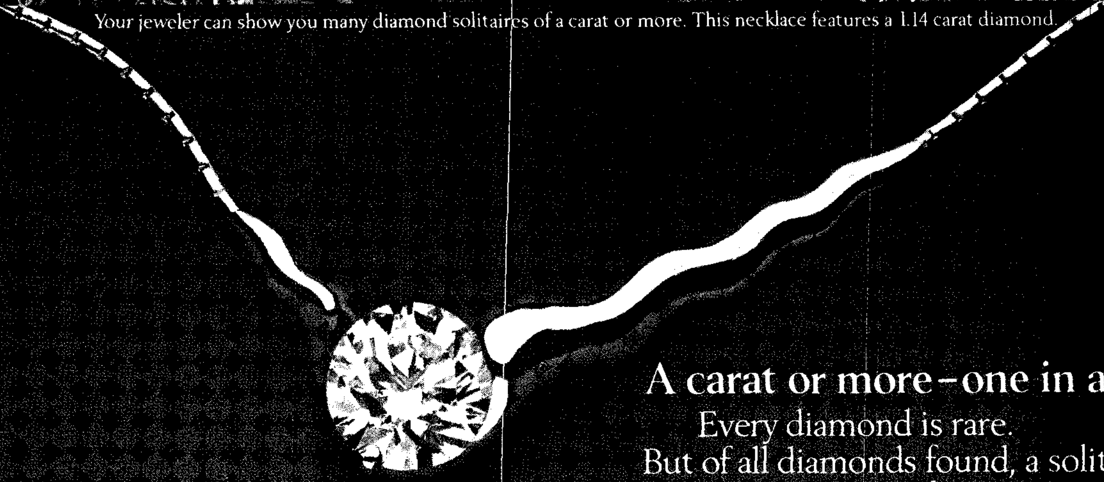
A carat or more.
Because you were never very good at fractions.

Your jeweler can show you many diamond solitaires of a carat or more. This necklace features a 1.14 carat diamond.



A carat or more–one in a million.

Every diamond is rare.
But of all diamonds found, a solitaire of a carat or more is only one in a million.

And, like love, becomes more precious with time.

A miracle among miracles.
Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond of a carat or more.

Show the world you couldn't have made it without her.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Dec. 16, reggae-ist Mikey Dread; Saturday, Dec. 17, Ballistic Kisses and the Coma-teens; Friday, Dec. 23, the Bluebells; and Saturday, Dec. 24, Let's Active. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play the eighties version of the Bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Dec. 14, Clarence Clemons and the Redbank Rockers; Thursday, Dec. 15, the Alarm and Tommy Keene; Friday, Dec. 16, the Bongos and Love Tractor; Saturday, Dec. 17, Cyndi Lauper; Tuesday, Dec. 20, **HERBIE HANCOCK** & the Rock-it Band; Wednesday, Dec. 21, Beaver Brown; Thursday, Dec. 22, **GRAND MASTER FLASH;** and Friday, Dec. 23, Glenn Branca. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 14, a group called Dee Sharpe; Thursday, Dec. 15, singer Carmen Cuesta with the **CHUCK LOEB** quartet; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, **BOB MINTZER'S BIG BAND;** Sunday, Dec. 18, French hornist **JOHN CLARK'S** quintet; Monday, Dec. 19, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 20-21, singer **BEN SIDRAN;** and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 22-24, trumpeter **DONALD BYRD.** Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 14, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** and his Afro-Brazilian sextet; Thursday, Dec. 15, the African Heritage Dancers and Drummers; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, and Saturday, Dec. 24, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Dec. 20, George André & the Big Brass of Brazil; Wednesday, Dec. 21, Mixed Grill; Thursday, Dec. 22, Obara Wali Rahman Indigo Drum & Spirit; and Friday, Dec. 23, percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**MEMPHIS SLIM,** the expatriate blues singer, pianist, and composer (he's lived in and been appreciated by Paris for years, and he wrote a moving classic, "Mother Earth"), is here on a rare visit through Saturday, Dec. 17. On Tuesday, Dec. 20, pianist **SHARON FREEMAN** and her ensemble will be present with a charming Christmas program. Mondays belong to **DAVID MURRAY'S STRING ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Buster Poindexter (a *nom de guitare*) & the Banshees of Blue hold forth Mondays through Wednesdays, and a Cajun group called Loup Gurou plays on Thursdays. Music after nine.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Dec. 19, **TITO PUENTE** and his orchestra will trade sets with Jerry Gonzalez & the Fort Apache Band, as well as back up guest jazz soloist, flutist **FRANK WESS.** On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS** and his quintet will perform at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace, **ROLAND HANNA** and **RON MC CLURE** play piano-bass duets Tuesdays through Saturdays; **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** jazz harpist, alternates with them on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Altoist **SONNY FORTUNE** leads a hard-bop quartet through Sunday, Dec. 18; on Tuesday, Dec. 20, pianist **MC COY TYNER** will descend the stairs with his quintet. On Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** takes charge. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Brazilian jazz singer Leny Andrade can be heard at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Wednesday, Dec. 14, Esther Blue; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 15-18, Ted Rosenthal; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 19-21, Hank Johnson; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 22-24, Joel Forrester. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 14, Kalil Madi; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 15-17, saxophonist Haywood Henry; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 19-20, pianist **JOE ALBANY;** and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 21-24, trumpter **JABBO SMITH.** Sundays are the property of alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI,** who have been playing their own brand of chamber music—a lively mixture of jazz, classical, and rock—together for years, work until Saturday, Dec. 17. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and super-delicate backup work are as astounding as ever. Monday through Saturday, Dec. 19-24, will be given over to pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER,** and Sundays are claimed by pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Music from eight. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Highlights in Jazz—Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans and the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Roger Kellaway—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday, Dec. 16, at 10 and midnight, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 9 and 11.

Keisha St. Joan Quintet—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.

Chieftains—With Siobhan McKenna and the Straw Boys Dancers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, at 8.)

Leroy Jenkins & Sting—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Globe Unity Orchestra—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.

James White & the Blacks—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday night, Dec. 16, at 1 A.M.

Steven Gorn and Badal Roy—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.

Ricky Ford Quartet—Jazz Center of New York. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.

Marilyn Crispell—With Andrew Cyrille. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 9.)

Ann Reinking—In a program called "One More Song One More Dance." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday, Dec. 21, through Saturday, Dec. 31. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Benefit Concerts—Dizzy Gillespie, Jon Faddis, Hilton Ruiz, and Carmen Lundy's quartet, in a benefit for the Mary Lou Williams Foundation. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Art Garfunkel performing Jimmy Webb's "The Animals' Christmas." The beneficiary is the T. J. Martell Foundation. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Many will be closed Saturday, Dec. 24, or will close early that day.)

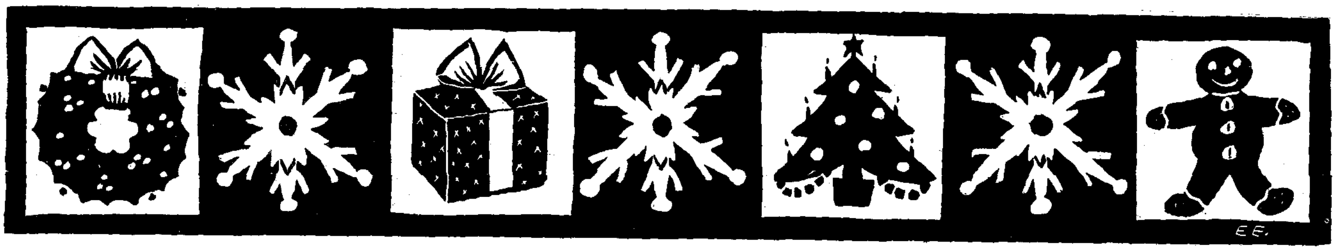
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Barbara Abrams / Philip Lieberman—Wall sculptures made of sheet brass sometimes illuminated by colored lights. / New photographs, mostly of Greek peasants. Through Dec. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

John Anderson / Lorraine Shemesh—Recent sculptures. / Paintings, drawings, and quilts. Through Jan. 6. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 21, for a two-week holiday.)

Romare Bearden—Childhood memories of rural North Carolina are captured in these new works, done in oil with collage, a new procedure for this veteran artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Billy Al Bengston—Three-dimensional water-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

color collages, plus five small wood tables. Through Jan. 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Paul-Émile Borduas (1905-60)—*Automatiste* abstractions by this Canadian artist, whose work was characterized by broad swipes of paint, laid on as with a trowel. Through Jan. 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24, from noon to 6.)

William Calfee and Patricia Friend—Paintings (interior scenes with figures, still-lifes with landscapes), each by one of two artists from Washington, D.C. Through Dec. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Bruno Civitico—Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, and allegorical subjects. Through Wednesday, Dec. 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present. Through Jan. 20. (Feigen, 113 E. 79th St. Closes at 2 on Friday, Dec. 23; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Harriet Korman—Abstractions in oil, watercolor, and charcoal. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Still-lifes and seascapes, executed in oil, plus jewelry designed and made by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Sculptures, paintings, and prints dealing primarily with his favored theme of the horse and rider. Through Jan. 14. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Thirteen oils and a bronze, plus works by a number of his peers (Braque, Léger, Archipenko, among others). Through Friday, Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ A large show of his prints is currently on view at the Brooklyn Museum.

George Rickey—Kinetic sculptures from the past three decades, including one new large-scale piece set up in the adjacent sculpture garden. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Hugo Robus (1885-1964)—Figure sculptures in bronze. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kikuo Saito—Recent color-field acrylics on canvas. Through Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Emilio Sanchez—Recent paintings and works on paper in which architectural details predominate—porticoes, balconies, and clapboard, for example. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Colored, cast-bronze abstract wall sculptures. Through Dec. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Burton Silverman—Figure studies, Italian beach scenes, and portraits by a realist painter who has a talent for catching the special individuality of each subject. Through Dec. 28. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jaune Quick-To-See Smith—Large paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: In a memorial exhibit honoring the late dealer Robert Elkon, twelve or so of the artists he represented (including William Tucker, Edward Avedisian, and Friedl Dzubas) are showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Dec. 30. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: The gallery, which represents Willem de Kooning, is using the occasion of his retrospective at the Whitney to display paintings and sculptures by a number of his contemporaries. Through Jan. 21. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **knoedler,** 19 E. 70th St.: Three New York School artists—Adolph Gottlieb and Robert Motherwell (paintings) and David Smith (sculptures). Through Jan. 4. . . . **mathes,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works on paper by Léger, Matisse, Dubuffet, Picasso, et al. Through Jan. 14. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Two small works apiece by forty-two artists, among them Kit-Yin Snyder, Mary Ann Unger, and Charles Seplowin. Through Jan. 3. . . . **vanderwoude tananbaum,** 24 E. 81st St.: Toys designed and made by more than fifty artists, among them Judy Rifka, John Willenbecher, Louise Bourgeois, and Victor Faccinto. Through Jan. 7.

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GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Joan Brady—Realist watercolors—flowers, tea things, fruit, and a young girl. Through Dec. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Paul Cadmus—A selection of drawings, mostly figure studies, ranging over a period of nearly sixty years. Through Dec. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Russell Cowles (1887-1979)—A memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who experimented with a number of styles. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Abstractions in oil. Through Dec. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Early, pre-abstract paintings dated 1913-19. Through Friday, Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Martha Diamond—Abstractions from cityscapes. Through Dec. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24.)

Peter Ellenshaw—Precisely executed landscapes (the Himalayas, Venice, Big Sur) by a peripatetic artist. Through Jan. 7. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alan Falk / Margo Barnes—Paintings of beach scenes and resort areas, partly real and partly imaginary. / Lush, summery vegetation in the backwoods of the Hamptons, rendered in oils. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large new works in which streaks of thick, poured-on paint are superimposed on the colorful stains characteristic of her canvases. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1882-1946) / **Abraham Walkowitz** (1878-1965)—Portraits of family and friends from the twenties. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Works by this British sculptor, including colossal bronzes of stern visages as impassive as the Easter Island monoliths. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Hard-edge semi-abstract works in pencil and acrylic depicting the Brooklyn Bridge, the sea, and the Greek ruins at Paestum. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Drawings and collages by a Spanish artist known primarily for his tapestries, two of which are on view. Through Jan. 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Linocuts from the twenties which were done for some of the popular magazines of the day, including this one. Through Dec. 30. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Hogarth (1697-1764)—A retrospective of prints. Through Dec. 30. (Donson, now located at 24 W. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Recent realist landscapes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Judith Hudson / David Craven—Still-lifes. / Stylized figures, usually in violent motion, whose outlines are sometimes strips of collage and sometimes elongated brushstrokes. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Gershon Iskowitz—Twenty new abstract paintings; also, six drawings done during the forties, while this Polish-born artist was interned at Auschwitz and at Buchenwald. Through Dec. 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Collage paintings, most of them incorporating found objects from Tibet (pieces of old rugs, of manuscripts). Through Jan. 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen (1903-81)—Astronomical notations and arithmetic progressions painted in heavily impastoed, vivid colors. Through Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Philip Johnson—Photographs and original models, both of his designs for private residences (including his own) and for public buildings (the A.T. & T. headquarters, still under construction in New York). Through Dec. 31. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Steve Keister / Donald Sultan—Sculptures. / Charcoal drawings. Through Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Kirschen-Cole / Forrest Moses—Collages fashioned from handmade paper, stamps, bits of thread, and pieces of canvas. / Paintings that are closeups of water flowing over rocks in the Rio Grande and other rivers in New Mexico. Through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kay Kurt—Christmas candy is the subject of realist pencil drawings, and one oil. Through Friday, Dec. 23. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kushner / Kevin Boyle—Large-scale fabric collages, large-scale drawings of male and female nudes, and figurative and floral grillwork. / Photographic portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sherrie Levine—Watercolors derived from modern masters—Léger, Mondrian, de Kooning—as seen in the color plates of art books. Through Thursday, Dec. 22. (Baskerville + Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lobdell—Recent abstract paintings and monotypes. Through Jan. 7. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

David Lund—Oils and pastels of mountain scenery and coastlines, some of them verging on the abstract. Through Thursday, Dec. 22. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Quintero—Oils and drawings by a Spanish realist. Through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by this School of Paris painter. Through Jan. 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Late paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Woodman—Large paintings and screens in which human figures are seen among decorative patterns, usually floral. Through Jan. 7. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright and D. Jack Solomon, and two wall installations by Don Dudley. Through Jan. 7. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: A pastel by William Beckman and a painting by Jack Beal are two works in a show of gallery artists. Through Jan. 5. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **heidenberg,**

Sneak preview

The other day one of our engineers made an interesting observation.

He was trying to illustrate how much better the new ADS speakers sound.

"Think of the speaker as a camera lens," he said. "What we've done is improve resolution, extend depth of field, magnify detail, produce a finer image."

Not a bad analogy, we thought, and asked him to go on.

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50 W. 57th St.: A small, sterling-silver reclining figure by Henry Moore is included in an exhibit of primarily twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and graphics. Through Jan. 10. . . . **JANIS,** 110 W. 57th St.: "Post-Graffiti" has paintings and sculptures by eighteen young artists who, as the title suggests, first practiced their talents on city streets and subways. Keith Haring, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Futura 2000, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by New York artists of Latin-American or Caribbean heritage, including Luis Cruz Azaceta, Rafael Ferrer, and Pedro Perez. Through Jan. 7. . . . **PROTETCH,** 37 W. 57th St.: Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Richard Fleischner, and Mary Miss, five sculptors exhibiting models, drawings, and small sculptures representing their outdoor commissions; Burton has a prototype for a terrazzo subway bench. Through Jan. 6.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eleanor Antin—This artist's latest fantasy work revolves around a medieval loser—a quixotic knight in armor called "El Desdichado" ("The Unlucky One"), who is almost life-size and made of corrugated cardboard, as are his horse and his surroundings. Through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jeffrey Brosk—Abstract wall sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Steven Campbell—A two-gallery show of narrative paintings by a Scottish artist who depicts outlandish events with monumental seriousness—for instance, a man hiding under a sheepskin and trying to capture an eagle. Through Friday, Dec. 23. (Toll, 146 Greene St., and Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Dale Chihuly / Jacques Henri Lartigue—Recent abstract blown-glass sculptures. / Photographs, recently printed from the original negatives, of life in France from La Belle Époque to the mid-thirties. Through Dec. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Masao Gozu—Twenty photographs of a Bowery bar window, taken over six years, during which time an aspidistra waxes and dies and the owner changes the name from Harry's to Harold's, perhaps to avoid confusion with the Harry's in Venice. Through Jan. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In another room, a collection of bicycles belonging to Pryor Dodge, including an iron tandem of 1865 and a 1906 model that John D. Rockefeller, Sr., used on the golf course.

Keith Haring—Totem sculptures fourteen feet tall, wood cutouts of figures and abstractions, and paintings in vinyl ink, crowding walls that are covered with red candy-striped decorations by the artist. Through Jan. 7. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Ronald Kleemann / Murray Alcosser—Photo-Realist paintings. / Still-life paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Thomas Lawson—Paintings of architectural subjects, a couple kissing, and landscapes, all seen through a blizzard of brushstrokes. Through Jan. 7. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Two dozen new paintings are on exhibition in the Castelli gallery at 420 West Broadway, and many of them are duplicated, more or less, in an enormous mural, eighteen feet tall and ninety-six feet long, in the Castelli gallery at 142 Greene St. Through Jan. 14, but both galleries will close after Thursday, Dec. 22, for a ten-day holiday.

Ken Little / Nancy Bowen—Life-size animals—a huge bear, a deer, a panther—made of cast-off leather goods, such as shoes, belts, and baseball mitts. / Small sculptures in clay and encaustic, mostly of female figures in acrobatic poses. First solo shows in New York for both artists. Through Jan. 14. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

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Lizbeth Mitty—Landscapes of middle-class urban areas painted in a funky style on acrylic-stained canvas. Through Dec. 31. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Vera Schupack / Rosa Silverman—Abstract sculptures—wall pieces and freestanding. / Paintings inspired by a recent trip to Kenya; the canvases are collaged with twigs and cigarette-length reeds. Through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Barbara Strasen—Mural-size landscape paintings interrupted here and there with photographs or inset drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Shari Urquhart / Frances Cohen Gillespie—Hooked rugs that in subject matter and materials (mohair, velour, satin, metallic threads) represent a departure from the plain worsteds of old. / Paintings of still-lifes with interiors. Through Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24.)

Daisy Youngblood / David Nelson—Figurative sculptures done in unglazed, low-fired clay. / Sculptural lamps combining welded steel and Plexiglas. Through Jan. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Nuclear war, the aftermath of nuclear war, natural disasters, doomsday, and just impending doom are the subjects for a large group of works by a great many contemporary artists. Through Jan. 22. (Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: Small works by big names—Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, Warhol, Fischl, Eva Hesse, and dozens of others. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. . . . **BOONE,** 417 West Broadway: Paintings by a dozen gallery artists, among them Eric Fischl, Markus Lüpertz, and Julian Schnabel. Through Dec. 31. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works either on or of paper by eight new artists, including Joseph Goodwin's small abstracts and Scott Sherk's striking shadow works, in which paper cutouts, deployed on a transparent shelf and lighted from beneath, cast images of landscapes and still-lifes on the wall. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ENO,** 101 Wooster St.: This ten-year-old coöperative gallery is showing all kinds of works by its members. Through Jan. 28. (Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **14 SCULPTORS,** 164 Mercer St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit of works by founding and present members of this coöperative. Accounted for are Margaret Miller, Allan Cyprys, and David Brooks, among others. Through Jan. 7. (Open Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Carl Andre / Mary Heilmann—A single T-shaped carpetlike sculpture composed of a hundred and fifty-two slabs of granite from Quincy, Massachusetts, where Andre grew up. / Large, bold abstractions in sharply contrasting colors. Through Sunday, Dec. 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Arch Connelly—Abstractions from nature painted on panels, some of them punctuated by fake gems glued to the surface. Through Jan. 8. (Garet Kohn, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Joseph Maresca—Paintings of industrial landscapes with special focus on dazzling lights from automobiles and trucks. Through Dec. 30. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . ¶ In the front gallery are representative works by Hunt Slonem, Philip Tsiaras, and Jonathan Weinberg.

David Rabinowitch—Charcoal and wax drawings. Through Jan. 28. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St. After Thursday, Dec. 22, the gallery will close for ten days.)

Robert Rauschenberg—An exhibition of sets and costumes designed for Merce Cunningham and Trisha Brown, and for theatrical adventures of his own. Also, photographs (by the artist and others), original props and objects, and videotapes and slides (the latter can be seen on Tuesdays and Saturdays from noon until 2, and again from 4 until 6). Through Thursday, Dec. 22. (Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building at Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Christopher Sproat—Abstract sculptures derived from fish, birds, iguanas, dogs—all made of black-painted wood sometimes accented with neon tubes. Through Dec. 30. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Kate Sutphin—Religious figures are prominent in these semi-abstract paintings. First solo show in New York. Through Dec. 31. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24.)

Michael Tracy—Textured sculptural works centered on religious symbols and intended by the artist as commentary on Latin-American political events. Through Jan. 21. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Group Show—Jim Dine, Jack Levine, and Saul Steinberg are among the eighteen artists represented by a single painting or sculpture each. Through Jan. 6. (Hebrew Union College, 1 West Fourth St., just west of Broadway. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Cast-Iron Sculpture—Primarily one-of-a-kind pieces by twenty-one contemporary artists, including Jene Highstein, Jay Wholley, Robert Morris, and Beverly Pepper. Through Friday, Dec. 23. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—Fifty color prints of the United States—coast to coast. Through Jan. 7. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Langdon Clay—Views, mostly interiors, of Jefferson's Monticello, plus other photographs, including a striking panorama of the West 42nd Street sin belt at night. Through Jan. 28. (Twining, 33 Bleecker St., between Bowery and Lafayette St.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Eleven vintage prints, among other works. Through Jan. 7. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Frank Gohlke—About forty aerial views of the Midwest, from snow-blanketed farms in Minnesota to the small towns lining the Mississippi. Through Dec. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

André Kertész—Distortion photographs taken by the artist fifty years ago for the French magazine *Le Sourire*. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

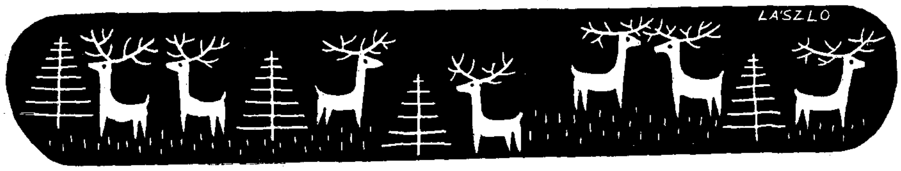
Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Fifty vintage surreal prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Doug Prince—Photographic works (some surreal, some just straight prints) from the past dozen years. Through Jan. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

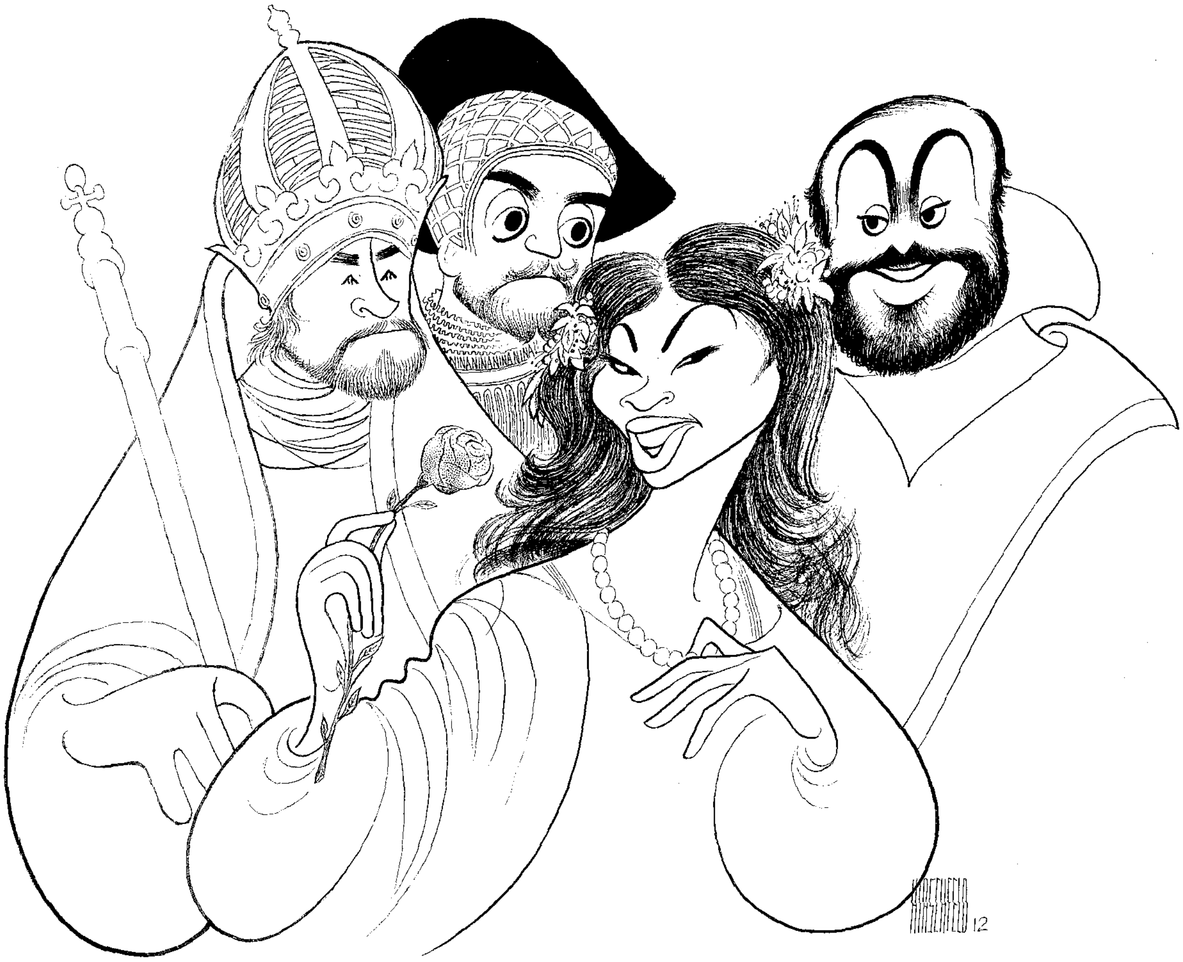
Aaron Siskind—An eightieth-birthday show of photographs completed in the past four years, plus a few earlier prints. Through Jan. 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hiroshi Sugimoto—The dioramas at the American Museum of Natural History are the subjects of a series of black-and-white prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ruth Thorne-Thomsen—Inventive photographs, made with a pinhole camera, that look like



"Ernani." Telecast from The Met. The most costly thing he ever stole was a heart.



Watch Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes and Ruggero Raimondi in the TV premiere of the new Metropolitan Opera production of Verdi's "Ernani." James Levine conducts. Wednesday, December 21, at 8 PM (EST) on PBS.

With English subtitles. Simulcast on Stereo FM in many cities.

Disguised as a bandit, Ernani stole Elvira's heart away. Although a king and a nobleman vied for her hand, she pledged love to Ernani until the end of time. He did the same, not knowing the end was near. Their wedding was an expensive affair—it cost Ernani his life.

Tune in December 21st and you, too, will sing the praises of Verdi's "Ernani." You'll have the best seat in the house—right in your home.

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TEXACO

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Funding for "Live From The Met" is made possible by a major grant from Texaco Philanthropic Foundation Inc. with additional grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation.

full-size views of their subjects (a leaning tower, pyramids) but are actually views of paper constructions set up on a beach. Through Friday, Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Roman Vishniac—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **jewish museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union: "Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Moscow. Through March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Works from the past six decades by Barbara Morgan, figure studies (male nudes and ballerinas) by George Platt Lynes, and hand-colored, hand-altered still-lifes by Christopher James. Through Jan. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **schomburg center,** 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.: "14 Photographers," a show with ten times that many works, which are either allegorical (Albert Chong, Jon Thomas) or documentary (Marilyn Nance, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe). Through Jan. 24. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24, from 10 to 6.) . . . **staley-wise,** 177 Prince St.: Prints by fourteen well-known photographers (Bill Brandt, Elliott Erwitt, Louise Dahl-Wolfe) accompanied by portraits of the artists by Pat Booth. Through Jan. 7. (Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century American painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of Chinese garden and flower paintings, twelfth century to eighteenth, from the museum's collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings from the museum's collection which are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3, after which the museum's welcome mat will be rolled up and its front doors closed until late spring. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," the second of three exhibits (being held at two-year intervals) examining his output in the context of the artistic milieu of his period. Supplementary works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning: Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso, none of which have been exhibited in public before. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Something from the Sky Is Falling Department: Wethersfield (1971) and Wethersfield (1982), the meteorites named after the town in Connecticut where they landed, are on display in the Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites. Their travelling days are over. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Dec. 24, from 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; closes at 6 on Saturday, Dec. 24.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by close to threescore artists (Wolf Kahn, Ed Paschke, and Susan Rothenberg among them) have been mounted in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute and donated to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jack Tworkov, and sculptures by Theodore Roszak and José de Creeft. Both shows through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

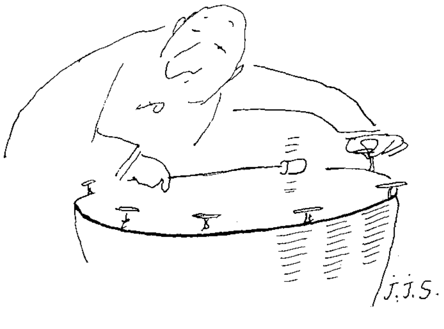
Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Korean folk art. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a hundred drawings and watercolors of flowers which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of folk dolls dating back to the early eighteen-hundreds; most of them, in their simplicity and their distance from the factory-made mannequins of today, will probably captivate adults more than children. But take the kids anyway. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members (such as Asher B. Durand, Thomas Eakins, and Andrew Wyeth) provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)



New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Photographs of New York a century ago by Robert L. Bracklow, a businessman who pursued photography as an avocation between 1882 and 1918. Starts Thursday, Dec. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Saturday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 24. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturday, Dec. 24. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24, 11 to 6.—Artists who have shown works here in the past are doing so again in an all-out display of about three hundred and fifty drawings and objects. Through Jan. 14.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Fast Forward, Rhys Chatham, Michael Peppe, and Nylon Vinyl (music), Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3; collaborative performance pieces by dancers and composers, Monday through Friday, Dec. 19-23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation, by Kiki Smith, which contains the kinds of photographs usually found in medical offices—X-rays, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 24.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Waverly Consort—Eight performances of "The Christmas Story," a pageant about the Nativity based on medieval music manuscripts. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 14-17, at 7 and 9:15. For tickets, call 666-1260.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Patricia Schuman, mezzo-soprano; Abram Morales, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; Terry Cook, bass; and the Orpheon Chorale. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins directing a program that includes the first contemporary performance of Jan Dismas Zelenka's "Missa Nativitatis Domini." With Margaret Ahrens, soprano; Mimi Lerner, mezzo-soprano; Michael Brown, tenor; and Ben Holt, baritone. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8. For tickets, call 765-8008.)

MANNES CAMERATA AND MANNES LOUD BAND—Paul Echols and Benjamin Peck directing a program of vocal and instrumental Renaissance Christmas music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Presenting Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100 Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC'S GRANDE BANDE—With the American Boychoir. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

WESTERN WIND AND ANANDA DANCERS—A program of songs and dances for the season. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

CANDLELIGHT CHRISTMAS CONCERT—Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society and the Little Orchestra Society, with Sheryl King-Lazzarotti, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; Michael Handy, tenor; and Matthew Lau, bass. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 288-3215. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

AULOS ENSEMBLE—A program called "A Baroque Christmas," with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 663-7565.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—With Jane Bryden, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Friday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—**MUSICA SACRA:** Richard Westenberg directing, with Arleen Auger, soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; David Gordon, tenor; and Julien Robbins, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30.) . . . **ST. IGNATIUS CHOIR:** Johannes Somary directing, with Dilys Smith, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Rob Fitz, tenor; Elwood Howard, baritone; Peter Stewart, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Michael Crouse, tenors; Richard Crist and Michael Burt, basses; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing an audience participation performance. With Jennifer Barron, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Louis Turner, tenor; and Stephen West, bass. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3400.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Ashley Putnam, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; and John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone. A benefit performance. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8.) . . . **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Lila Deis, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Mukund Marathe, tenor; and David Hamilton, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; conducted by Klaus Tennstedt. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 15, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . .

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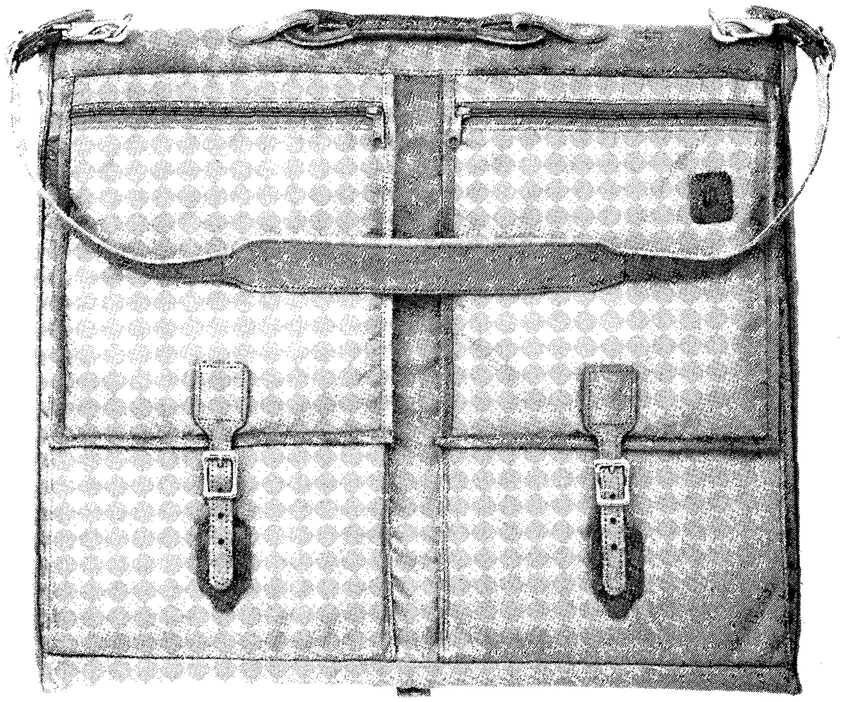

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¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Eleanor Bergquist, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:30: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 19, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, *Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti* Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 22, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Sheila Nadler, and Peter Glossop; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ *Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1:* "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine.

Opera Shop of Vineyard Theatre—Thursday, Dec. 15, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8: Donizetti's "Il Giovedi Grasso," a one-act opera, with an English narration. Preceding the opera, the Chamber Art Ensemble will play chamber works by Donizetti. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3: Mozart's "Lo Sposo Deluso," a one-act opera, in English. Following the opera, the Chamber *Art Ensemble will play chamber works by* the Mozart family. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. For tickets, call 683-0696.)

Amato Opera Company—Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Slatkin conducting a Morton Gould–Bartók–Rachmaninoff program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 15-17, and Tuesday, Dec. 20, all at 8.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, Dec. 29.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—*Frederic Waldman* conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a program of baroque music. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—George Manahan conducting, with Carl Kleinsteuber, tuba. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—*Richard Kapp conducting* the complete Bach Brandenburg concertos. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys and the Chorus Viennensis—Uwe Christian Harrer directing, with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing, with Carlotta Wilsen, soprano, and Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Nan Nall, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing a program of Jewish choral music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

David Ziegler—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Thomas Riebl, viola, and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Mozart program, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Eugene Istomin, piano; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Michael Tree, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of contemporary music, with Sol Greitzer, viola; Richard Goode, piano; and Neil Rolnick, synthesizer. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Elly Ameling and Rudd van der Meer—Soprano and baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—A Brahms-Haydn program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Mark Peskanov—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Rivka Golani-Erdesz, viola; Aleck Karis, piano; Margaret Ahrens, soprano, and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Robert McDuffie—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:30.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The third in a series of five concerts, this one featuring the Cleveland Quartet; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Yehuda Hanani and Sharon Robinson, cello; and Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of vocal and instrumental music from the Middle Ages, entitled "All About Eve." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne and James Levine—Soprano and piano. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 5.)

New Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

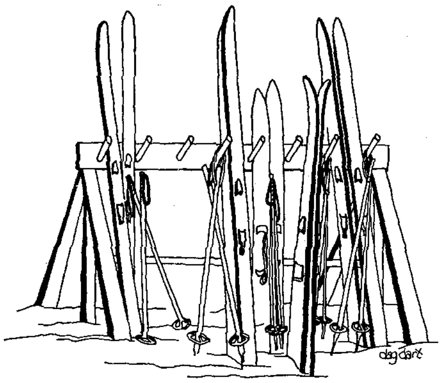
Christopher O'Riley—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

James VanDemark—Double bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 2.)

Elizabeth Rich—The first in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart piano sonatas. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Frederick Fox, John Melby, and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



Bethany Beardslee and Richard Goode—Soprano *and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall,* Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Peter Wolf—Harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Gospel at Colonus—Morgan Freeman, the Institutional Radio Choir, the J. D. Steele Singers, and others in a twenty-one-performance engagement running from Thursday, Dec. 15, through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Mondays, except Dec. 19, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, Dec. 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Dallas, Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Miami. Friday, Dec. 16.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Washington. Saturday, Dec. 17.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Friday, Dec. 23. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Dec. 23, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 17, and the Roamer Handicap, Sunday, Dec. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 22-24, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays, except Saturday, Dec. 24, at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights, except Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8.

ET ALIA

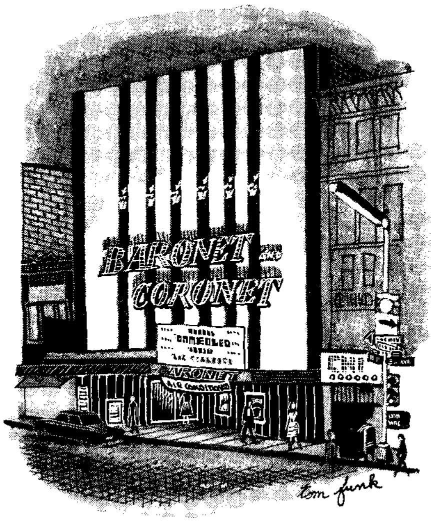
Poetry Readings—Yehuda Amichai reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 15, at 10:15: Russian works of art, *objets de vertu*, and Russian and Greek icons. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 15, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Dec. 16, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, plus dance, theatre, and opera memorabilia. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 15, at 2: English and Continental silver. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 10:15 and 2: Part IV of Barbara Johnson's Whaling Collection. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 10 and 2: English literature and other books, as well as autograph letters. (Exhibition hours are by appointment only; call 546-1197.) . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 10 and 2: Arts and Crafts, Art Nouveau, and Art Deco. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 14, from 10 to 5, and Thursday, Dec. 15, from 10 to 2.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—On Sunday, Dec. 18, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Dec. 14: "The Sea Gull" (1977; directed by Marco Bellocchio; in Italian); and "Fists in the Pocket" (1965; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Lou Castel and Paolo Pitagora.
Dec. 15-16: "The Sea Gull;" and "China Is Near" (1968; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Glauco Mauri.
Dec. 17-18: "The Sea Gull;" and "Victory March" (1976; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).
Dec. 20: "The Sea Gull;" and "Leap Into the Void" (1979; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Michel Piccoli, Anouk Aimée, and Michele Placido.
Dec. 21-22: "The Sea Gull;" and "In the Name of the Father" (†).
From Dec. 23: Theatre temporarily closed.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 15: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
From Dec. 16: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 15: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Trading Places" (†).
Dec. 16-22: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film; and another feature, to be announced.
From Dec. 23: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 15: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
From Dec. 16: "Educating Rita" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 15: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film. From Dec. 16: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "The Big Chill" (†). From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 15: "Educating Rita" (†). From Dec. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 15: "Zelig" (†).
From Dec. 16: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney studios.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 18: "Educating Rita" (†).
From Dec. 19: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 15: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.
From Dec. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Sudden Impact." From Dec. 16: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino. From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.
Theatre 2: "Scarface."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Under Fire" (†). From Dec. 16: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "The Big Chill" (†). From Dec. 16: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 15: "Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves.
From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 15: "Piranha 2."
From Dec. 16: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film. From Dec. 16: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Sudden Impact." From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "First Contact" (directed by Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson); and "Trobriand Cricket" (1975; Jerry W. Leach and Gary Kildea). From Dec. 21: "Dear Mr. Wonderful" (1982; Peter Lilienthal), with Joe Pesci.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Claire's Knee" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Béatrice Romand; and "La Salamandre" (1971; Alain Tanner; in French), with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis. Dec. 16-17: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu. Dec. 18-19: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Paths of Glory" (†). Dec. 20: "Sullivan's Travels" (†) and "The Great McGinty" (†). Dec. 21-22: "Nights of Cabiria" (†) and "The Bicycle Thief" (†). Dec. 23-24: "Luna" (†) and "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye. From Dec. 16: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. From Dec. 23: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves.
Theatre 4: "Under Fire" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 15: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Dec. 18: "Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.
From Dec. 19: "Educating Rita" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 22: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 23: "Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Star 80" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 15: "The Big Chill" (†).
From Dec. 16: "Gorky Park" (Michael

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Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Eyes, the Mouth" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Lou Castel and Angela Molina.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: "Heart Like a Wheel" (†). From Dec. 22: "Malou" (Jeanine Meerapfel; in German).
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino. From Dec. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Scarface." From Dec. 16: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 15: "The Big Chill" (†). From Dec. 16: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 22: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Dec. 23: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Under Fire" (†). From Dec. 16: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Educating Rita" (†). From Dec. 16: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 23: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 15: "Flashdance" (†) and "Trading Places" (†). From Dec. 16: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 15: "Piranha 2." From Dec. 16: "Educating Rita" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "A Night in Heaven" (directed by John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins. From Dec. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 15: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark. From Dec. 16: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 15: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver. From Dec. 16: "A Night in Heaven."
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 15: "The Big Score" (Fred Williamson), with Williamson. From Dec. 16: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 15: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt. From Dec. 16: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 15: "Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones.
From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 15: "Flashdance" (†). From Dec. 16: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film. From Dec. 16: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 2: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 15: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
From Dec. 16: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Dec. 15: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
From Dec. 16: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Piranha 2." From Dec. 16: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin. From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Sudden Impact."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

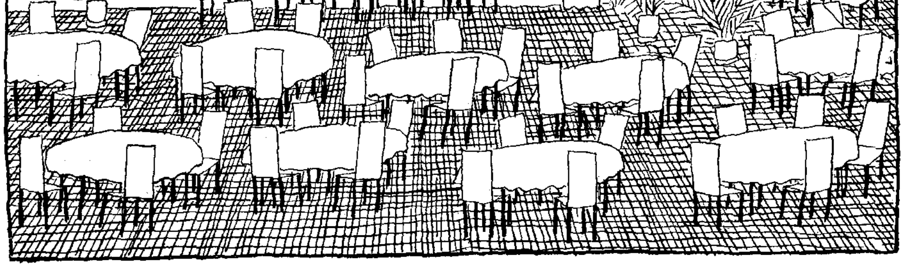
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Heat and Dust" (1983; James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 15: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin.
Dec. 16-17: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).
Dec. 18-20: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
Dec. 21-22: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
Dec. 23-24: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford, an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 22: An erotic film festival.
From Dec. 23: "Ziggy Stardust."

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 14: "The Four Musketeers" (1975; Richard Lester), with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York; and "The Duellists" (1978; Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel.
Dec. 15-17: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Dec. 18-19: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.
Dec. 20-21: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.
Dec. 22-24: "Jesus Christ Superstar" (†) and "Hair" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 15: "Pink Flamingos" (1974) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters, with Divine.
Dec. 16-17: "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
Dec. 18: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953;



Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
Dec. 19-20: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.
Dec. 21-22: "Fritz the Cat" (†) and "Heavy Traffic" (†).
Dec. 23-24: "Blue Thunder" (1983; John Badham), with Roy Scheider, Warren Oates, Malcolm McDowell, Daniel Stern, and Candy Clark; and "WarGames" (1983; John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Dec. 14: "The Quiet Man" (1952; John Ford), with John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald, and Victor McLaglen; and "The Informer" (1935; John Ford), with Victor McLaglen and Wallace Ford.
Dec. 15: "Alsino and the Condor" (1983; Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel; and "The Jackal of Nahueltoro" (1969; Miguel Littin; a Chilean film, in Spanish).
Dec. 16: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, and Laura Betti; and "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966; Roberto Rossellini; in French).
Dec. 17: "Breathless" (1983; Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Dec. 18: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.
Dec. 19: "Moonlighting" (1982; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons; and "Pickpocket" (†).
Dec. 20: "Fort Apache" (1948; John Ford), with John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Ward Bond, George O'Brien, and Victor McLaglen; and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (†).
Dec. 21: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (†).
Dec. 22: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (†) and "Death of a Bureaucrat" (†).
Dec. 23: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo.
Dec. 24: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart; and "Christmas in July" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 14: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "A Doll's House" (1973; Patrick Garland), with Claire Bloom, Anthony Hopkins, and Denholm Elliott.
Dec. 15-17: "This Happy Breed" (1947; David Lean), with Celia Johnson, Robert Newton, John Mills, Kay Walsh, and Stanley Holloway; and "The Browning Version" (1951; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, and Brian Smith.
Dec. 18-19: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.
Dec. 20-24: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Peter O'Toole, Anthony Quayle, Omar Sharif, and José Ferrer.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 14: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "The Burmese Harp" (1956; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).
Dec. 15: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood.
Dec. 16-17: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck); and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
Dec. 18: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
Dec. 19: "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak; and "Killer Shark" (1950; Budd Boetticher), with Roddy McDowall.
Dec. 20: "The Sheep Has Five Legs" (1955; Henri Verneuil; in French), with Fernandel; and "Fernandel the Dressmaker" (1957; Jean Boyer; in French), with Fernandel.
Dec. 21: "Shogun Samurai" (1979; in Japanese), with Kinnosuke Yorozuya, Sonny Chiba, and Toshiro Mifune; and "School for Spies" (1970; in Japanese), with Sonny Chiba.
Dec. 22: "Good Sam" (1948; Leo McCarey), with Gary Cooper and Ann Sheridan; and "In Name Only" (†).
Dec. 23-24: "His Girl Friday" (†) and "My Man Godfrey" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965; directed by James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor, Felicity Kendal, and Geoffrey Kendal. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 6: "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1974; Ismail Merchant); and "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975; James Ivory), with James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: "Roseland" (1977; James Ivory), with Geraldine Chaplin, Christopher Walken, Teresa Wright, Lilia Skala, and Lou Jacobi. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 6: "Savages" (1972; James Ivory), with Kathleen Widdoes, Sam Waterston, Salome Jens, Susan Blakely, and Ultra Violet. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at noon: "The Strong Man" (1926; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Harry Langdon. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Bombay Talkie" (1970; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor, Jennifer Kendal, and Zia Mohyeddin. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 5: "The Sword and the Flute" (1959; James Ivory); and "Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures" (1978; James Ivory), with Peggy Ashcroft, Saeed Jaffrey, Victor Banerjee, and Aparna Sen. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at noon: "The Strong Man." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2:30: "Venice: Theme and Variations" (1957; James Ivory); and "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Robin Ellis, and Lisa Eichhorn. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 5: "Quartet" (1981; James Ivory; in English and French, with English subtitles), with Isabelle Adjani, Alan Bates, Maggie Smith, Anthony Higgins, and Pierre Clémenti. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: "Sweet Sounds" (1976; James Ivory); and "The Five-Forty-Eight" (1979; James Ivory), with Mary Beth Hurt and Laurence Luckinbill. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Quartet." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "Lovins on the Soft Path" (1981; Nelson R. Robinson), "Water Power" (1981; Neal Livingston), and "Drink No Longer Water" (1982; Bill Caywood), all documentaries. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" (1973; Anthony Korner), with Helen; and "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization" (1972; James Ivory), with Nirad C. Chaudhuri. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 6: "The Creation of Woman" (1960; Charles Schwep), and "The Householder" (1963; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Venice: Theme and Variations" and "The Europeans." . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6: "Sweet Sounds" and "The Five-Forty-Eight." . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at noon: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, and Natalie Wood. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" and "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Dec. 21: "Seesaw" (1983; Alvin Lucier), a sound installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Lucier will be present on Thursday, Dec. 22, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

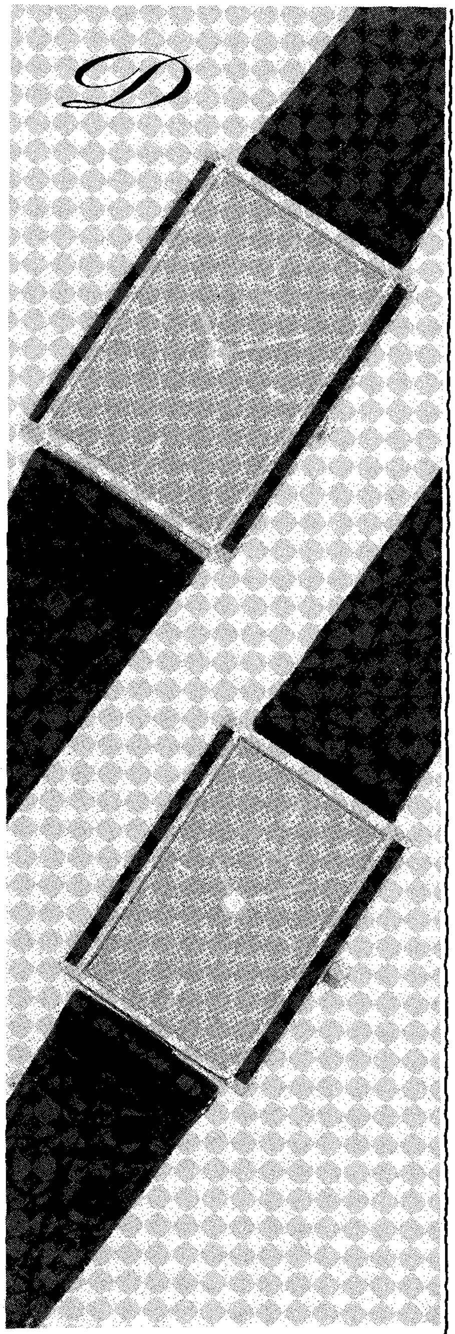
The Bicycle Thief (1949)—This story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, encompassing much more than the realistic method leads you to expect. And the richness and the enigmas sneak up on you. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This neo-realist classic, directed by Vittorio De Sica and written by Cesare Zavattini, is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. It isn't a movie that warms you, though; it doesn't have the flawed poetry that De Sica's "Shoe-Shine" and "Miracle in Milan" have. It's a more impersonal great film. In Italian. (Film Forum; Dec. 21-22.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting Dec. 16.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 24.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about



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the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and New Yorker; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 19.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy; through Dec. 15.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 21-22.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—After writing a series of successful pictures, Preston Sturges offered Paramount this script (which was to win an Academy Award) for peanuts, on condition that he be allowed to direct it. Given a three-week shooting schedule and a budget of less than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he made his début as a director (thus preparing the way for other writer-directors, such as John Huston and Billy Wilder). In this satire of American political corruption, the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor, and, finally, governor, but having fallen in love he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, partly because of Donlevy's lack of personality (the viewer can't see what would attract the competent, worldly woman—played by Muriel Angelus—who marries him) and partly because of the uneven pacing. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Allyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hoyt, Steffi Duna, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Harry Rosenthal, Robert Warwick, Frank C. Moran, and Dewey Robinson; many of them were to become members of the Sturges stock company. (Film Forum; Dec. 20.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign, small folk town of New York. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 22-24.)

Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman. With Anthony Edwards, Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 21.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat" (see above), wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 21-22.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—In 1928 Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote "The Front Page," the greatest newspaper comedy of them all; Howard Hawks directed this version of it—a spastic explosion of dialogue, adapted by Charles Lederer, and starring Cary Grant as the domineering editor Walter Burns and Rosalind Russell as Hildy Johnson, the unscrupulous crime reporter with printer's ink in her veins. (In the play, Hildy Johnson is a man.) Overlapping dialogue carries the movie along at breakneck speed; word gags take the place of the sight gags of silent comedy, as this race of brittle, cynical, childish people rush around on corrupt errands. Russell is at her comedy peak here—she wears a striped suit, uses her long-legged body for ungainly, unladylike effects, and rasps out her lines. And, as Walter Burns, Grant raises mugging to a joyful art. Burns' callousness and unscrupulousness are expressed in some of the best farce lines ever written in this country, and Grant hits those lines with a smack. He uses the same stiff-neck, cocked-head stance that he did in "Gunga Din;" it's his position for all-out, unsubtle farce. He snorts and whoops. His Burns is a strong-arm performance, defiantly self-centered and funny. The reporters—a fine crew—are Ernest Truex, Cliff Edwards, Porter Hall, Roscoe Karns, Frank Jenks, and Regis Toomey; also with Gene Lockhart as the sheriff, Billy Gilbert as the messenger, John Qualen, Helen Mack, and Ralph Bellamy as chief stooge—a respectable businessman—and Alma Kruger as his mother. (Thalia; Dec. 23-24.)

In Name Only (1939)—Slinky Kay Francis is the coldhearted wife in name only. All she wants of her husband, Cary Grant, is his wealth and social position, while he is so desperate for a divorce in order to marry the companionable Carole Lombard, a young widow with a small daughter, that he becomes ill and almost dies of pneumonia. This is one of the rare movies in which the robust Grant actually has sickbed scenes. John Cromwell directed this "mature" ("Dodsworth"-influenced) view of marital incompatibility, which emphasizes the wife's shrewdness in manipulating her in-laws. It's a solemn, soapy picture, but with unusually good performances. With Charles Coburn as Grant's father, and Helen Vinson, Peggy Ann Garner, Katharine Alexander, Alan Baxter, Maurice Moscovich, and Nella Walker. Adapted by Richard Sherman, from Bessie Brewer's novel, "Memory of Love." (Thalia; Dec. 22.)

In the Name of the Father (1971)—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his subsequent cruelty actually drags science back

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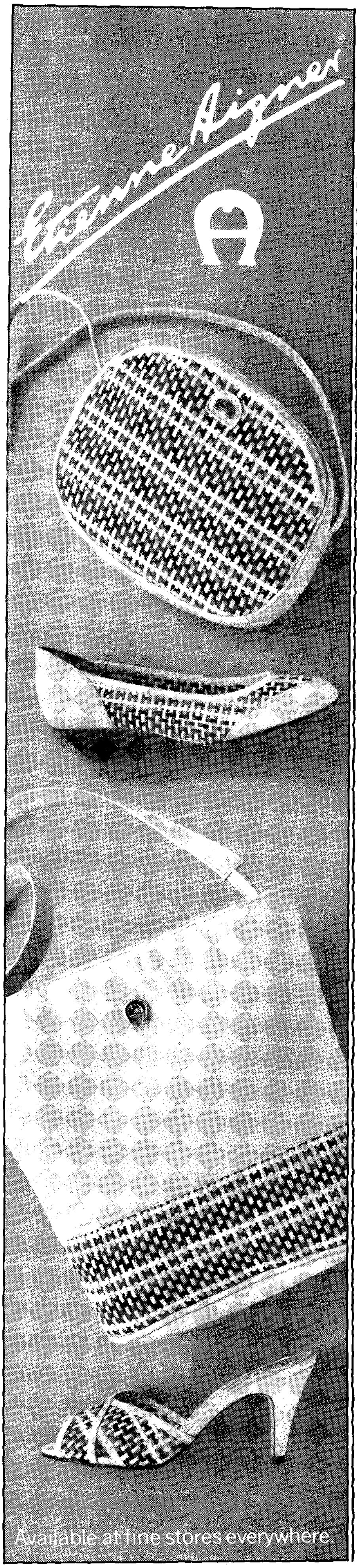


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to the day of the thumbscrew. A beautiful-looking, muddleheaded film, directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 21-22.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR (1973)—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus' last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommunicable messianism. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 22-24.)

LUNA (1979)—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (Film Forum; Dec. 23-24.)

MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 22.)

MY MAN GODFREY (1936)—In this entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. When she tells him she needs to take him back to her party in order to win a scavenger hunt, he asks what that is, and, sighing, she says, "A scavenger hunt is just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want, and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want, and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's just the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity, if there's any money left over, but then there never is." Lombard has a delirious, breathless plaintiveness at a moment like this—recognition dawning in her. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily, and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer, doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. Like several of the Astaire-Rogers musicals, this film has a sleek and silvery Art Deco look; the black-and-white cinematography is by Ted Tetzlaff. (Thalia; Dec. 23-24.)

NEVER CRY WOLF—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (R.K.O. Century Art; through Dec. 15.)

NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Film Forum; Dec. 21-22.)

PATHS OF GLORY (1957)—Just after he made his race-track robbery picture, "The Killing," Stanley Kubrick directed this version of Humphrey Cobb's novel, photographed in Germany. It is not so much an anti-war film as an attack on the military mind. Some of the press went all out for it ("searing in its intensity," and that sort of thing), but it wasn't popular. The movie has a fascinating jittery quality, especially when Timothy Carey, who's like a precursor of the hipster druggies of the sixties, is on the screen playing a poilu. The strong, liberal-intellectual pitch makes it genuinely controversial, though it was certainly easier to be anti-militaristic in a film made in peacetime and set during the First World War than it would have been in a film set during the Second World War. The story is about the class structure within the French Army—the aristocratic generals in their spacious, sunlit châteaux and the proletarian soldiers in the dark trenches; trapped between them is Colonel Dax (Kirk Douglas), who commiserates with the men but is powerless—he carries out the orders of the high command. When the soldiers retreat from a battle that is almost certain death, three of them are selected to be tried for cowardice; Dax has the task of defending them. The film's rhythm is startling—you can feel the director's temperament. And there's an element of relentlessness in the way he sets out to demonstrate the hopeless cruelty of the system. (The film was banned in France for some years.) It's an angry film that seems meant to apply to all armies. Watching it is very frustrating: Kubrick, who wrote the script with Calder Willingham and Jim Thompson, doesn't leave you with anything. He must have felt this, because he tacks on a scene at a cabaret, with a German girl (Susanne Christian) singing and the soldiers singing along as they weep. It just makes you uncomfortable. With Adolphe Menjou—a cartoon of a wily general—George Macready as another general, and Ralph Meeker, Wayne Morris, Richard Anderson, Joseph Turkel, Bert Freed, Emile Meyer, Peter Capell, and John Stein. (Film Forum; Dec. 18-19.)

PAULINE AT THE BEACH—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunder-

standings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 19.)

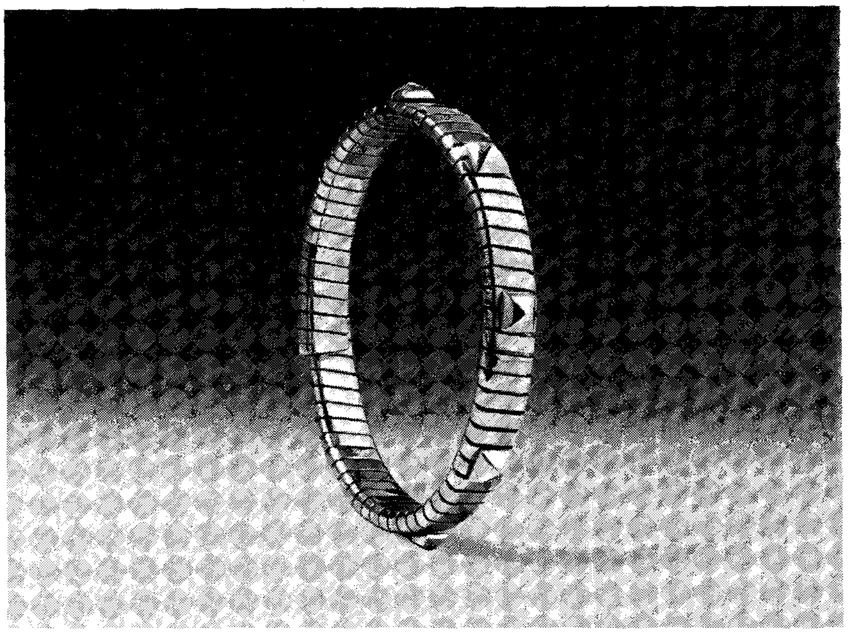
Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 23.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and it has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Custer, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party;" screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 20.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls, it makes us ask what we and our friends and families would actually have done if our country had been invaded, like France. It's both oral history and essay: people who lived through the German Occupation tell us what they did during that catastrophic period, and we see and hear evidence that corroborates or corrects or sometimes flatly contradicts them. What makes the film innovative is the immediate annotation of what has just been said. As the perspectives ramify, we begin to get a fuller sense of what it was like to participate in the moral drama of an occupied nation than we have ever before had. (4½ hours.) (Metro Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a



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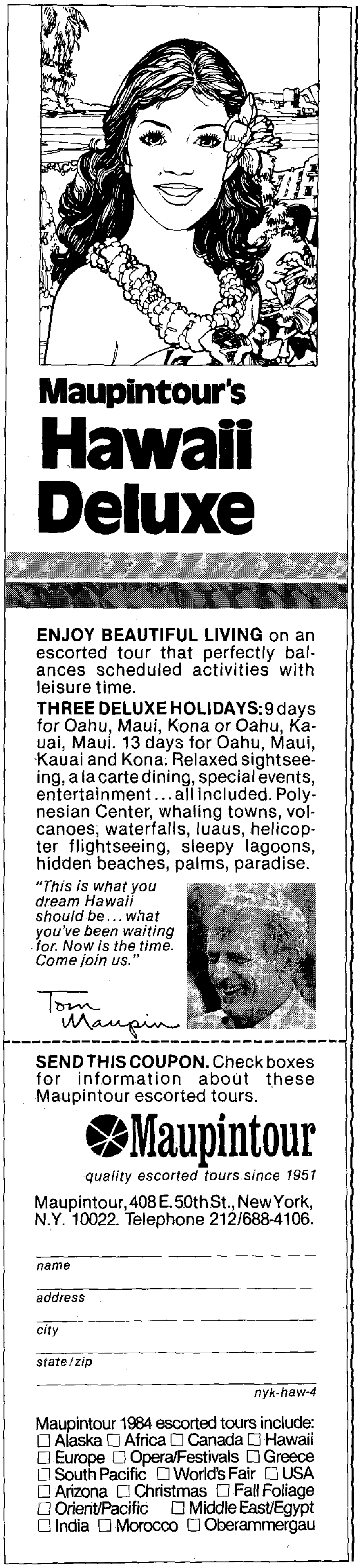

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Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular, slightly fatuous Hollywood director (Joel McCrea) who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve," earlier in 1941) than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure, and Margaret Hayes, and many of the actors Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly—William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Robert Warwick, Porter Hall, Eric Blore, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Willard Robertson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Roscoe Ates, Dewey Robinson, Chester Conklin, Arthur Hoyt, Robert Greig, Frank Moran, Harry Rosenthal, Monte Blue, and others. Sturges himself can be glimpsed behind Veronica Lake on a set inside the movie studio. (Film Forum; Dec. 20.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie—which spans thirty years—is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. The mother comes across as a parody of an anti-life monster and the daughter as a natural woman—a life force. The two actresses might be playing in two different movies. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The film has an inspirational psychology. The mother is a pixie horror—a rich skinflint with a blond dye job and pastel frills. She's a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. But the emotion she feels for him transforms her, and when a tragic illness strikes her family she shows her mettle, and his fundamental decency rises to the surface. This real-life tragedy movie uses cancer like a seal of approval. Cancer gives the movie its message: "Don't take people for granted; you never know when you're going to lose them." At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, and Troy Bishop and Huckleberry Fox as Tommy and Teddy. (12/12/83) (Baronet, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Dec. 15.)

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man (1981)—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on the father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Bertolucci's vision is grayed-out here; there's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing—it's like an old man's movie. Screenplay by Bertolucci. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi; cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian. (3/8/82) (Film Forum; Dec. 23-24.)

Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, and New Yorker; through Dec. 15.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt; it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 15.)

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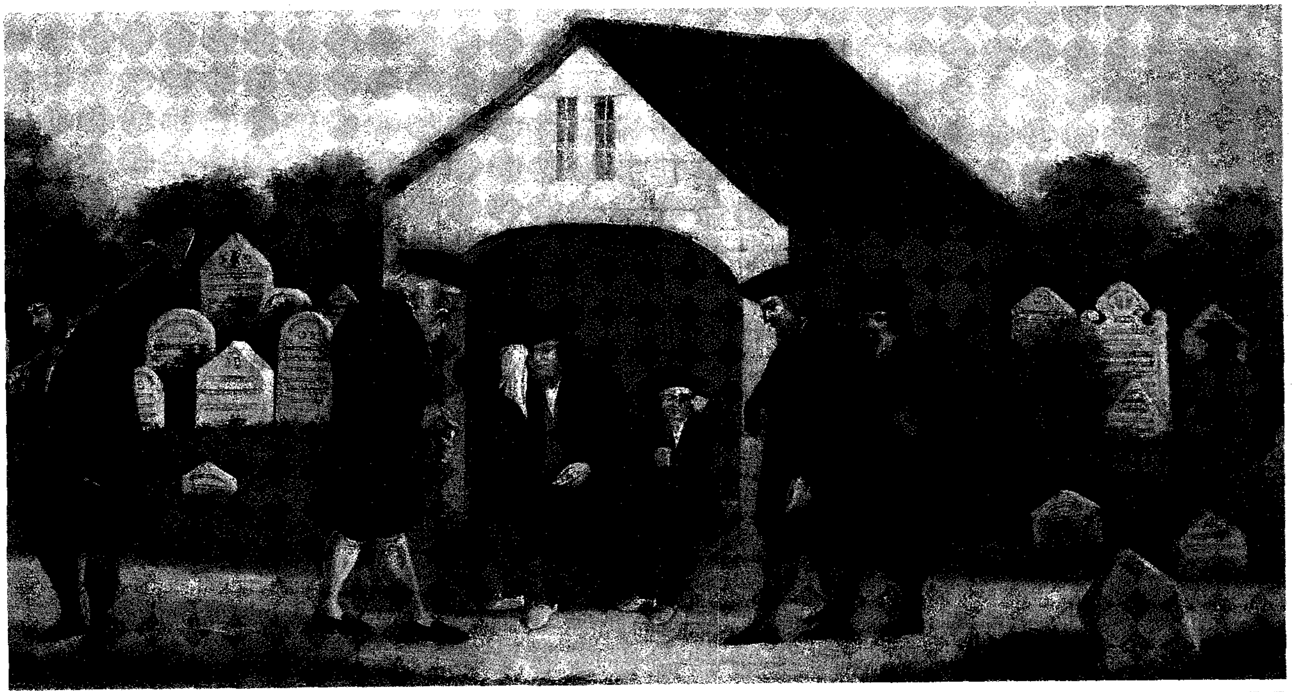
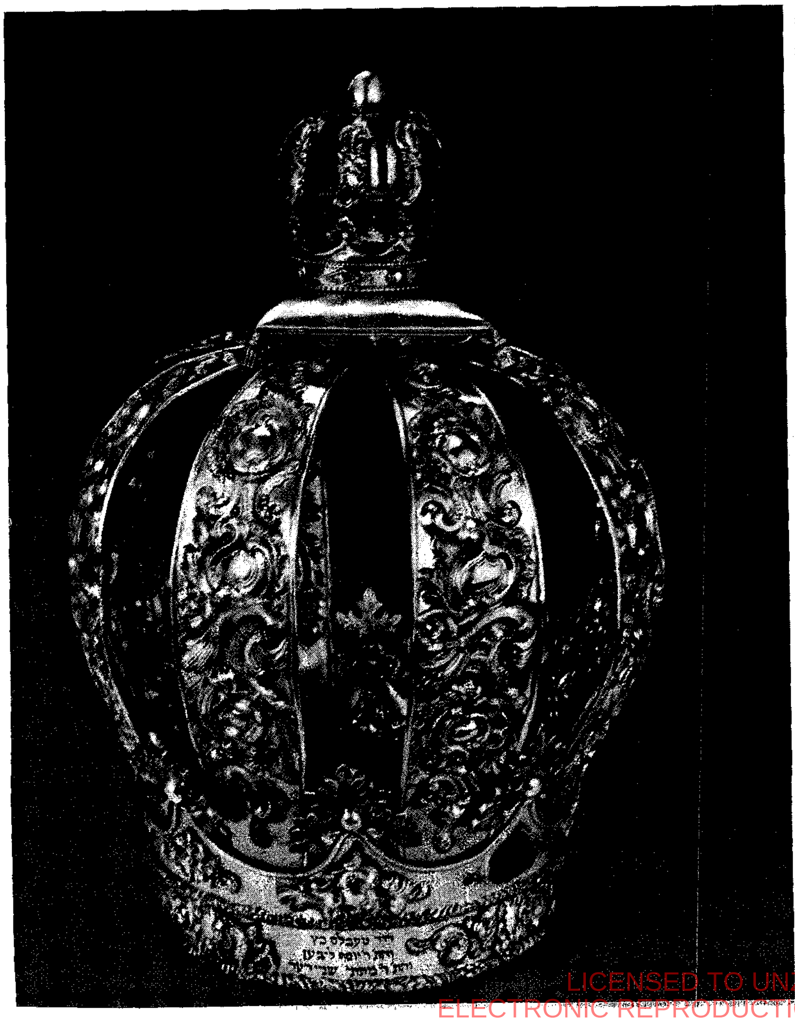
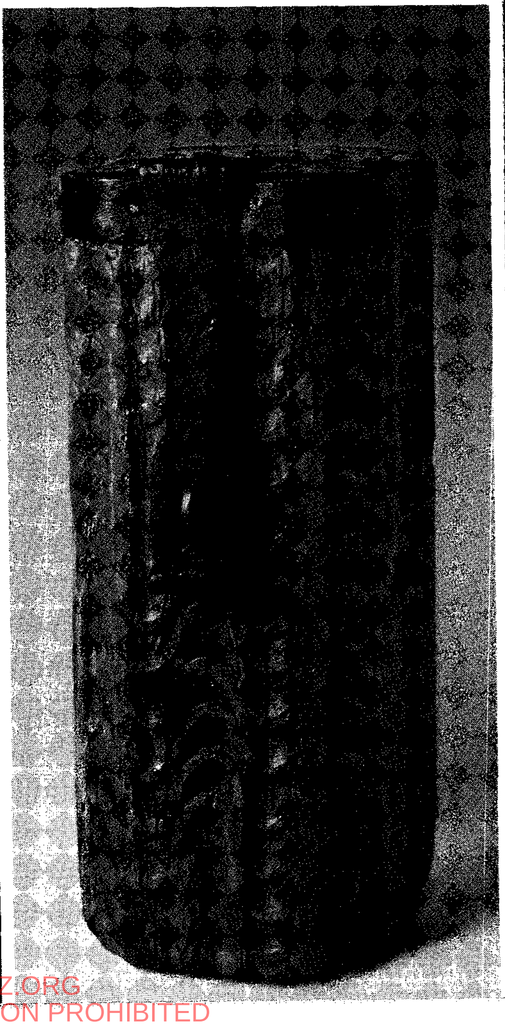
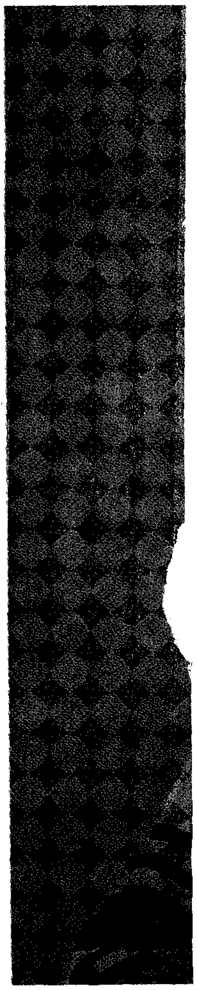
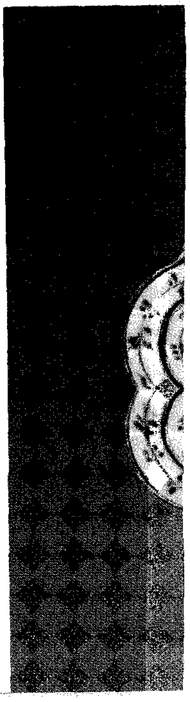


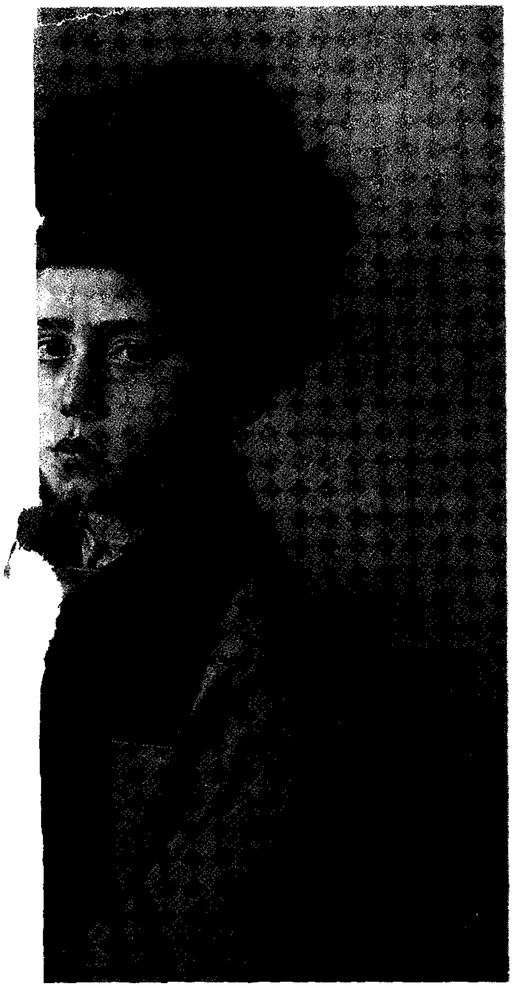


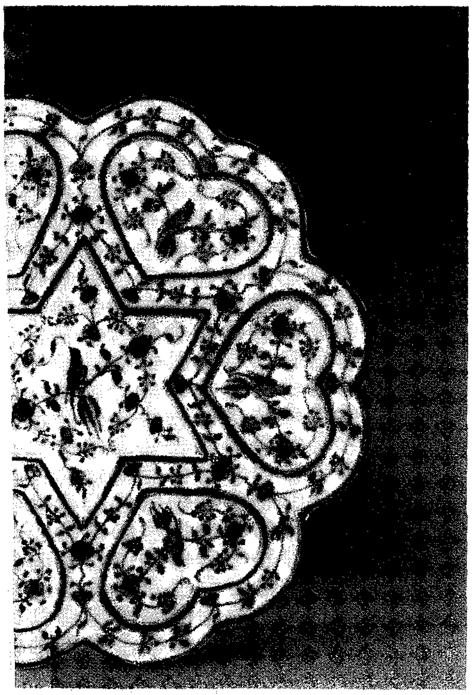






Legacy.





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(top left) AFTER THE BURIAL, (Artist Unknown), ca. 1780; (bottom left) TORAH CROWN, Repousse, 1840; (top right) PORTRAIT OF A BOY, Isidore Kaufmann, end of 19th century; (bottom right) PORCELAIN PASSOVER PLATE, Joseph Vater, ca. 1900; (bottom center) ALMS BOX, (Artist Unknown), early 19th century. "The Precious Legacy," is published by Summit Books, and is available in book form. *©Philip Morris Inc. 1983*
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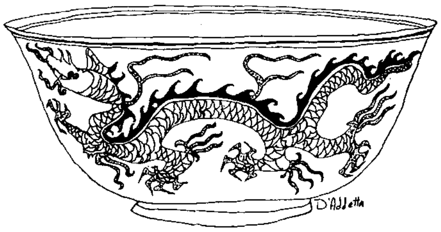
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHILE it is always nice to see old friends, it is especially joyful when you have given them up for dead. Last week, we drank some beers with a reporter friend of ours, Linda Drucker, of the Reuters news service; not a month earlier, we'd spent a morning grieving for her. The dispatch that saddened our day came over one of the all-news radio stations, interrupting the steady, somehow reassuring river of information that erodes disaster, catastrophe, and mayhem down to where they're no more imposing than the Knicks' score or the long-range weather forecast. The announcer said that Linda—a slight, intelligent, and energetic twenty-three-year-old graduate of Harvard—and five other journalists were missing and presumed drowned in El Salvador, where a boat they had chartered for a reporting trip had capsized on a lake. Not until noontime did the word emerge that somehow she and her colleagues had made it back to shore and civilization, and not until last week, over the Michelobs, did we hear the whole story, which went like this:

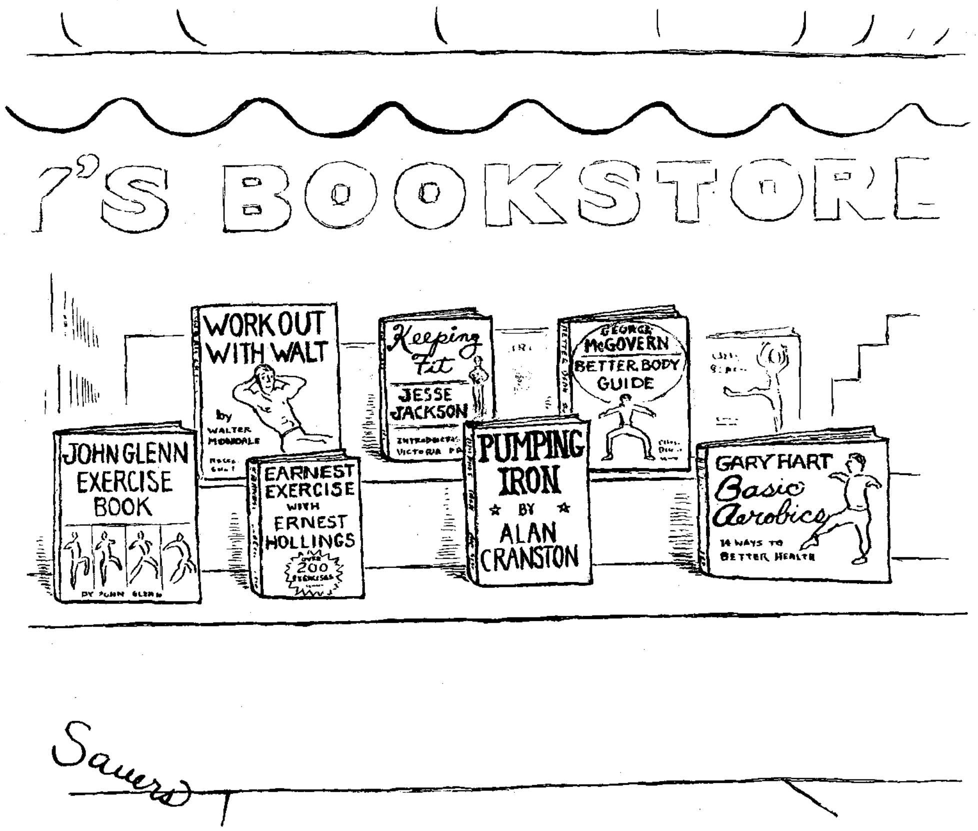
"I'd heard reports on the guerrilla radio, Radio Venceremos, that there had been a massacre," Linda told us. "Shortly afterward, I went to see the colonel who was supposedly responsible, and when I mentioned it he looked really nervous, so I decided to go out and investigate. I called a friend at ABC, Tim Ross, and he brought along two assistants. John Carlin, from the *Times* of London, and Kim Conroy, from National Public Radio, also came along. We wanted to go overland by car to San Nicolás, where the massacre had supposedly taken place, but we'd heard that the roads had been mined by the Army, so we decided to go by boat. We got a little past Suchitoto, a city the government controls. The campesino who owned the only boat was not at home, and we had to wait until he got back from the market. He was afraid to let us hire his boat, but thirty colones, which is a good deal less than ten dollars, was an awful lot of money to him. The boat looked pretty ancient—it was a rowboat, basically, but it had a motor. There were eight people—the boat's owner and a driver besides the six of us—and that was really too many, but we went out across Lake Suchitlán anyway. As we approached the other side, which is guerrilla-held territory, a burst of shots rang out. We were scared stiff—we started yelling '*Prensa internacional! Prensa!*' The shots stopped, and we asked permission to land, but we were still pretty scared. When we got ashore, we saw that it was a twelve-year-old with a machine gun who'd been shooting at us. Pretty soon, a lot of guerrillas and local people showed up, and they said they'd take us to see the bodies from the massacre. They took us on an hour-and-a-half trek—it was long and hot and none of us had a canteen, but I always think that, as a woman, I never want to be the one to ask 'How much farther?' Finally, we got there, and saw the corpses. There were a bunch of them in a bombed-out house. You couldn't walk in for more than about thirty seconds because of the stench, so we took turns counting bodies. I counted twenty-one, but some people got only twenty. Anyway, we walked back to the boat—we stopped to interview a ten-year-old, who said he'd survived by falling under his mother and pretending to be dead—and then we got into the boat and set off back for our car. Halfway across the lake, we began to notice some water in the boat, and before we knew it we were sinking; suddenly we were in the water. The boat just sank. The TV equipment was gone instantly—thirty-five thousand dollars on the bottom, just like that. We all tried to hold on to something—I was clutching three pages of notes I'd torn out of my notebook—but pretty soon they were all wet. We lost everything right at the start, even our passports, and we all kicked off our boots right away.

"We turned the boat over and just hung on to it for a little while; there was a steady wind blowing, and it set up a current across the lake, which we thought was blowing us toward a guerrilla area. This was maybe four in the afternoon, and there were a couple of ambiguities we talked about—how cold would the water get, and how dark would it get. If it got really dark, we figured no helicopters or anything would see us. For the first half hour, I pretty well thought we would all die—I thought the boat would fall apart—and I was almost as scared that the Army would find us. One guy from ABC announced he was going to swim for it to try to get help, and off he went. The rest of us stayed on the boat, kicking and kicking but not getting anywhere. Finally, Kim Conroy and I decided to swim for it; we kicked off our pants and set off. About halfway to the shore—I *think* it was about halfway—I was exhausted. The chop on the water was coming head-on at me, and with every breath I got water in my mouth. I grabbed a huge water lily and treaded water for a little, and I said to Kim, 'We're not going to make it. We have to go back to the boat.' And we did. I'm not sure how I got



there, except I made myself not look up to see how far away it was until I was almost there. Back at the boat, we all kept kicking; finally, late in the evening, the current seemed to start helping us, and we got nearer the shore. The first place we were going to land, the peasant whose boat it was said, '*No! Espinos!*' We said, 'What the hell are *espinos*?' It turned out that *espinos* were thorny bushes growing out in the water, and we had to go farther along the shore. Finally, we found a place with fewer thorns, but it was sort of quicksandy—you could hardly stand up. We were on the Army side, but we had no idea where we were. Huge stretches of this area are just deserted—no paths, no roads, no nothing. All of us were barefoot, and the two of us women had no pants. We walked through the woods until we found an abandoned house, and we decided to stop there; we didn't dare go on, for fear the Army would hear us and shoot us for guerrillas. We lay on the ground covered with leaves, but it was freezing and no one really slept. After three hours or so, there were big arguments about whether or not we should go on; we knew that both sides shoot at anything that moves at night. We finally went a little farther, and spent the night on rocks in the middle of a river. We were all hugging each other; it was sort of nice. There was a little warmth. We waited there until six in the morning, and then the peasant and a couple of the ABC guys, who were Latin-American, claimed they knew the way to the car. Latin-American men have a problem admitting they don't know something, so we followed these guys for hours, and eventually they led us back to the lake. We had to retrace our steps through the jungle, and by this time our feet were completely cut up. Finally, we got to a path, and started down it. A helicopter went overhead, and we all, without thinking, dived into the bushes. We were sure it was the government and they'd think we were guerrillas. We certainly looked pretty bedraggled—more like guerrillas than anything else. At a bend in the path, we saw a man, and he had a jug of water on his head; he took it down and gave me some, and it was right then that I first thought I would live through this thing. He told us that Suchitoto was only half a kilometre farther. Two peasant women gave us skirts. And then there was the car. The one thing we'd managed to save was the keys, and it was somehow weird to just get back in the car and be able to drive back into San Salvador. Along the way, we kept passing ambulances the Red Cross had sent out to our aid."

Back in the capital city, Linda and the others learned that the ABC correspondent who swam away after the boat capsized had made it to Suchitoto and sounded the alarm, and had also sent the story that we and so many others heard. If you want to know why a lot of journalists get angry when the profession comes under attack, as it has in recent weeks, and are hurt when only fourteen per cent of the public expresses "a great deal of confidence" in the press, this is why: When Linda Drucker and the others got back to the capital, they did not go to the hospital; they went to their offices at the Camino Real Hotel, sat down in front of typewriters, and wrote and filed their stories. And *not* stories about how they'd spent more than eighteen hours sure they were going to die. Stories about the massacre site they'd seen the day before, and the Salvadoran peasants who did die. Good, straight-ahead news dispatches, with comment from both sides. It is not, of course, all that simple. The campesino who ferried the reporters across the lake, a forty-five-year-old father of three, was soon thereafter taken away by a squad of six men, two in green uniforms. He was later found shot to death. When we talked with Linda last week, she was getting ready to return to Central America in early 1984 to do some more reporting.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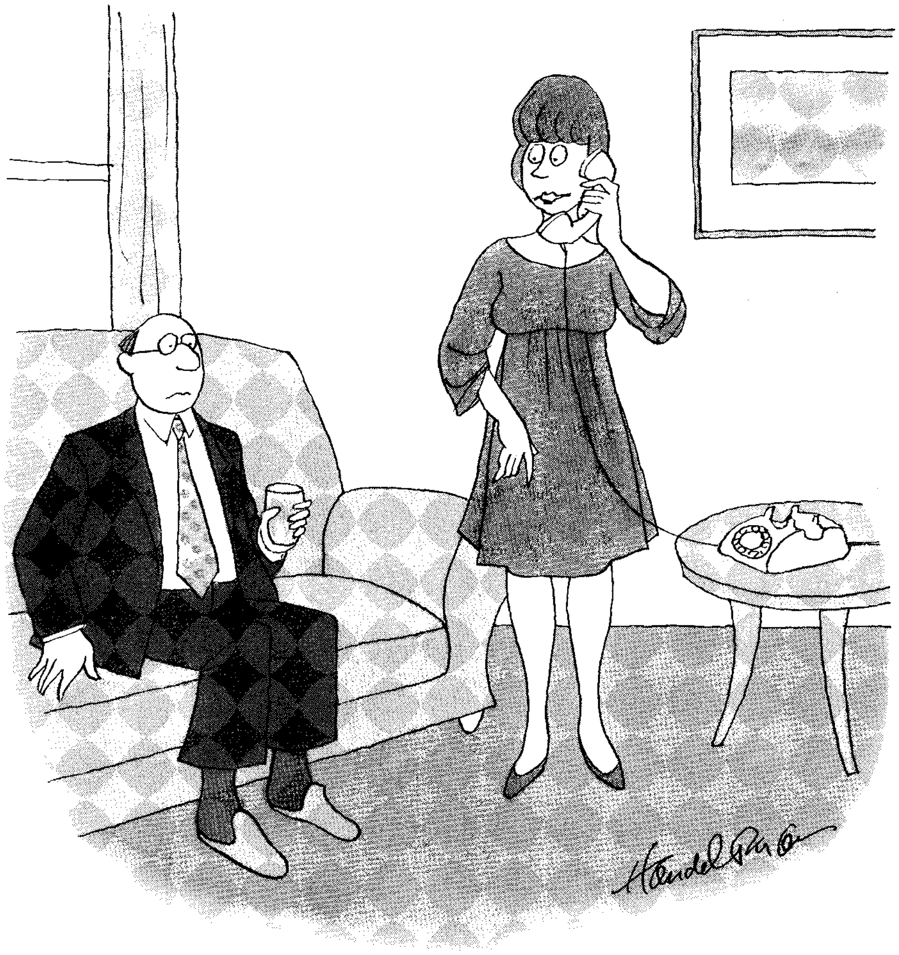
A Belfast Visit

A FRIEND writes:

I've just been to Northern Ireland and taken in a few events at the annual, fortnight-long Belfast Festival at Queen's, organized by the Queen's University, in that city, in coöperation with the Arts Council of Northern Ireland. This was the twenty-first such occasion, and the people who run the festival were in a celebratory mood. They had got James Galway, the flutist, to return to his native place and appear with the Ulster Orchestra in the opening concert. Britain's two top theatre companies, the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company, were there—the R.S.C. doing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet," the N.T. performing its dramatic version of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" for six-to-twelve-year-olds. The U.S.S.R. State Symphony Orchestra brought its hundred and ten players from Moscow, and the Nikolais Dance Theatre came from New York. Irish poets recited their poems. Michael Palin, one of the Monty Python team, did a hilarious one-man show. Rugby players from the Ireland fifteen discussed the fine points of that open-air art form. There was Irish folksinging, British harmony singing, and jazz from various sources, including the American bop group the Timeless Allstars. And also films, puppet shows, serious lectures, art exhibitions, and concerts by quartets. Belfast is well provided with venues for such events, particularly since the restoration a few years back of its splendid Victorian-era Grand Opera House—a project overseen by the man who has been directing the festival since 1973, Michael Barnes. Barnes, an Oxford-educated ex-Londoner, has lived in Belfast since 1961, and he taught history at Queen's before the festival and the opera house took him over full time, in 1979. A tall, spindly figure, Barnes is an enthusiast for Belfast, for Queen's, and for his festival-time staff of twenty, which is the same number as ten years ago, though the festival is ten times as big.



"And Rodney is quite well, apart from having been swallowed by I.T.T."

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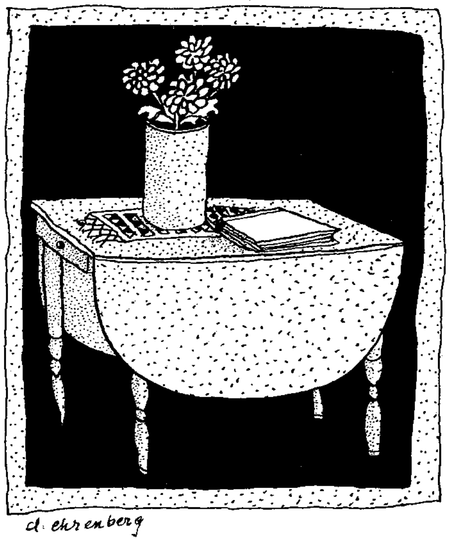
"It has been a roller-coaster ride at times," Barnes told me. "Occasionally, it felt as if the 'off' switch were out of action. Our budget has never seemed large enough—it was fifteen thousand pounds in 1973, and it's around two hundred and fifty thousand pounds today, but you could expect a festival of our size to cost a million pounds. Our budget is made up of fifty-five per cent from ticket sales and the rest from sponsors, public and private. Students, old people, and the unemployed can buy tickets at a discount. We've always striven for a festival at which both the audiences and the participants have a good time. Artists want to come back—the actor Ian McKellen, Michael Palin, and James Galway have all been here before. One early high point, in 1965, was the arrival of the National Theatre with a really starry cast—Laurence Olivier and Albert Finney played supporting roles. Our working idea has been to acquire the best possible international artists and to encourage local talent—for example, this year we have the premières of fine plays by two Belfast dramatists, Christina Reid and Martin Lynch, and, quite coincidentally, one play has a Protestant, one a Catholic background. On that score, critics now and then say we should take our fare out to the people, meaning—I think—out to the run-down neighborhoods and housing estates. But I believe that that would be a concession to ghetto-consciousness. Many of our events are downtown, or nearby. You should see the Opera House audiences for 'Hiawatha'—children from all sorts of schools, all over the city, all over the province, jammed alongside one another, dazzled together. The festival is like the Irish rugby team, where the players from North and South all wear green shirts, and politics and religion don't enter into it. In fact, the *Irish Times*, in Dublin, has congratulated Queen's on leading its community the way Oxford and Cambridge led theirs in the seventeenth century. I think it will be nice, one day, to have a chance to look back to this."

In the R.S.C. "Midsummer Night's Dream," the assorted lovers, fairies, and rude mechanicals performed under Sheila Hancock's inspired direction. The play was staged in the university's Whitla Hall, where academic assemblies are held, but which was thriftily transformed by prefabricated banks of seats rising on three sides of a square floor space, forming the stage; four lighting towers, to create magical effects; and a back screen of aluminum-foil panels. Not a seat was empty. The entire audience was seized by Shakespearean enchantment. All ended in the most loving ovation I've ever heard in a theatre. Instead of bowing to the applause, the actors danced, and people from the standing, clapping audience came onto the floor and joined in.

Next morning, I borrowed a bicycle and took part, with fifty others, in what was billed as an Edwardian Bikeabout. This was conducted by a youngish architectural historian named Hugh Dixon, wearing a Sherlock Holmes deerstalker with the flaps down over his ears. Half a dozen other participants were in appropriate period costume—one young woman looked fetching in long skirt, a tight-waisted jacket, and a hat tied down by a scarf. But most wore contemporary sweaters or anoraks. It was a sunny morning sharpened by a fresh north wind. None of the bikes were obviously Edwardian; there were small-wheeled shoppers, folding bikes, well-worn family machines, and ten-gear racers with such illustrious names as Claud Butler and Barrie Witcomb. The object was to reconnoitre some of the less familiar architectural wonders of Belfast. We gathered outside the main gates of the university, where Mr. Dixon—through a battery-powered bullhorn—admonished us to ride cautiously, adding, as a period touch, "And will the ladies insure that they open their parasols gently. We do not want any bolting horses." We cycled along one side of University Square, a row of red brick houses that Mr. Dixon described as "one of the finest late-Georgian terraces in Ireland." We rode downhill through an area of tight little streets near the Lagan River which Mr. Dixon called the Holy Land—streets with such names as Damascus and Jerusalem. Our cycling band crossed the Lagan on the Ormeau Bridge, built in 1861. "Please take enormous care with the traffic," Mr. Dixon advised us, "and ignore the modern concrete cantilever extensions that disfigure the original Victorian structure." We cycled northward along the riverbank drive, with Ormeau Park, formerly the domain of the Marquis of Donegall, on our right. Mr. Dixon said, "That pretty little High Victorian building amid the trees is the supervisor's house, designed, like the park, by Timothy Hevey—who died, a sad loss to Belfast architecture, at the age of thirty-four."

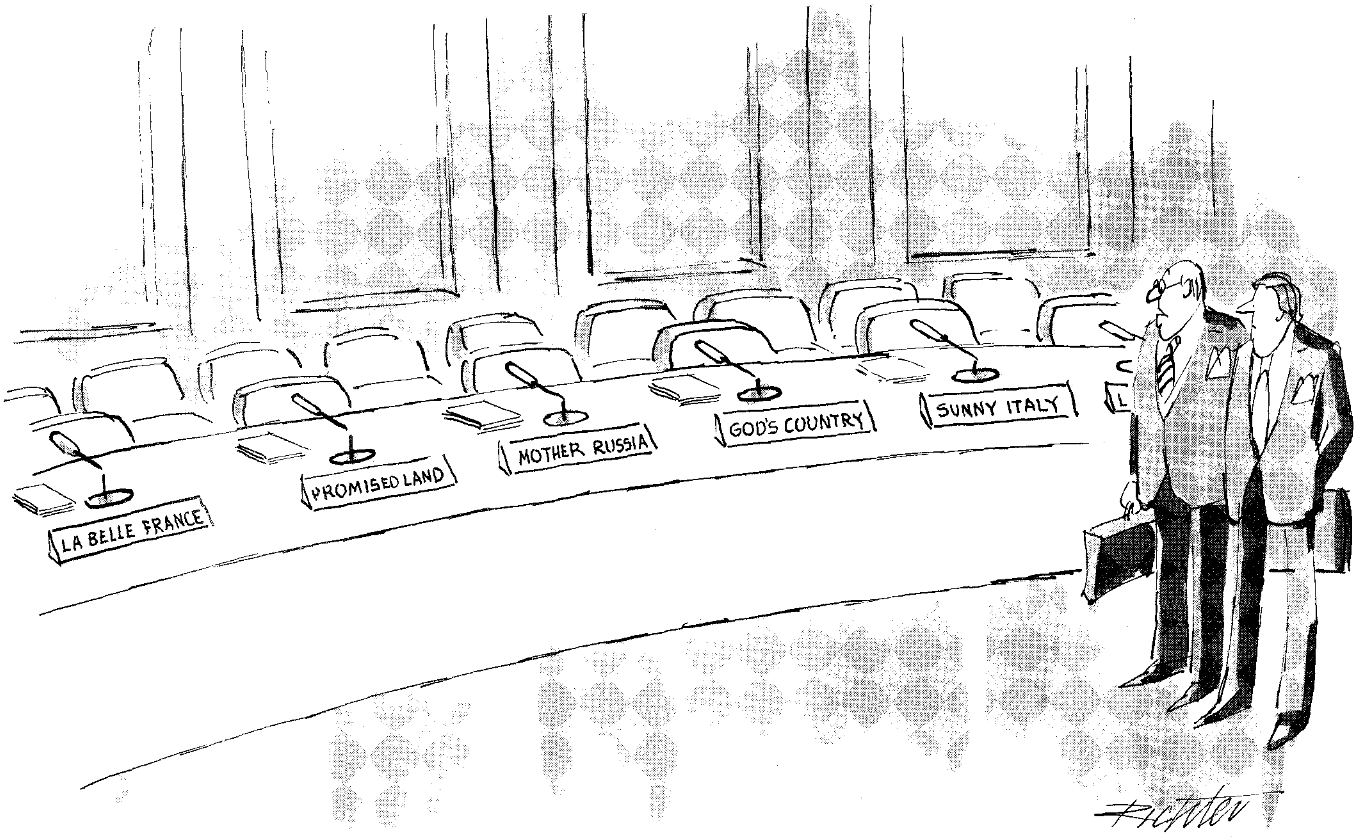
We arrived, puffing, in Ballymacarrett—"real Belfast," according to Mr. Dixon. This area is close to the Harland & Wolff shipyard, one of whose immense gantry cranes, painted a vivid yellow, looms above the shabby streets. There had been several villages here, which were filled in late in the nineteenth century with houses and industrial buildings. Cottage weaving gave way to various trades. As we stood at one end of Susan Street, whose houses were built in 1901, Mr. Dixon said that among the street's inhabitants back then were a fitter, a plater, a boilermaker, an engineer, a carter, a shoemaker ("Only two shoemakers are left in all Belfast now"), a railway porter, and several ships' carpenters. That was the great period of Belfast shipbuilding, when nine thousand men worked for Harland & Wolff; the yard built forty ships for the White Star Line alone, including the Oceanic, the Britannic, and the Titanic. Now the area is fast losing population. Some desolate streets form a "peace line," dividing Protestant neighborhoods from Catholic neighborhoods—the two easily distinguished from one another by sectarian gable paintings and graffiti. Small homes with polished door knockers and neatly curtained parlor windows stood beside vacant houses whose windows were barricaded with concrete blocks and some of whose roof slates were gone. Women came to their doorways to look at the surprising sight of fifty cyclists in their street. Tough-looking small boys in thin T-shirts followed us for a way, Hamelin-style, asking "Where you from?" and "What you doing?" Old men said hello. The corner pubs were protected with lean-to constructions of wire netting; the youth clubs had iron grilles over their windows. Coal smoke eddied down from the chimneys, despite clean-air legislation.

We cycled down alleyways between the backs of houses, avoiding broken glass. From behind sheds and gates, alley cats howled at our passing. Mr. Dixon called us to a halt at some of the distinguished buildings of Ballymacarrett: an 1883 Catholic church, designed in "mature Gothic style" by Alexander McAllister, who also designed one of Belfast's great breweries; the Corporation Public Baths on Templemore Avenue, which were part of a late-nineteenth-century civic campaign to bring hygiene to people whose houses had no bathrooms, and which consisted of a set of buildings topped by a small spire and flagstaff, described by Mr. Dixon as "Victorian William and Mary, if you'll allow the expression;" and the Y.M.C.A. on Albert Bridge Road, designed by an architect named Roome, who was identified by Dixon as the seventh man to climb the Matterhorn. On St. Kilda Street, we paused to admire the detail on small industrial buildings—for example, what Mr. Dixon called "the pressed-brick classicism of a workshop doorway made from red Dumfries stone." He explained, "The local stone is less good. As soon as Belfast became wealthy, it imported better stuff like this." We also admired, at his behest, coach spurs—fluted iron shields that protected the sides of entranceways from cart and carriage wheels, and which Dixon said were being ripped out all over town. "They'll be gone by the time people learn to appreciate them," he said. We appreciated square stones set in a carriageway, threatened by a tide of municipal concrete. Toward the end of our jaunt, Mr. Dixon stopped us outside what he described as his favorite corner shop, a wee emporium whose windows disclosed scrubbing cloths, bottles of soda pop, and children's toy sunglasses. "Do you see how the headboard above the windows counts as an entablature?" Mr. Dixon asked. The well-kept headboard, or signboard, said on one street frontage "Lily's Grocers" and on the other "Delaware Stores," an apparently long-standing discrepancy that Mr. Dixon did not try to explain.



The World of Birds

IN the World of Birds at the Bronx Zoo, a small, good-humored group gathered on the second-floor terrace, which had been closed for a time to the public, and where a table did service as a bar. In spite of the rapidly chilling weather of early December, the terrace wore festoons of foliage. In the South American Rainforest, below, quite a few creatures stirred, but, as Dr. William Conway, the general director of the New York Zoological Society, explained to the group, it is seldom easy to see the birds well enough to identify them, so one looks at the pictures along the edges instead. Present were the Honorable C. J. M. Kramers, consul general of the Netherlands, representing His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands; Mrs. Kramers; and Mr. Frans Hulsman, consul of the Netherlands. There were also various officials of the Zoological Society, including Mr. Howard Phipps, Jr., its president; Mr. John Elliott, Jr., Mr. Frank Larkin, Mr. Anthony Marshall, and Mr. John Pierrepont, trustees; and Miss Julie Kammerer, president of its Women's Committee. They were all there for the festivities celebrating Dr. Conway's appointment, by Prince Bernhard in absentia, to the position of Commandeur in the Order of the Gold-



"I have grave doubts about the success of this conference."

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en Ark, "bestowed in recognition of special service rendered to the conservation of flora and fauna." The Prince is Grand Master of the Order, which he founded in 1971, and which is divided into the three classes of Commandeur, Officier, and Ridder.

"With his appointment as Commandeur, Dr. Conway joins the highest rank of the Order," the press release accompanying our invitation had read. "As General Director of the New York Zoological Society, Dr. Conway oversees the Society's five major divisions operating worldwide. These include the Bronx Zoo; the New York Aquarium and Osborn Laboratories of Marine Sciences; the Wildlife Survival Center, on St. Catherine's Island, Georgia; and the Society's international conservation program, the Animal Research and Conservation Center, which sponsors 45 field projects in 25 countries. . . . Under his aegis, the Society has become a major force in redirecting zoos toward the propagation and preservation of wild animals in captivity. At the Bronx Zoo, more than 1,000 birds, amphibians, reptiles, and mammals—including as many as forty endangered species—are now born or hatched each year. . . . The New York Zoological Society, the world's oldest conservation organization, is today, as Dr. Conway has said, 'working in the field—around the world—to save fragments of nature.' "

Lunch was served in a room adjoining the terrace. Then came the ceremony. Mr. Kramers spoke of Dr. Conway's record in conservation work and his ceaseless efforts for the cause. He spoke of Prince Bernhard's interest in conservation, and especially in the welfare of endangered species. At last, reaching over to a box that stood on a small table, he opened it and took out the badge of the Order, which proved to be a splendidly large and heavy gold star suspended from a yellow-orange ribbon. This he fitted on Dr. Conway's neck, and everybody clapped.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you upon this Order," Mr. Kramers said, stepping back.

Dr. Conway, who was expected to say the customary few words, hesitated. "I'm not certain that I can say anything at all with this hardware around my neck," he said, at last. But he did. "Of course, this award is really to the New York Zoological Society, not to me," he said. "What we're doing ultimately, I guess, is to consider ourselves futurists." He was not referring to the usual futurists, he explained, but to those who think of preserving opportunities for the future. The World of Birds was an example. "Increasingly, this work is coming down to finding ways to preserve small numbers of creatures in small places. That's very sad, yet our objective ultimately is to preserve great spectacles of wildlife. I hope they don't merely trickle away. Earlier, Mr. Kramers was telling me about his experiences in Africa. In Nigeria, he says, there is very little more wildlife than we have here in the United States."

Mr. Marshall interjected, "The reason the Nigerians have so little wildlife is that they ate it."

Dr. Conway went on to say, "One cannot help but think of what once happened to one of the oldest zoos in existence," and to explain that he was referring to the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. During the Siege of Paris, in the French Revolution, everyone in the city was hungry, and the authorities gave the people permission to eat the animals in the zoo. "They did eat them," Dr. Conway said, adding, in the hush, "And I think it's very pleasant to sit here together, in the World of Birds, and *not* be able to eat them."

SOLACE

Ada dropped a lighted match into the heap of Christmas paper at the edge of her woods and watched its flame consume the red tissue in which one of several gifts from her son, Christopher, had been wrapped. It was a clear day, with a stiff breeze from the northwest. She wore faded bluejeans with unravelling cuffs and a red mackinaw that had belonged to her husband, Marty. An inch of snow had fallen during the night and, against a cloudless sky, the balsam fir that Ada's mother had planted to add a touch of green to the gray woods in winter gently waved its wide branches. With snow on the ground and the wind coming the way it was, the risk of setting fire to the woods was minimal, Ada thought. But even while she prodded the pile of paper with a staff she sometimes used to steady her steps when walking outdoors, a green pickup truck turned in to her yard and Mr. Murdough, her nearest neighbor, jumped from the cab.

"I saw your fire," he said, "and thought it might be the woods."

"Oh, no, this is where I always burn the paper—very carefully," Ada said, and she turned to the youthful tricolored collie that earlier in the year she had bought from the custodian of the local animal shelter. "We love that woods, don't we, Peter Pup?"

"You know that woods has no fire lanes and there'd be no way for us to bring in a fire engine," Mr. Murdough said.

"I know that," Ada said. Mr. Murdough's unexpected arrival implied a need for his presence that Ada had not felt, and she did not smile.

"If you tell me where to find a bucket, I'll bring water from your spring, to douse the fire when you leave."

Though Ada previously had been unaware of Mr. Murdough's resemblance to her late husband, she noticed it now. Their straight blond hair, their deep-set hazel eyes and jutting jaws were similar. Especially like Marty was Mr. Murdough's determination to *help*.

The April that followed Marty's death, Mr. Murdough had driven his tractor into a field where Ada was hand-raking newly turned ground prior to planting peas in it and, above the roar of the engine, shouted, "That's not the kind of work you should be doing. It's too hard for you." There had been no time for Ada to explain that on account of a recent thunderstorm the soil was too wet to be worked any way but by hand. Looking as determined as Marty might have under the same circumstances, Mr. Murdough had sent the tractor careering back and forth, while she stood by and saw her garden ruined. Then, without speaking, Mr. Murdough had driven away, and Ada, rake in hand, had retired from the field. To this winter day, eight and a half years later, Ada had not returned to plant peas, though in summer she drove her own tractor-drawn mower into that field to cut a tangle of red clover and Queen Anne's lace that grew where peas might have grown.

In the face of Mr. Murdough's present determination, Ada managed a smile that felt dry, if not actually forced. "The spring is so close," she said. "I'll douse the fire, if necessary."

"Are you alone, Ada?"

"Yes, Mr. Murdough. I'm alone."

"I thought Christopher might've come. For Christmas."

"It's a long way for him to come, and I don't mind being alone on Christmas—or any day. In fact, I enjoy being alone. After all, we'll all be alone in our caskets."

"I've never thought of that, Ada, and I'm not sure that you should have."

"I often attend my funeral in imagination. It can make Christmas alone seem happy."

"I'll suggest it as an exercise for my mother the next time she complains of being left alone. My father, as you know, was no saint."

"And now she thinks he was? A saint?"

"Yes."

"I know how that is."

"But Marty *was* a saint."

"Not quite," Ada said.

"I never heard him say an unkind word about anybody."

"I did."

"He was a great man."

"He was a singular man, with the ability to lead his students and acquaintances to accept their own singularity. That is a rare gift."

"Mother worries about you—all alone."

"Tell her not to worry. The Wertz sisters have invited me to share their Christmas dinner. And tell her to be glad that her son lives so close."

"Be careful when you drive today. There's ice under the snow."

"You take care, and have a merry Christmas."

"A merry Christmas to you, too." Briskly, Mr. Murdough returned to his truck and started in the direction of his mother's house with Peter Pup barking, leading the way.

A FAMILY of yellow jackets had nested during the summer in the ground not far from where Ada stood with her back to the fire, and the sharp stinging pain in her right ankle recalled summer's several clashes with its members; indeed, Ada would have been no more surprised to see a yellow jacket taking leave of her than she had been by Mr. Murdough's arrival a few minutes earlier. Widowhood, it seemed to her, was more surprising than her marriage had ever been.

What Ada saw when she looked down was not an angry yellow jacket but a fringe of flame where the right cuff of her bluejeans had been.

To Marty, an unexpectedly painful happening had been either "a new experience," and therefore a kind of "blessed event," or, as the blooming rhodora had been for Emerson, "its own excuse for being." Though disinclined to share Marty's stoical acceptance of surprises, Ada managed to bow from the waist and, with callused hands and a wry smile, stifle the flame. That done, she called the dog and went into the house with him. At this point, as she saw it, there was no need to douse the trash pile.

After her father's death, Ada had

“You know, I find it increasingly difficult to believe that you were born in Dallas.”

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carried upstairs the cushioned maple chair she had given him for Christmas in 1934 and set it at the head of Christopher’s bed. Abandoned, the bed and chair waited with an expectant air in the bedroom where Christopher had slept. Actually, they had the look Ada saw, on her way down the hall, reflected in her bathroom mirror. It was the look of a person who, although obviously of less use than she formerly was, continued to expect well of the future. Holding the medicine-cabinet door open, Ada was relieved to see that a magazine clipping Marty had pasted inside long ago was still there. She read it aloud while Peter Pup listened: “ ‘Whether caused by flame or chemicals, a burn should be flooded with water immediately for approximately fifteen minutes. A burn caused by chemicals should be examined by a doctor as soon as possible.’

“The treatment will be simple as taking a bath,” he said, and, having closed the medicine-cabinet door, she opened both spigots of the bathtub. Much simpler, surely, than the application of apple butter and sliced raw potatoes, tied on with strips of an old sheet, that her mother had used when Ada had burned her arms in hot corn mush. How old had she been at the time? Three, perhaps? Ada remembered, as though it had happened today, the corn’s color—pure gold—in an iron kettle on the arrow-backed chair. She remembered, too, how, after an awkward struggle with the bandages, her mother, who seldom had time to hold her, had taken her onto her lap and held her there until the pain was gone. Compared with that pain, the pricklings Ada felt while bathing her ankle were a discomfort, nothing more.

Ada was in the tub when the phone rang. “That’s Lucy Wertz calling to say, ‘Are you still alive?’ ” Ada told Peter Pup. And when, nude and waterlogged, she climbed from the tub and crossed the hall to answer the phone, she found that the caller was indeed Lucy Wertz.

“Were you at the barn?” said Lucy.

“No, I was taking a bath.”

“In that case, you should have your breathing fixed, Ada.”

“After the pulmonary lab tests, Dr. Hutchinson told me not to worry about my slight emphysema.”

“Then perhaps you need an evaluation of your heart.”

“Have you forgotten the Holter monitor I wore for one whole day last year, and the digitalis Dr. Razzano prescribed?”

“You may need another prescription.”

“Right now what I need is a towel.”

“You are coming to have dinner with us, aren’t you?”

“Yes, after I’m dressed. If I’m not there by twelve, start dinner without me. Mr. Murdough was here and said there are patches of ice under the blowing snow.”

“We’ve seen a car go by the house this morning. The road is open.”

Ada didn’t argue with her. Never having learned to drive, the Wertz sisters had sold their husbands’ automobiles and forgotten the difficulties of driving in wintertime completely, so that nothing Ada might have said on that subject would have been useful.

“We’ll pray that you have a safe trip,” Lucy said, adding, “Jane’s hungry.”

“I’ll try to be there by twelve,” Ada said.

AT ten minutes before twelve, Lucy Wertz, seeing Ada’s blue compact in the snow-covered driveway beside the house, opened the back door and, with a delight so shrill that a stranger unaccustomed to Lucy’s way of greeting visitors might have fled to the safety of the woods, said, “Merry Christmas, Ada. It’s good to see you.”

Familiar though Ada was with Lucy’s greetings, they surprised her, so that without a word she followed Lucy into the kitchen, where Jane was turning the yams in a glaze of butter and sugar.

There, in the voice that a moment

before had welcomed Ada, Lucy said, "Go on into the living room and wait until dinner is ready." To reinforce her command, Lucy led the way and, from the center of the room, said, "Sit down and *read* until I call you."

"In which one of the chairs would you like me to sit?" Ada asked, remembering Marty's saying to her, "You can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the girl." Lucy, Baltimore-born and for forty years a teacher in the public schools of that city, was trying to take the country out of the girl Ada no longer was.

Lucy said, "You may sit wherever you like."

But, of course, *nothing* could have been less true. If given her own choice of a place to sit, Ada would have stayed in the kitchen, where Jane was turning the yams in their glaze of butter and sugar.

"Then I'll sit here," Ada said, moving toward a very old Windsor chair with the patina of age and its frailty.

"That will be all right." The words came slowly, as though Lucy, knowing Ada's weight, would have preferred to have her sit on the davenport. But then, speaking crisply, she said, "*Read this*," and left Ada on her own.

The magazine that Lucy handed to Ada was a monthly publication intended to advertise the virtues of that branch of Protestantism of which the Wertz sisters were members, and Ada dropped it, unopened, on the neat pile of magazines from which Lucy had taken it. That done, she sat down in the old Windsor chair and turned a critical eye on her surroundings.

The room was one she had known in childhood and remembered with great affection, because at that time a favorite aunt and uncle had owned the house and during her mother's illnesses had offered Ada the solace she needed. Later, when her mother had recovered, Ada went to visit Uncle Nathan and Aunt Elizabeth with her parents. On those festive occasions, she had been allowed to stay in the kitchen while meals were being prepared and, best of all, encouraged to feel that her being there was *helpful*. "Will you bring the balloon-backed chairs from the parlor?" Aunt Elizabeth would say if her sons were at home from the city and extra chairs were needed for the table. Or in warm weather, when milk and butter had to be refrigerated in the spring ditch, she would say, "Run for the butter and cream, Ada. The dinner is almost ready."

It seemed to Ada that all that was bright and warm in her memories of childhood had happened in this room. Now the room—with its newly plastered white walls and precious Persian rug—was bright without being warm. It was extraordinarily neat. But, remembering it as it had been seventy years ago, she resented this neatness. Both the piano and the bookcase were gone, along with Uncle Nathan's Boston rocker, where Aunt Elizabeth sat to mend his socks by the light of a huge kerosene lamp. Gone, too, was the horsehair sofa—that wonder of slippery elegance—where Ada herself sat while her cousin Mordecai played the piano. The room had held a round stove, with nickel-plated extensions to warm cold feet. And Ada had not wanted to be in the kitchen.

Surprise Party

Her wait, happily, was not long, and when she joined Lucy and Jane in the dining room her plate had been filled.

"We prefer chicken to turkey," Jane said. "We hope you do, too."

"I like both. And this looks lovely," Ada said.

"Harvey liked ham," Lucy said. "What did Marty like?"

"Hamburger with cream sauce," Ada said.

"Bless his heart."

Seeing that the sisters had closed their eyes and bowed their heads in the silent blessing ordinarily asked by them, Ada inaudibly said, "Dear Lord, bless this house and help me to get home."

When their plates were as clean as good appetites could make them, Jane passed the fruitcake and Christmas cookies, while Lucy brought hot water to make instant coffee in their expectant cups. Meanwhile, Ada wondered who now alive in this world could bake mince pie the way her mother had.

Later, when the table had been cleared and Ada spoke of leaving, Lucy said, "Why, child? You've hardly said a word. You must tell us how Peter Pup is."

"Peter Pup is fine."

"And you?"

"I'm lucky to be here."

"Aren't we all?" Lucy said. "It's so *beautiful* here."

Jane, with a faraway look in her eyes, agreed, and said, "Yes, it is beautiful here. I was born in the middle class and expect to stay in it."

Taken by surprise, Ada laughed. "Middle class" was a term she seldom used, and if anyone had asked her where in America's complicated society she belonged, she almost certainly would have said, "I don't know."

Once, years ago, at a picnic on the church lawn, after telling Ada that

FIRST CITY BANK
THIS YEAR WHY NOT GIVE CASH?

both of her parents had migrated from Berlin to Baltimore, Lucy asked, with an anxious look, "You are *German*, aren't you?"

Ada said, "My father told me that we can't measure a snake while it's running." Remembering her rudeness on that occasion and hoping to make amends now, Ada said to Lucy, "I caught fire this morning."

"How, child?" Lucy and Jane said together.

"I was burning trash where I always do, and watching Peter Pup herding Mr. Murdough into his truck, when the fire took hold of my jeans."

"What did you do? Did you roll on the ground? Did you call Mr. Murdough?" They spoke as one person and that one Lucy.

"I smothered the flame with my hands."

"How could you?"

"Easily. It was a small flame, and I was lucky."

"Yes, you were lucky."

"And now I really must be going. I'm expecting Christopher to call."

"We'll call tonight to see how you are."

Ada wanted to tell Lucy that another interrogation on the subject of her health would be an invasion of privacy but found herself saying, "Thanks for the lovely dinner. It made a perfect day."

"Come back soon," Lucy said. "Be sure to drive carefully."

ON the ice of the Wertz sisters' driveway the wheels of Ada's car spun for some time before she reached the sun-dried road. She was still ten miles from home and knew that snow had drifted into the road along the way. There was one small plain where, having had previous experiences with snowdrifts, Ada expected her car to stall, but when she got there, instead of a snowdrift she found two neat piles of snow, with the road, clear as could be, between them.

Seeing the green truck up the road, she knew that the man leaning on his shovel in the truck's shadow was Mr. Murdough. He was smiling in the complacent way that Marty smiled when, another day of teaching behind him, he walked from his parked car across the lawn toward their back porch.

Ada stopped her car. "What do I owe you, Mr. Murdough, for opening the road?" she asked.

"That's what neighbors are for."

"In that case, thank you *very* much. I want to be home by the time Christopher calls."

"You'll have no trouble from here on."

"You're a saint."

"Any time you need help—day or night—call me," Mr. Murdough said as Ada's car gathered speed.

Words like "That's what neighbors are for" were part of the local language and not to be taken without a grain of salt. They were, however, a comfort to hear. At home, Peter Pup would be waiting, and that, too, was a solacing thought.

When Christopher called, Ada was resting in the kitchen with the dog. When she told Christopher that on that very day both Mr. Murdough and a fire had visited her, he asked, "Was the fire Mr. Murdough's fault? Did he push you toward the trash pile?" Christopher's voice suggested a blend of genuine concern and amusement.

This was a form of banter she had used when Christopher was a child and he, out of a sense of loyalty—or was it fear?—still used.

"Have you seen a doctor?" Christopher wanted to know.

"On Christmas?"

"How *is* your health, Mother?"

"You know my heart is damaged?"

"I know. Dr. Hutchinson told me."

"And there is lung damage, too, and a considerable loss of memory."

"The way you describe it, it almost sounds like fun."

"But none of my doctors look amused when they see me. Have I lived too long?"

"Certainly not," Christopher said with conviction.

"That's *nice* to know."

"We'll talk again on New Year's Day, Mother. In the meantime, don't stand too close to the fire."

"Thanks for being a good boy, Christopher," Ada said, and settled the receiver back in its cradle.

Peter Pup, relieved of the obligation to eavesdrop, went to his nest and, with a deep sigh, curled up to sleep. Ada, after going to the window and making certain that it was the evening sun and not a brush fire burning among the gray trees beyond the old fir, turned on her radio and sat down to hear the last of the Christmas music. A shadow of the barn lay on the field, where fringes of dry buck grass moved like the gentle flame that had felt like the sting of a yellow jacket and, like the pain of a yellow jacket's sting, was soon gone.

—LINDA GRACE HOYER

THE BAGPIPING PEOPLE

TWO or three mornings a week, in summer, a tinker called Robertson bagpiped the Gilchrist family from sleep half an hour before the time set on its alarm clocks. He played on the hoof, walking along the edge of a narrow plantation of birch trees.

"I thought you liked bagpipes," said Jim Gilchrist, teasing his father's short temper at the breakfast table. "Any time there's a pipe band on the wireless, you always have it turned up. You're the man who wants to go to the Edinburgh Tattoo. Military nostalgia," he said, with a lighthearted, sneering conclusiveness. "It's like a plague in this country. I don't suppose you noticed, but last winter there seemed more pipe bands on the wireless than usual. Suez."

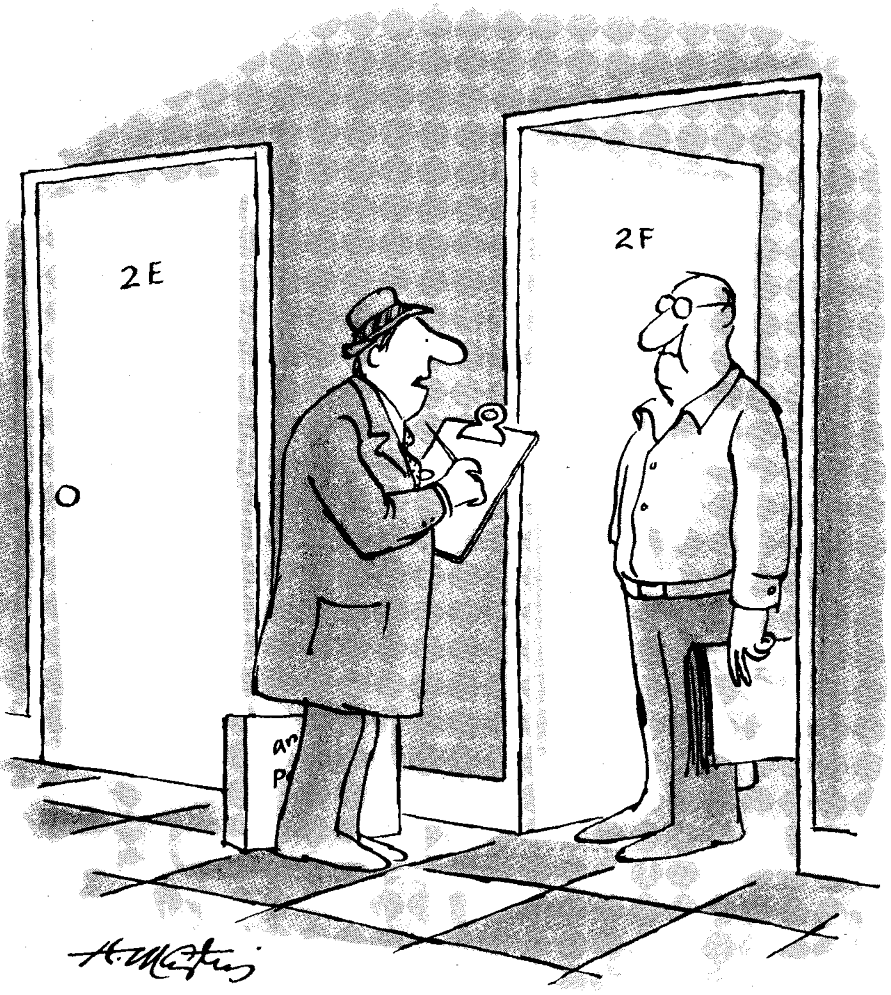
"Is that a fact?" Mr. Gilchrist replied.

"No different," said Jim, "from these countries you read about where the radio stations pump out military music while the rebels and the government troops fight it out on the streets. Hungary," he said, the way he had said "Suez" a moment before.

"I worry about your mind," said his father, before tasting his first spoonful of porridge. "Aw, Sadie! You haven't salted it! Again," he said wearily, plopping his spoon into his plate.

"I did salt it," his wife said, with her back to them as she turned the frying bacon and eggs with a fish server. Almost to herself, she added, "I salted it the same as I always salt it."

Sam Gilchrist's porridge never seemed salty enough on these mornings when Robertson's piping woke him up at six. While he sprinkled extra salt on his porridge, his son measured a spoonful of sugar and then, when he knew his father was watching him, sifted it over his porridge.



*"And this is the final question:
What, in your opinion, is to become of us all?"*

"Men," Mr. Gilchrist said, with a jab of his spoon, "don't put sugar on their porridge."

"I don't see why not," Jim said. "You put jam on your cheese."

"When the tinker's pipes make him so bad-tempered," Mrs. Gilchrist said, "you'd think he'd take the trouble to ask the man to play half an hour later, when he's up anyway. Would that be unreasonable?"

"Perfectly reasonable," said Jim.

His father left the table and opened both kitchen windows. Robertson's piping was too far away to be loud, but there was no doubting it was there.

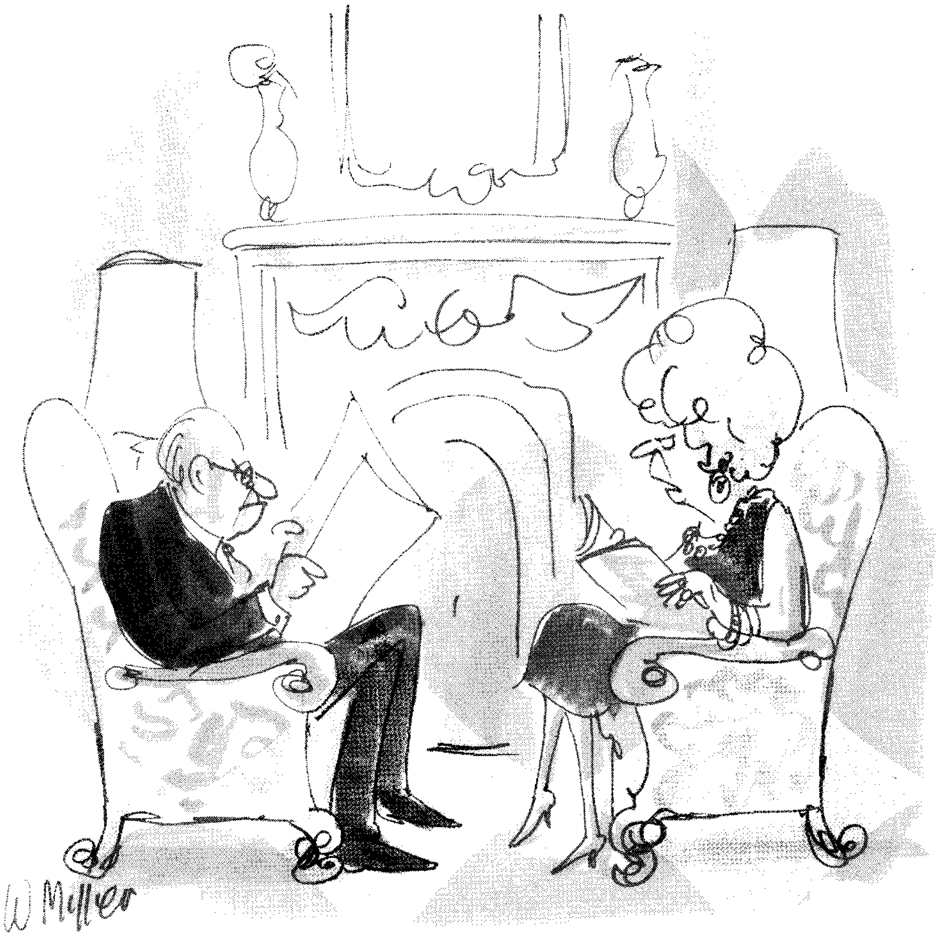
"They're tinkers," said Sadie Gilchrist. "They're used to taking a telling. Used to it," she emphasized, "week in, week out. It's not as if your father would be asking him never to play within our hearing. Half an hour. What's half an hour in a busy day?"

"I don't mind when or where he plays," said Gilchrist.

"He says he doesn't mind." She sighed with disbelief. "You minded, loudly, at six this morning! He says he doesn't mind! You should've heard him."

The Robertsons and other tinker families lived in an untidy encampment two fields away from the Gilchrists' house. Tarpaulins were stretched over arched metal supports to form tents. It looked like a village of nomadic tribesmen. They possessed a small, open-backed lorry, three horse-drawn carts, and a number of ponies that grazed on lane-side grass or in the waste ground between the pillboxes and blast walls of a wartime anti-aircraft gun position.

By nine in the morning, Robertson would take up his station on the tree-darkened minor road that descended to the ferry. All day in summer, he piped up and down the queues of waiting cars. At times, the queues were long and profitable. Often in bad weather, only a few cars waited in a short, wet line. Commercial vehicles, whose drivers were working and not on the road for pleasure, gave no money and were a waste of the piper's wind and skill. Robertson wore a kilt, brown jacket, and off-white open-necked shirt, and went sockless in a pair of brown brogues blanched by a lack of polish and too much weather and walking. He was followed by his daughter. She was about seventeen, and she wore the same green dress



“Why can’t you buy some hotels and make me your queen?”

• •

day after day, and the same patched sweater. The only variation in her clothing was a light scarf she tied under her chin. Red-haired, flushed, sullen, and barefooted for effect, she had the job of rattling the change in her cloth moneybag at the windows of each car. When it rained, father and daughter stood together under the overhang of the trees—never in the wooden shelter for pedestrians and cyclists.

To contend with the summer traffic, the ferry employed an extra hand, and for the last three years this summer job had been Jim Gilchrist’s. At each end of the dismal vessel was a metal ramp, raised and lowered on chains, which when dropped on the cobbled gradients that led into the water allowed the vehicles to drive on and off. Superstructure on either side of the craft rose to an upper deck with benches that doubled as life rafts. On fine days most passengers went up on deck. In the middle of the ferry there was room for ten cars, fewer if a bus or a lorry or a furniture moving van got there first. Entire cycling clubs, local pedestrians, ramblers, hitchhikers all used the ferry, as well as holidaying motorists, and vans and lorries on every conceivable commercial mission. People came from miles around to watch the ferry’s clumsy, clanking, humorous crossings, to wonder at its workhorse appearance, its homely, functional looks, its strength, and then to take a round trip.

Ice cream could be bought from Italian vans on either side of the river. Small boys used the ferry for imaginary adventures. The river stank of oil and an unmistakable, nonspecific industrial aroma compounded of shipbuilding, engineering, and the city of Glasgow, through which it flowed before reaching there. Often, the ferry waited for freighters to go by. Passengers waved to sailors, and the ships hooted as their wash approached the ferry and waves broke on the cobbled spits, sluicing around the wheels of the cars as they boarded slowly and carefully, and a ferryman ushered them to come on faster.

Ashton, one of the regular conductors, spent much of his time chasing after passengers and asking to see their tickets. He lived in the hope of catching locals from the south bank whom Jim had let on board free of charge. Jim watched Ashton double-checking tickets, and in his turn he kept his eyes open for natives of the north bank whom Ashton’s counter-generosity allowed to cross without paying the fare.

“That was my brother you charged, Jim,” Ashton said.

“Sorry, Wattie. I’d no idea.”

“No idea? He crosses this river twice a day! He even looks like me. If you think you can come it wi’ me, then forget it. It’s no skin off my nose if your father knows a big wheel in the Navigational Trust,” he said, prodding Jim in the chest. “I’m a lifelong socialist. I don’t hold wi’ this job-getting through friends of friends or who your daddy knows.”

“So what? I’m a lifelong socialist myself.”

“You? You aren’t even weaned yet.”

The ferry was pulled across on parallel chains turned on board in engine houses that were open for small boys and their fathers to watch. “Lovely piece of engineering!” “You’re doing a fine job there!” men called to the engineer, who felt himself to be the most watched man in Scotland. Each time the vessel left its cobbled, slippery jetties and the tension was taken up on the chains, they whipped out of the water with a dripping shudder. Women hid their faces in their hands with fear that the massive links might snap, and the strange blue-and-white metal box in which they were crossing the river end up drifting at the mercy of the current as helplessly as a biscuit tin.

“Stand back from the chains there!” Ashton’s manner had the fulsome pomposity of the ancient trade of ferryman.

“If you had your way, Ashton, you’d ban bridges. Your days are numbered. One day, the twentieth century’ll get wise to this contraption.”

WHEN he wasn’t playing his pipes and Jim walked past, the tinker always had a civil greeting. “And how’s the wee boatie?”

Like everyone else, Jim brought sandwiches for lunch, but he was the only one who went ashore to eat them. Jim never saw Robertson or his daughter eat anything. They went over the wall beside the ferry ramp, and into the park that surrounded a hospital for disabled and blind ex-servicemen. There they lit a fire in the same spot every day, seven days a week, and brewed tea.

"That's a very old-looking set of pipes you play, Mr. Robertson." Jim imagined that the girl looked surly because she didn't like his knowing their name. It was known among their own kin and kind, but apart from that it was known only to inquisitive policemen, various inspectors from the County Council, and a few farmers. "How old are they?" Jim asked.

"What would a summer boatie like you know about pipes and a' pibroch?" said Robertson as he stooped over his fire.

"Nothing," Jim admitted.

"And you don't look as if you want to learn," the tinker said slyly, smiling over his tin mug of tea. "Auld pipes," he said, "play auld tunes."

"I'm one of the few people in this world who hear them at six in the morning," Jim said amiably.

"You've heard me play," said Robertson, "you've heard the best you'll ever hear."

"Would you like a sandwich?" Jim asked father and daughter. "I've got more than I need. My mother thinks there must be two of me." The girl nodded a surprised no and walked away, scattering the dregs of her tea on the ground. Strong tea brewed on an open fire and drunk from tin mugs clutched in hot hands is not to be despised, and Jim hoped that Robertson would offer him some. "I've egg, salmon paste, or dried dates," he told the tinker.

"No palm trees where I come from," said Robertson. He took another drink of tea, with an audible slurp.

"I don't suppose my father's complained to you about your six-in-the-morning rehearsals?"

"Your dad and me get on right fine," said Robertson.

"But you play all day, every day. It must be some strain on the wind. I don't understand why you'd want to play at six in the morning as well."

"The last time I saw your dad, he was telling me how he fair misses it when I'm gone. He gave me a dozen eggs that time, and he promised to have a word wi' the farmer, Irvine, and pave the way for my two boys, helping them to a paid job for a week or two. Which your father did. He's a man whose word's as good as a deed done. They'll no' find it easy to make that man change as the clock changes, for all his prosperity."

SUMMER was Sam Gilchrist's busiest time of the year. He ran a garage, and the major part of his business lay in the sale and repair of tractors and other agricultural machinery. He was beginning to prosper with the nineteen-fifties and saw better times ahead. He worked hard, and it was after seven by the time he got home. He ate, smoked, read the newspaper, dozed with it on his lap; then he woke up and stretched, yawned, and said, "Right. Bedtime."

"Your father," said Sadie Gilchrist, "is a wonderful conversationalist."

"I hear you gave the tinker a dozen eggs," Jim said. "This is a man who gives handouts to an alarm clock."

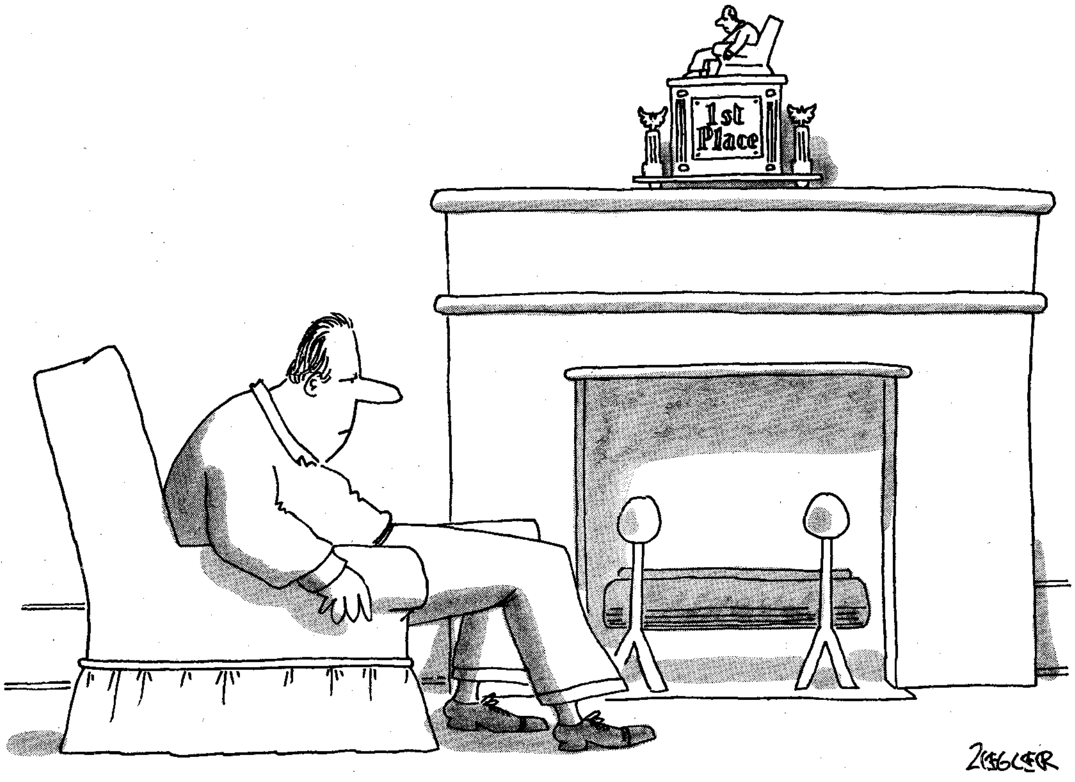
"And you're the man who's over-fond of his bed. Pass them a few eggs now and then," said Gilchrist, "and they'll be less inclined to help themselves. I've known men like Robertson go through a hen hut just like that—*psst*," he said, cutting his throat with his forefinger. "And there's your eggs gone, and half your hens as well."

"And then he uses his influence with Sandy Irvine. Jobs," said Jim, "for two tinkers. He's even told Robertson how much he dotes on his bagpiping."

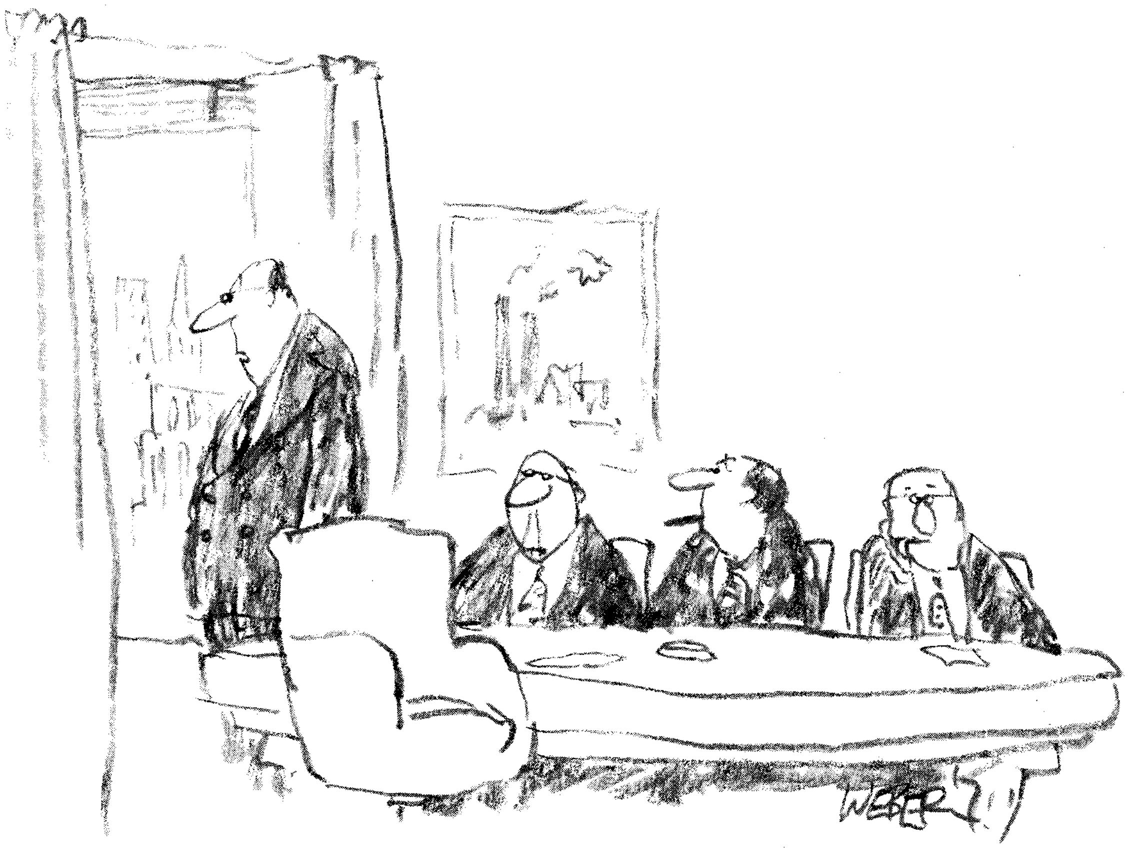
"Don't complain, then," said Sadie Gilchrist, "if he serenades us outside the bedroom window."

"I go a long way back with Robertson. It's not how I'd live, but he has a decent streak, and it suits me to give him a helping hand when I feel like it."

DURING his lunch hours, Jim observed the habits of the motorists as Robertson piped and his daughter begged with her jangling moneybag. He saw men and women open their car doors and listen with folklorist attentiveness. In his ferryman's uniform, he felt like a cross between a naval officer and a bus conductor; he noticed them size him up as an object of curiosity. Many people gave the girl a copper coin or two with a smile and good grace. Others wound up their windows and looked away when it



came their turn for the tinker's daughter to shake her cloth bag before them. Her look then was sharp and peremptory. Jim saw people begin conversations with their companions when they saw her coming, to give the impression that they were too busy doing something else to notice she was there.



"Unless I'm misinterpreting the signs, gentlemen, we are approaching the end of the golden age of shoddy merchandise."

At the busiest times, the queue, the ferry, the riverside had the atmosphere of a fair. Children ran down the line of cars to and from the ice-cream vans. Money changed hands for ice cream, lemonade, and bagpiping. The Hospital for Disabled Ex-Servicemen had a small showroom at its park gate in which the patients displayed and sold their wares in basketwork. Coin boxes for donations toward the hospital's work were carried up and down the queue by volunteers. Hills on the north bank rose high enough to stand as a promise of the Highlands, toward which many of the motorists were headed. At other stopping places—ferries, scenic spots, ruins and castles—they would come across more bagpipers, other conscientious daughters urging them to part with a few pennies. They were like a secret population, these bagpiping people.

"Four years back," said Ashton, "there was a piper who took up a pitch on the north shore. He'd no license for it, so the police moved him on, and thank God for that. There were bagpipes there and bagpipes over there, and in the middle of the very river the two wails met, and the racket made your hair stand on end. No kidding," he said. "It made my teeth itch. I hate bagpipes. They remind me of the Army."

"Somehow," Jim said, "I thought you were in the Navy."

"Funnyman, aren't you?"

"It's the way you talk, Ashton. 'Port' this, 'starboard' that, 'amidships'—"

"I've been watching you, and I've noticed. Don't think there's a lot goes on here that Wattie Ashton doesn't see. I've seen you, sitting on that wall, and I've seen the way you look at that tinker's daughter." Ashton nodded, approving of his own moral malevolence. "Call yourself educated?"

Over and back again, over and back again—north bank, south bank, north bank, south bank; with each crossing of the broad river, Jim's hands grew dirtier with the feel of copper coins. Ink and paper from his roll of tickets added to the grime on his fingers, the palms of his hands, creeping up as far as his wrists. Rain clouds massed over Dumbarton Rock, which rose around the bend of the river like a fortified stud on the belt of antique stones round Scotland's waist—Dumbarton, Stirling Castle, Edinburgh Castle. The clouds were dark enough to warn of a summer downpour. It rained that day, and made the work miserable and wet. From the top deck, he saw Robertson and the girl under a tree.

On a Friday evening, having just been paid, Jim took a silver florin from his wage packet and dropped it into the girl's pouch as he passed her. A few seconds later, it bounced off the road in front of him. He saw it roll under a car. He turned round, but she already had her back to him and was shaking her cloth bag at the cars. Robertson noticed, too, but he kept on piping.

"How come," Jim asked his mother, "Robertson's daughter would throw back at me the florin I dropped into her bag? I thought we were well in with the tinkers. I mean, free eggs, and my father fixes them up with jobs."

"For someone who's supposed to have brains," said Mrs. Gilchrist, "you're not very bright."

"She threw it back at me," he said angrily.

"Maybe she likes you," his mother said. "If I were a tinker lass whose father set her to begging off other folk, and somebody I liked gave me a coin—more, maybe, than I was used to getting—then I think I'd throw it back." She smiled as she watched Jim thinking about what she'd said. "Don't do anything silly," she went on. "It'd be a great waste, you riding the length and breadth on a horse and cart."

"She's practically a next-door neighbor, and I don't even know her first name. She hasn't said a word to me. It's not like how you think," he said. "I'd just been paid, and I felt generous."

"You so much as kiss her ear," his mother said, "and you'll wish you'd been stolen by the fairies. You, me, and your dad would find ourselves at a tinker's wedding—yours. They might look like nothing on earth, but they're very strict when it comes to what might be flitting across your mind."

THROUGHOUT the remainder of the summer, Jim thought about how to speak to the girl. She seemed able to guess whenever he came close to working up the courage. Blank as her expression looked, it was an emptiness that had been brought up on conventions of hostility, and that prepared her for the exercise of that gruff, rude dignity with which she snubbed and avoided him. Every few days, he joined the Robertsons at their fire as they sipped their strong tea. The girl said nothing, and her father did not think it discourteous when she walked away to stand by herself.

"Where did you learn to play?" Jim asked the man.

"My uncle taught me. He was a famous piper. Much better than my father was." Robertson groaned as he stood up. "I can huff and puff like the big bad wolf," he said, "but it's hard work on the legs."

At the far end of the clearing, the girl counted the coins in her bag. Robertson doused the fire with what was left of his tea. He picked up his pipes and walked away. Before she followed him, the girl scuffed a foot's worth of leaf mold onto the sizzles of the fire. She didn't even look at Jim. He felt inferior.

"Shy, aren't you?" said Ashton, back at the boat. "Tongue-tied and bashful. You slow down, she gives you a bad look, and then she gets on wi' her begging. A beggar's what she is, isn't it? Don't you know it? She's as far away from your own kind as a duchess or Lady Mucky-Muck. Will you buy a ticket for a good cause?" He was selling raffle tickets for the Scotland-U.S.S.R. Friendship Society.

"First prize is a week in Leningrad."

"What's the second prize?"

"If that's your attitude, then you don't deserve the opportunity of a lifetime which a possible prize-winning ticket would put your way."

"I suppose Poles and Hungarians get free tickets?"

"Counter-revolutionary trash gets what's coming to it, that's what *it* gets. Forget it," Ashton said. "I can see I'm wasting time."

ON the morning that Robertson's band of tinkers were to leave for their autumn and winter camp, Jim turned up for work an hour early, at half-past six. Ashton was already on board. He scowled at Jim.

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THE RESTAURANT WINDOW

A time-lapse camera might do it justice,
This street outside the restaurant window,
Feeling hurrying by on one side
And thought on the other.
Gradually night sponges up vision,
A moment so made up of other moments
No one can tell one famous variation
From another. Soon they will become the theme.
It is then that the power of form is felt
(Could it have been, all along, the subject matter?)
Connecting everything, the ginkgo's gesture
And the ginkgo, even permitting
The streetlamp turning on every evening
Its one small circle of illumination,
As if it were reading, over and over,
The same book of poems.

Insurgent sounds of music, bells
Add their bits to the pending structure,
A latent second holding in its spell
The chromatic shift to the second after,
Each table lamp an imitation
Of the light outside, and in the haze,
Part incandescence, part refraction,
Fine distinctions you have never grasped
Swim into view, the elusive becoming
A mute but embodied expectation.

And now as people vanish from the street
(A hurricane lamp outlasting its tempest)
The trees relax into Japanese silence;
Even the glasses assume their true property:
Waiting only to be filled or emptied.
The world's no more than a neutral surround
Until it begins to move with purpose—
Such moments are lived alone: at night
In the white capsule of a hospital room
After the warm visitors have left,
The chill of what is about to happen
Settles between you and a stranger
Walking into the room politely;
Both of you know you are not there for nothing.

Thus this street: it has an ending somewhere,
An event flaring out of sight in the west—
The sunset, already settling for less.

—HOWARD MOSS

PETE'S
GAS-OIL-FLATS FIXED
PHOTOCOPYING

• •

"What've I done wrong this time?" Jim asked.

"Nothing." Ashton gave a shrug of innocence, his mouth opening, his teeth shining, amusement slowly drawing over his face. A late-September breeze nudged at Jim's cap as three tugs in a line went downriver. "It's your last day, an' I'll be glad to see the back of you. It'll no' be like last year, or the year before. When you cross here in the morning to catch your bus to the university, don't expect any favors when it comes to your fare."

"I've never heard you laugh, Ashton. When did you last laugh, like a normal person?"

"I laugh when I see a loser. I'm laughing right now."

There was no sign of Robertson's convoy on the road. Jim said, "The tinkers are crossing this morning. You listen, Ashton, and you listen good. They're going across, and no fares. If you make an issue of it, you'll wish you hadn't bothered."

"So that's why you got here before the early-duty car man. Sorry to disappoint you," Ashton said. He pointed to horse dung on the car deck. One of the piles had been treaded by heavy tires. "You being the Tinkers' Friend, I was waiting on you to clean it up. They went through here a good half hour ago." Ashton dragged on his cigarette, and his smoke trailed in the wind. "Three horse-drawn vehicles, one lorry, eighteen passengers, six of whom were half-fare, them being underage. You're the man wi' the brain. You can tot that up in a flash, no bother, I'm sure. When did I laugh last? I've been laughing all morning. Here," he said, handing Jim a shovel. "Go and clean up what they left you."

"Are you sure it was them?"

"I've been here since 1933. Would I not recognize them? I looked forward to telling that scabby piper no' to come back, him and his mangy clan. They're like redskins, jumping the reservation. Sure I'm sure. I'd know them a mile away. Why do you think I got here early?"

The wash of a freighter slapped against the ferry and ran over the car deck. Withdrawing waves swept it clean. Jim handed the shovel back to Ashton.

"Where you going now?" Ashton shouted.

"Up for'ard," Jim shouted back, "to wait for your brother. Full fare!"

—Douglas Dunn

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LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

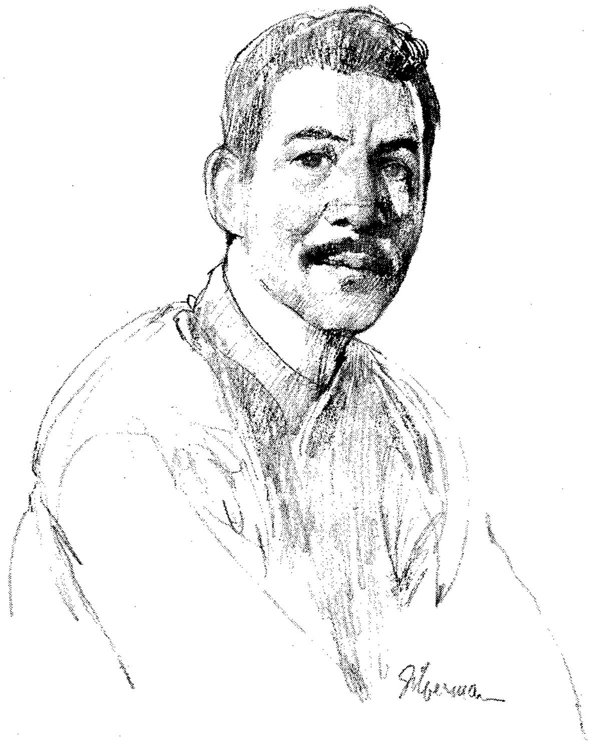
[*From the Santa Barbara News-Press*]

The first annual Cardiac Arrest to benefit the American Heart Association, Santa Barbara Chapter, will be sponsored Saturday by Alpha Phi Sorority at the Alpha Phi house.

Members of the community, campus and Greek system will be kidnapped and held for ransom. Friends, relatives and the public will be asked to contribute to their release. The ransom money raised will go to the AHA chapter.

PROFILES

THE GREAT MOMENT



Issey Miyake

IT had been one of those New York days when the Hudson River gives off a smell of Maxwell House and sea. It was early November, last year; muggy as could be; just getting properly dark. Two thousand people gathered on the pier beneath the U.S.S. Intrepid, waiting to board and attend a fashion show by the Japanese designer Issey Miyake. From stem to stern, the aircraft carrier-turned-museum was bathed by floodlights in a rose-pink glow. The great prow loomed way above the waiting people, like some cumbrous giant of a flamingo coming in to land. There was an excited brandishing of yellow invitation cards, the bark of a bullhorn or two. There would have been helicopters hovering overhead, and shedding beams of light on decks that long-forgotten kamikazes used to swoop at, but low clouds had put paid to that extra touch. Lines of little black figures now moved across the gathering gloom of the pier and began to trail up a zigzag metal staircase on the ship's pink flank and disappear inside a lighted opening halfway up. The instant of guest meeting brilliance was in many cases striking: there were heads with hair like colored paintbrushes or Rastafarian snakes; shoulders twice as wide as life; taut leopard-skin-covered thighs; a shoulder blade bright with a dragon breathing fire. Suddenly, at my elbow I found Barbara Weiser.

"Gracious!" she said. "I never thought we'd actually find each other, in this mob. Jon and my mother are supposed to be in there somewhere."

Selma Weiser and her son and daughter, Jon and Barbara (both in their early thirties), are the proprietors of a handful of Charivari stores, for men's and women's fashions, on the Upper West Side. Inside the ship, Barbara Weiser and I stood in the jam-packed crowd in front of massive closed fire doors that were like something out of "The Guns of Navarone." Strangers were telling other strangers behind them not to *push*. Barbara Weiser, back from the latest of an endless round of buying trips to Europe, said that the fashion shows in Paris were just too crazy now. "It's like being an electrified rat, day after day," she said, demonstrating with shoulders up and arms held rigid by her sides. Her eyes, wearing gleaming pewter-colored eyeshadow, popped open in mock pain; her brows disappeared from view beneath bangs of a cap of dark hair. To the right and left of the impatient crowd (whose collective breath was hot and sweet with cognac, for Rémy Martin had provided not only the money for the rose-pink lights outside the ship but also a bar, inside) were roped-off areas in which vintage biplanes were parked. The great metal doors slid slowly open at last, and we all moved, as if sucked in by a vacuum, into a space where, under a ceiling that writhed with engine-room boiler pipes, there was a runway and an army of chairs.

Selma Weiser half turned in her seat and waved her program at us. She was a noticeable figure, with fiery-red hair cut in a cap like her daughter's. Her form, more ample than Barbara Weiser's, was, like hers, draped for the occasion in the fashions of Issey Miyake. "I noticed that some people had little red stars on their tickets," she said, removing bag, shawl, and umbrella from two seats she had saved at her side. "I'd like to know what, exactly, qualifies you as a V.I.P. around here if people doing our kind of business don't make the grade." A generally benevolent indignation is one of Selma Weiser's most frequent modes, coexisting closely with a fierce enthusiasm. She is an indefatigable traveller and improviser in foreign tongues; a hard-nosed bargainer; a great tilter at windmills and follower of hunches; and a brilliant tactician in obtaining unobtainable invitations, reservations, or plates of buffet food. The fashion business suits her.

I studied the program. It was a large white folded card with some remarks by Miyake on the back and, on the front, a poem, reading, on the left side of the page:

Body is to spirit
As cloth is to body
Grown to its own size:
Room in the air.
Air in the weave.
Waves in the breeze.
The earth spins and
Things come to an end.
So, day and night,
A body blooms
At its own hour.
Stretch the pause
Through the sky,
Or float—muted banner—
Signs, no designs.

On the right side of the page was the same message, the lines backward—starting off, that is, with the signs that were not designs; pivoting on an earth that was waving in the breeze; and ending with "Body is to spirit." In the center of the folded card was a double-page photograph of the New York post-modern dancer-choreographer Trisha Brown. A handsome woman in her late forties, with large, haunted-looking eyes, she was standing with one arm raised at a right angle to her body as if to summon up something or ward off a blow. She wore an unassuming, loose-cut cotton garment with rolled sleeves and sashed in traditional Japanese style. At the far end of the runway, light glowed suddenly blue. Members of the New York Choral Society were standing at the top of a flight of steps—men and women, singing away, dressed in more of the loose cotton garments, which were from Miyake's new Plantation line. Then models mounted a second flight of steps, behind, stood silhouetted at the top, and came down. Wave after wave of very tall, very thin women, some white, some black, some Japanese, swayed their insectlike hips on their insectlike legs as they sailed downstairs and moved down the runway in fluidly floomph-floomphing lengths of cloth.

"Here come the flying-squirrel things," Barbara Weiser said. "You can put your arms and legs into any combination of the openings."

Colors changed, glowed, faded on the background wall; strands of music flowed; sets of heads repeatedly passed and then retreated, in hats of bamboo like the spread tails of peacocks, hats of cloth like the ears of elephants, hats made of recycled egg cartons and shaped like satin Stetsons. A very long-necked, small-faced black woman came by on high-arched feet, the first time walking with her childish arms moving behind her back like parallel pendulums as she shimmied and rattled her bangles in a tufted flapper dress, to music filled with jungle calls. Next, she was undulating and preening inside a waterfall of white silk fringes, with what looked like ceremonial tribal fly whisks sticking out from her shoulders. Then, arching her neck, her hands, her back, her feet, she was walking by in an amazing molded bathing suit.

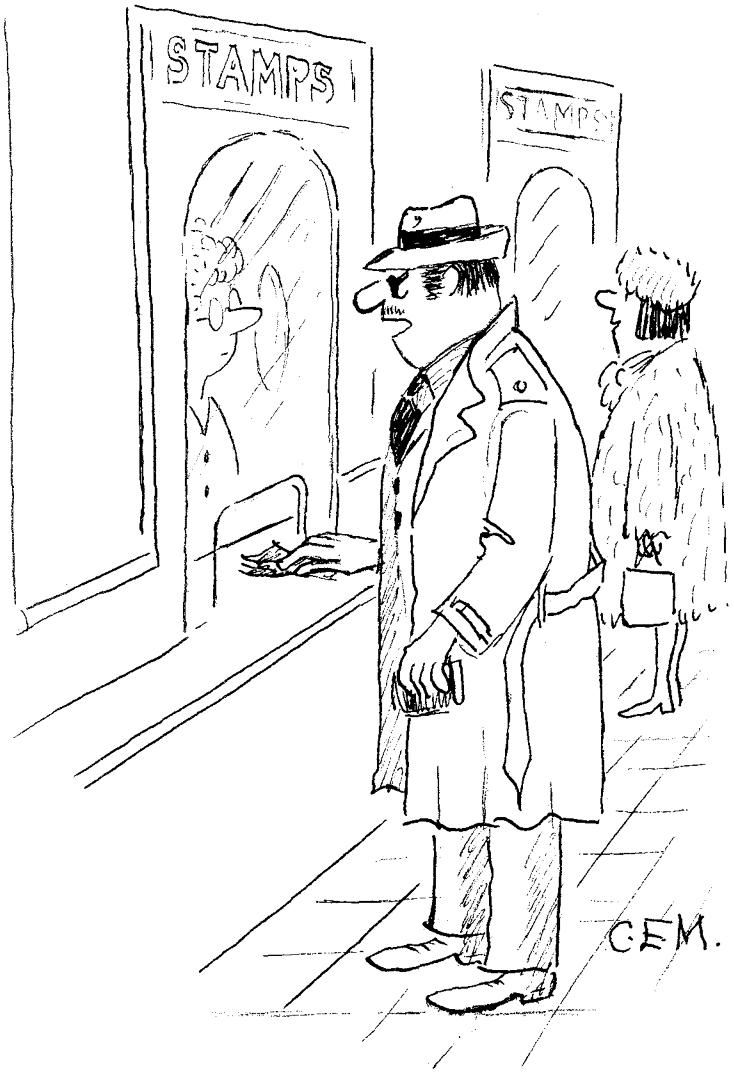
"I heard he was influenced by Ansel Adams' Yosemite book," Barbara Weiser said, arranging her own Miyake draperies about her and rising to applaud a slight, dark-haired man, dressed in black, who had come out among the models to smile, bow, and raise his eyebrows in happy recognition of acquaintances in the first row.

Outside the ship, it had started to rain. Slanting lines of vivid dot-and-dash drops were tinged by the floodlights, which had been switched to green while we were sequestered in the bowels of the Intrepid. Selma Weiser opened her umbrella, arranged her shawl, marshalled her group toward a small dry space, and dispatched Andy Maag, a tall blond man, who was Jon Weiser's assistant, for her son's car. Mr. Tomio Taki, head of Takihyo, Inc., and Mr. Koichi Tsukamoto, head of the Wacoal Corporation, had kindly sent each of us an invitation to a buffet dinner for Issey Miyake at the Mr. Chow restaurant, on East Fifty-seventh Street. I got in the back of the car with Selma Weiser and with Sheila Bernstein, of the Associated Merchandising Corporation. Next to Andy Maag, who was in the driver's seat, Barbara Weiser sat on the knees of her brother, Jon—a broad-shouldered, dark-haired man who bears some resemblance to Dustin Hoffman as well as to his mother and sister.

"Isn't that Mary Russell, from *Vogue*?" said Selma Weiser, scanning the crowd on the pier.

"Mo*ther*," Barbara Weiser said, her voice strangled because her head was pressed up against the ceiling. "We don't have *room*."

In the striped green light of the pier, pale Japanese faces were bowed into stretch limousines. We pulled out among the shadowy puddled potholes under the old, dead highway. There was the Brushless Car Wash—a low structure covered with a brilliant-colored mosaic of pulsating, circus-spangled fountains. Jon Weiser swivelled his head to peer up through the windshield at this mysterious and flashy tunnel. "I never noticed that before," he said.



"And not the Santa Claus stamp, please."

TWO hundred invited guests and some who weren't invited milled around at Mr. Chow. How would we all get fed? Issey Miyake, in a change of clothes—sand-color—appeared on the balcony by the door. Everyone applauded. He circled the room, shaking hands. His mobile face lit up with greetings, his forehead rumpled with amazement and delight. He was telling Barbara Weiser about fitting the chorus in his Plantation line. "Same size clothing, men from six foot four to women five foot—ordinary people," he was saying, rolling up from his forearms imaginary garments, to show the only adjustments to be made.

Yutaka Tada, a tall man with graying hair and a drooping brindled mustache, who is the president of Issey Miyake International, told Barbara Weiser he was tired. "People from Bloomingdale's came in. People from Israel. People from Satellite Communications," he said.

Selma Weiser said to no one in particular that she was dog-tired herself. She found places at a big, round table in a corner of the restaurant and leaned an elbow on the cloth. "We were three weeks in Paris, three in Italy before that. Now we've got to turn around and do Tokyo as well."

The Weisers sat with plates, discussing Mr. Chow's shrimp. Andy Maag knelt on one knee, like a spear-carrier, and used the other knee as a table. There was constant movement as people went to or from the buffet or left for home. A newspaperwoman took notes while Barbara Weiser explained why fashions from Japan were the only really interesting fashions in the world at the moment. "It's their whole aesthetic," she was saying. "Their interest in form."

Three newcomers arrived to take up empty places at the corner table. Grace Jones, the singer and "personality," wore Miyake's famous particolored wing-shoulder vest made of wetsuit rubber, with his broad-brimmed padre hat. Bethann Hardison, the model, was all in Miyake red, with a golfer's red peaked cap. André Leon Talley, the fashion writer, was in a sartorial scheme all his own, with a flat-top haircut, a cowboy neckerchief, and a purse like a plaid vinyl toilet kit tucked under one arm. All three were black; they all seemed imposingly tall as well.

A woman wearing a jacket with great fluted silk sleeves like puffs of meringue made an entrance and headed across to the table through the crowded room.

"Daniela!" shouted Talley, as if it were a scene in a play they had rehearsed. He helped her to remove the meringues and left her exposed in a snappered top that kept falling off one shoulder. "Oh, come on, now," she said to him mock-reprovingly in an Italian accent, tugging at the top and looking at herself in the smoked mirror covering the walls. She had a wild white face and wild black hair and a beauty spot on one cheek. She perched herself on Talley's knee.

Then Iman Haywood, the black model who had shimmied, moved her arms like pendulums, and arched her feet, slid in to a place at the table, too. Peter Beard, the photographer, was suddenly there in a dinner jacket, ferociously applying himself to a plate of food. "I brought her from Somalia, you know," he said to me, pulling Iman toward him while he went on eating. She curled closer, resting a thin brown hand on his white shirt-front. "I could see right away she was *great*," he said. "That beautiful, unspoiled body. The *authentic* African. She could *walk*, you know." He gave a sigh.

ICICLES

A brilliant beard of ice
Hangs from the edge of the roof
Harsh and heavy as glass.
The spikes a child breaks off

Taste of wool and the sun.
In the house, some straw for a bed,
Circled by a little train,
Is the tiny image of God.

The sky is fiery blue,
And a fiery morning light
Burns on the fresh deep snow:
Not one track in the street.

Just as the carols tell
Everything is calm and bright:
The town lying still,
The street cold and white.

Is only one child awake,
Breaking the crystal chimes?—
Knocking them down with a stick,
Leaving the broken stems.

—Robert Pinsky

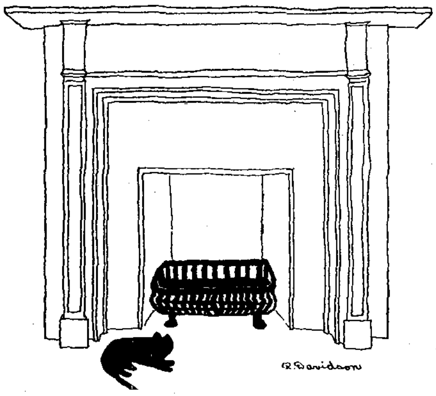
• •

ON the sidewalk, Selma Weiser was somewhat revived. When we left, Talley had been saying to Iman and to Grace Jones, "Let's go out! You have to work tomorrow? How about you? Do let's go *out!*"

"We had the best table of all, in the end," Selma Weiser said. "That girl is simply beautiful. Did you happen to notice her teeth?"

Sheila Bernstein, who was leaving for Tokyo in the morning, still had quite a bit of packing left to do. "Teeth you can buy," she said.

WHEN I arrived in Tokyo, a couple of weeks later, I went to lunch with Hanae Mori. I was escorted in a cab from the Hotel Okura by Carl Morton, the fashion director of Hanae Mori USA, who happened to be in Tokyo at the time. He had a light-colored mustache, a serious and diplomatic manner, and a funny, fashionable suit with chalk-striped pants which was like a pastiche of a Harrods floorwalker's. "Mme. Mori is a gentle and sophisticated woman," he said in the cab.

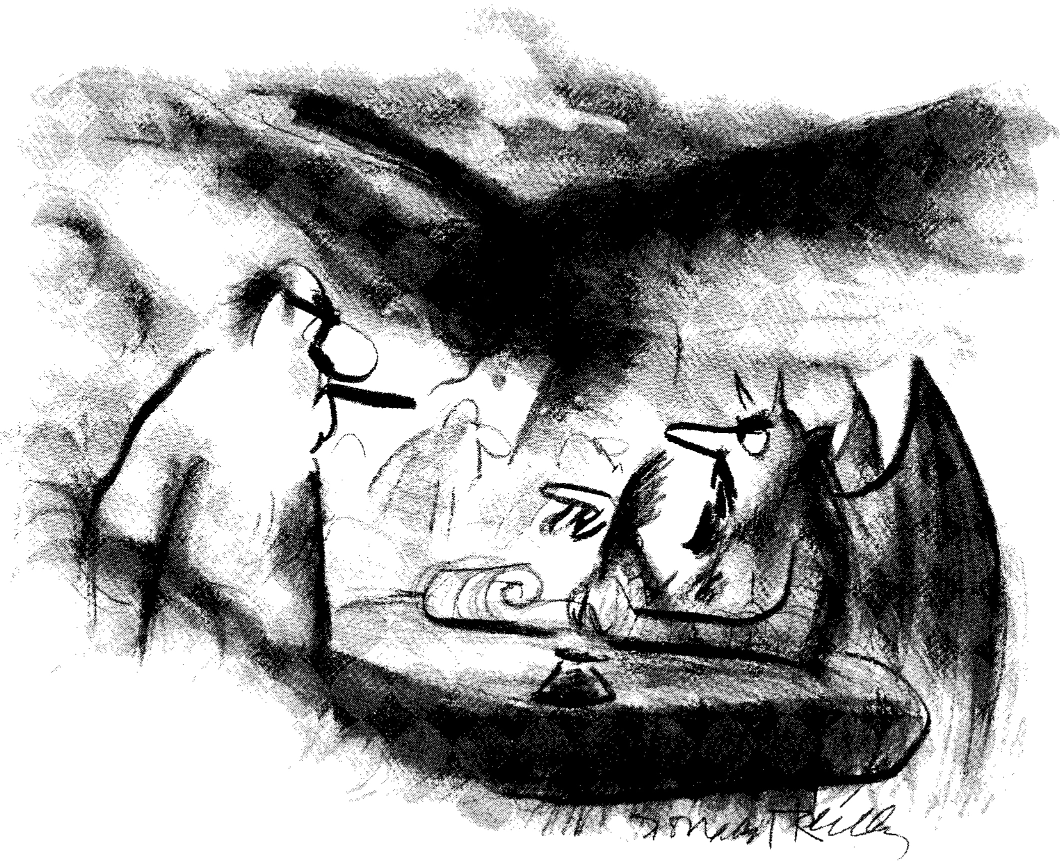


The restaurant called L'Orangerie, one of many things owned by my hostess, was on the top floor of her headquarters—a brittle, angular modern edifice of reflecting glass shaped like a squared-off version of a butterfly. On butterfly wings, printed or hand-painted in expensive, conservative fashion designs, Mme. Mori has fluttered to a position of immense wealth and broadly based power.

"Nouvelle cuisine," Madame said as we sat down with Morton and her chic, Parisian-seeming right-hand woman, Yasuko Suita. "The chef is perfect." Mme. Mori was dressed all in black, with owlish tinted glasses. She had the old-style Japanese feminine voice—birdlike and soft—and she was much given to thoughtful humming sounds. "Everyone is interested in fashion," she said. "Even the gentlemen and the political people."

The elder of her two sons, Akira Mori, is the editor and assistant publisher of *Women's Wear Daily for Japan*. For the past several years, Mme. Mori and Akira have organized shows by Western and Japanese designers—actually, a series of individual shows launched by a gala evening and group show—in The Space, an area across the hallway from where we sat. *Women's Wear Daily* in New York has regularly covered these faraway presentations, which bring about sometimes improbable-sounding juxtapositions of internationally known designers.

"The shows worked well to promote Japanese fashion power," Mme. Mori told me. "Kicked off communication. Young Japanese designers came to learn. Karl Lagerfeld and Perry Ellis developed business here after their trips. This year, Norma



"*You're* welcome, but I'm afraid your cigar is not."

• •

Kamali, Sonia Rykiel, Valentino, Kansai, Hanae Mori. Next year, who knows?" (Miyake, who was busy planning a multimedia international exhibition as well as his regular, next-season collection, and whose long-standing relations with Hanae Mori were in a period of some friction, had withdrawn from her group event, and would attend only as a guest and an observer.) Mme. Mori now invited me to attend what were billed as the "Best Five" fashion shows and the opening-night party. "Fifty-five ambassadors and their wives," she said. "And royalty. Princess Hanako Hitachi. Very fashion-conscious young lady."

While I sat trying to reconcile all this with the idea of "Japanese fashion" which had in recent months been exciting fashionable people in the West—surreal, post-apocalyptic assemblies of inky rags; irrational, anarchic shapes and punctured fabrics; heads of unruly hair tied up in bags; feet in shoes like sea urchins or retreat-from-Moscow twists of cloth—Mme. Mori and Miss Suita were engaged in that most Japanese of activities, consulting each other. Then Mme. Mori hummed.

Miss Suita spoke up. "Why are you all focussing on us now?" she asked, with feeling. "Why so many eyes on Japanese fashion now? We have been the same way for a long time. This is too fast. Too much. Like a *fever*. Why are you *here*?"

The question hung between us as I thanked Mme. Mori for the lunch. She told me to get in touch with Miss Suita if I needed any help in Tokyo. "I can do anything here," Hanae Mori said.

WHILE I was in Japan, it was the wedding season. As I sat in the lobby of the Okura waiting for Yutaka Tada, the Miyake firm's president, to escort me to the hot springs at Atami, female wedding guests in full kimono flitted and scampered by in front of a great paper-screen window. Silhouettes of obi bumps and slanting ornamental hairpins were etched against the checkered, pearly luminosity. Male wedding guests strolled through the lobby in groups—prosperous, solid figures, as compact as rolled-up rugs, wearing identical silver neckties and carrying identical pink paper shopping bags. Tada drove to the Tokyo railway station. As we walked along the platform, he walked a half pace ahead. To left and right, the towering blue-and-white snouts of *shinkansen*, the high-speed trains, slid in and out like clockwork sharks. When Tada was settled in his seat, with his stocking feet on the carpeted footrest, I passed along Miss Suita's question. Why was Japanese fashion getting such attention in the West?

"French, Italian, American fashion very quiet right now," he answered smoothly. "Japanese talent very fresh-looking."

I brought up the paradox that Japanese fashion was seen abroad as original and individualistic, while Japanese society seemed concerned with imitation and groups.

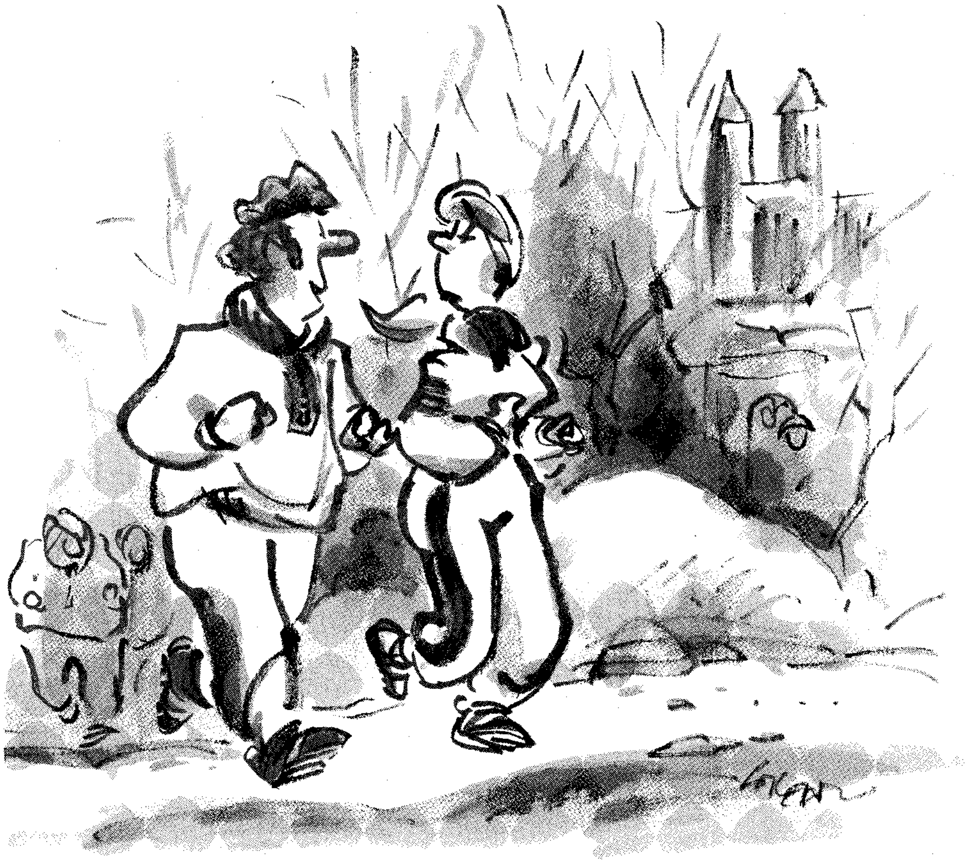
"The market for fashion is very young here," he said. "After they marry, tastes become more conservative. This is a small country—we are thinking always of our neighbor. No real concept of individualism here. My daughter wants to visit New York; she is nineteen. But I say she is used to groups, not ready yet for individuals, like in New York."

THE faces of four individuals turned to look up as Tada and I ducked and entered the upstairs room at the traditional-style inn in Atami. The individuals, sitting or kneeling at a low table on the tatami matting, had been blended into something like a group by uniform wraps of blue-and-white cotton, provided to all overnight guests. I stowed my clothes and, in a similar kimono, lowered myself to the table.

"We've already been to the bath," said Mary Russell, fashion-news director of American *Vogue*, an athletic-looking woman with cropped hair, setting down her tiny teacup. "It's too dark to see now, but it's down that cliff."

"The water is so good for the skin," said Barbara McKibbin, executive editor of *Vogue*.

Joyce Ma, who owns fashion stores in Hong Kong and homes in Rome,



"Don't tell me too much about yourself. I prefer my relationships al dente."

London, and New York as well as in Hong Kong, bent her birdlike head of flat, slicked blue-black hair and rubbed red-nailed fingers appreciatively along the skin of her forearm. Tada, now also dressed in a blue-and-white cotton wrap, slid a screen shut behind him and came to sit with us. Makiko Minagawa, whom Tada had described on the train as Issey Miyake's "strong right hand" as well as his textile designer, had been watching the visitors with a little smile. She now pushed back her kimono sleeve with a graceful movement and poured *sake* into Tada's cup.

The banquet began. With deft accordion-unfoldings of kimonoed knees, the chambermaid moved around the table serving and clearing course after course of dollhouse-sized platters and covered dishes.

Mary Russell lifted the lid from a dish and photographed the contents. "You have to be *in* Japan to experience Japanese fashion," she said, taking up her chopsticks again.

"It's like a jewel," Joyce Ma said, looking at her sashimi and sighing. "You can see meanings everywhere."

Tada poured himself some Sapporo beer. The proprietress of the inn, an exquisite little silk-clad personage as finely detailed as her premises, was kneeling in the doorway with her forehead bowed over hands folded on the tatami. Then she was smiling and nodding at this group of visiting foreign businessmen who were somehow all women. She was musically conversing with Tada and Makiko Minagawa. She was somehow at my elbow, speaking in whispers, apparently to let me know that the delicacy I sipped was made with chrysanthemum petals. She was bowing and bowing, and then, in a cloud of pattering compliments for her cuisine, her obi accessories, her pale-powdered complexion, she had vanished. Tada (whom Joyce Ma addressed as Tada-san, in imitation of the Japanese) told a gourmet-misadventure story about a hundred-and-fifty-dollar fish. Then, after exchanging laughing remarks with Makiko Minagawa, apparently about the eccentricities of *gaijin*, or foreigners, he let his attention to the conversation drift.

Mary Russell was talking about Japan's pickle shops. "The long, thin, skinny ones next to the fat ones, the crinkled ones, the pink ones, and the purple kind—those pickles are so *chic!* You can see fashion all around you if you have an eye."

"That's true," Joyce Ma said, holding a chopstick at arm's length and squinting along it like a painter. "You could see fashion in one half of Tada-san's mustache if you wanted."

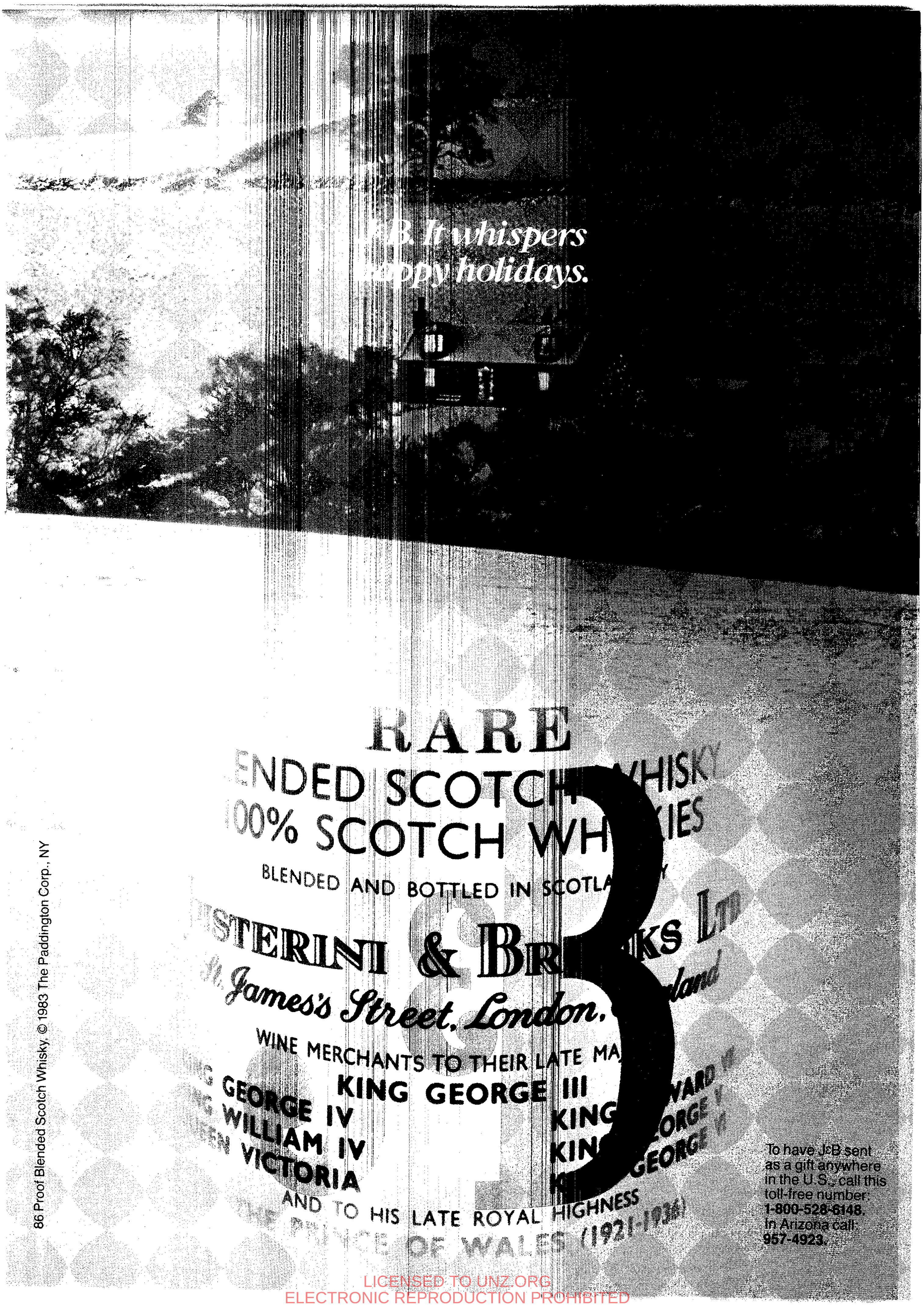
Tada, by now thoroughly somnolent, jumped. He put three fingers over his mustache, protectively. The maid looked round the table from one face to another, trying to understand.

WE five women, looking in our uniforms something like Buddhist monks, stood reflexively bowing and bowing after Tada-san as he backed out and retired to his room for the night. Housemen arrived to remove the table and replace it with five futons. A conversation about Madison Avenue meat markets trickled along as faces were moonily massaged in circular motions with cold cream. On the balcony, Makiko Minagawa sat smoking a cigarette. There was a sound of cicadas and of waves on the rocks far below; murmurs and giggles could just be discerned from the rooms around.

I thought of fellow-guests, both men and women, coming to soak themselves in the beneficial waters of the common bath, and said that the notion of modesty must be different here.

"Everyone has a body," Makiko Minagawa said, by way of reply. She made a gesture with her palm, as if veiling forehead and eyes. "It is the spiritual you keep secret, the things of the mind."

A SHIATSU masseuse, earlier ordered up by the women who were now soundly sleeping in the darkened room, turned to me instead and dispatched me into sleep as well, with her ministrations to back, knuckles, and soles of the feet. After the brief, hallucinatory rest of the jet-lagged first-time visitor to Japan, my eyelids popped open again, and it was dawn. At the level of my gaze, in front of the balcony window, was a round basket piled with oranges—gleaming, luminous spheres, each with a set of glossy dark-green leaves. The wide window opening was like a double proscenium—the closer formed by the pushed-back white paper screens, the outer by sculptured swags of pendulous tree branches in the garden. Inside this frame was stretched a gray silk, faintly steaming sea that seemed lit from be-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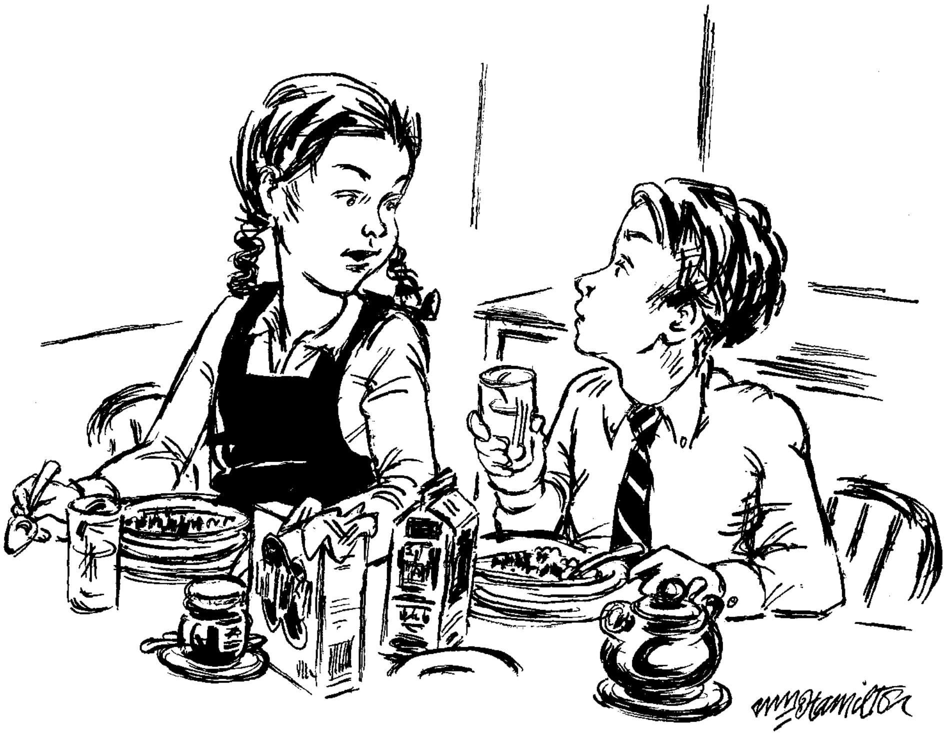
low, like a translucent dance floor. Fishing boats—with both smokestacks and triangular sails, and with tiny men in silhouette—skimmed over the surface to nets whose floats lay necklacelike in curves and angles, marking off their undersea frontiers. Conical volcanic mountains, each a paler shade of gray than its nearer neighbor, marched single file into the distance around the curling coast. In the sky, a giant watercolor brush had left a single stroke of rosy mauve, and a huge black cormorant slowly wheeled.

Joyce Ma, the women from *Vogue*, and I went clattering in wooden pattens down through the monkey-puzzle trees to the bathhouse at the bottom of the hill. We paused to exchange group bows with a company of Japanese women returning, all with giant pastel plastic bobby pins in their black hair and with towels over their identically robed arms. A second group of women was in the wooden pavilion, first crouching, pale-haunched, on a line of little wooden stools, to wash in little wooden buckets, then stepping into the warm green waters of a rectangular stone pool. Seeming enormously tall—the more so because we had twisted white towels like busbies round our heads—our party followed suit.

"I envy you," Mary Russell said, turning her turbanned head to me as we sat with our shoulders emerging from the bath. I had told her I had decided to go with Joyce Ma and Barbara McKibbin, who were off to spend the afternoon and night in Kyoto. "Last time, I spent three whole days there, staying in a temple. I took a bottle of Scotch with me, and that was a big hit. Those Buddhist monks are so cute. They love to drink and they love to flirt." Tall bamboos rustled outside the glass walls of the bathhouse. Mist-filled morning sunlight filtered through in slanting rays that danced in sequinned pinpoints when the bathers' cupped hands or bent knees were lifted to shatter the bright water. "We really must bring Denis here," Mary Russell said, referring to the *Vogue* photographer Denis Piel.



"Third grade? Third grade is awesome."

Joyce Ma was busily engaged in marking or erasing numbers on her Issey Miyake order forms—a booklet with page after page of line drawings of that season's tops and bottoms in rows, like drying laundry. Barbara McKibbin was poring over a notebook containing her record of expenses. The train was moving fast, through countryside where bent-backed figures cultivated postage-stamp-size fields, and futons hung airing in the sunshine on balconies or blue tiled roofs. I saw someone in a straw hat climb a ladder into a laden orange tree, and a saffron-robed figure with a bamboo fishing pole sitting next to a pond.

Joyce Ma glanced flickeringly at the scene, then reached up with an impatient gesture to adjust a metal ornament that nestled round her neck. It might have been a Balinese antiquity of forgotten religious significance. "There is so much pressure in this business," she said. "I was the first in Hong Kong to have the French and the Italians. But it's always the same, in the end. Valentino, Soprani, Basile—I lost the exclusive on them all. Now I go in more for the directional—the Japanese."

In the distance was a familiar-looking snow-capped cone. In the foreground, a group was coming across a dirt track through the fields, in black robes that flapped and flew out in the wind from the passage of the high-speed train. I asked my companions why they thought Japanese fashion was creating such a stir.

"It looks *new*," Barbara McKibbin said.

"Paris and Milan *died* a long time ago," Joyce Ma said.

"I feel a closeness between Japanese business people and American business people," Barbara McKibbin said. "There's a sense of efficiency. They're on our wavelength."

"Wanamaker is doing a Japanese festival."

"So is Bloomingdale's."

The mountain was almost on top of us. "Surely that's Mt. Fuji?" I ventured.

Joyce Ma has in the course of many visits developed a pidgin Japanese, and she launched it firmly in the direction of a man drowsing over his newspaper on the far side of the aisle. "Fuji-san?" she asked, pointing.

The man's wife leaned forward from the window seat, a half-peeled orange in her hands, her expression as startled as his. At length, he conceded Fuji's identity. "*Gaijin*," he murmured, shaking his newspaper rustlingly back into reading position.

In Tokyo again, I met up with Barbara and Selma Weiser at the From 1st Building, which houses, among other things, a Miyake boutique and showroom and a French restaurant called Le Poisson Rouge. In the restaurant, the two women were sitting at a table in a little room-within-a-room.

Selma Weiser, beneath a rather free interpretation of a Picasso, ordered a bottle of Chablis. She looked thoroughly revitalized since I had seen her in New York. “This is *fun*,” she said. “We’re having a great time in Tokyo.”

With some linguistic difficulty, we ordered lunch.

“Want to know how I got into this line of work?” Selma Weiser asked, with an expansive wave of her glass.

“Mother!” Barbara Weiser said.

“When I was seven years old, I always remember,” Selma Weiser went on, “I was at the old Pennsylvania Station, with *my* mother, and all these people were running around with suitcases heading for what seemed like swell places. And I said ‘Who *are* all these people?’ and she said ‘They’re *buyers*, child,’ and that was it, for me. Of course, my very first trip as a buyer I went all the way to Ventnor, New Jersey.”

Barbara Weiser said that people were so courteous here, so hospitable.

“We’ve done business for ten or twelve years with some people in Italy, in France,” said her mother. “Not one of them has ever offered us so much as a cup of coffee.”

At the store called Parco, passionately fashionable youths and girls in New Wave clothes and with foot-high spikes of blue-black hair, like cocks’ combs, either shopped for the latest or sold it. Salespeople greeted browsers with a sketch of an obeisance, a slurred, James Deanish version of old courteous phrases of welcome. Selma Weiser paused before one boutique—gray-painted cement floor and walls framing sparse racks hung with what looked at first like clusters of large black bats. “Comme des Garçons—Rei Kawakubo’s line,” she said, with an excited little nod, then plunged in to pull out first one hanger, then another, shaking the strange-looking garments into dancing life. “Isn’t it great?” she said of a ragged-looking sweater with only one sleeve.

Beside us, a young woman stood gazing with intense solemnity at her reflection in a full-length glass. She wore a squashed black Comme des Garçons hat, which, though apparently new, looked at the same time immemorially old, like something that used to be a hat long ago. I expected its crown to pop open like a tuna-fish can, revealing a nest of birds in the young woman’s hair. She went on standing there, her black eyes fixed on the reflection of her shoes—huge, monstrous, coal-black ski-boot things, with dangling white price tags.

One after another, Selma Weiser wiggled garments with what looked like moth holes in them. She put the tip of one finger into a little slit from the inside; it showed through pink against the black. “It’s crazy, but we love it,” she said.

“It’s so comfortable,” said Barbara Weiser. “It’s like wearing soft old underwear—torn underwear.”

We were all three giggling, then guffawing, out of something like affection. The young saleswomen looked on with sweet but unsmiling faces. The young customer was still looking gravely down at her boots.

“Know what?” Selma Weiser said. “When I get back home, I’m *taking* last year’s leftover stock and cutting *holes* in it.”

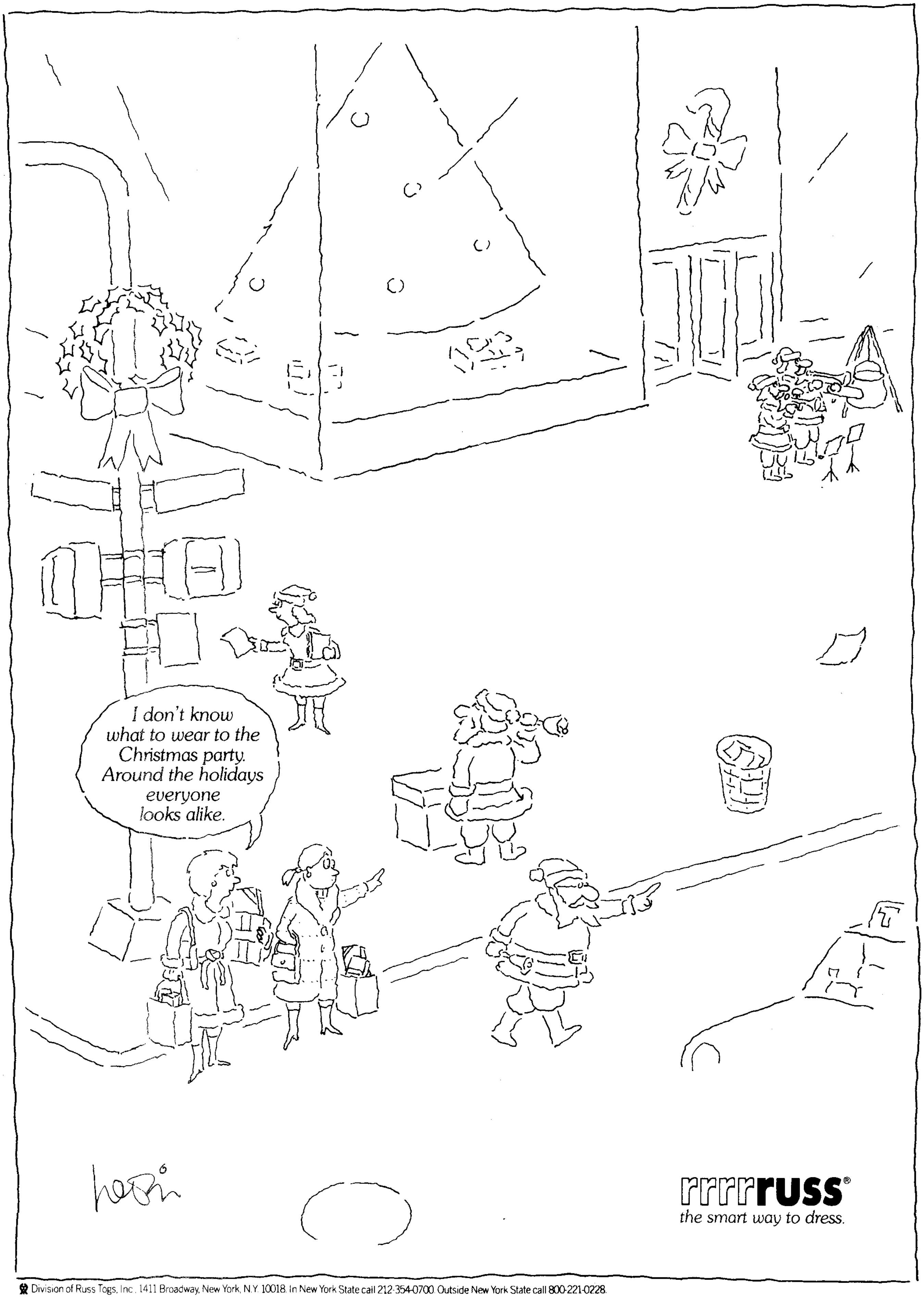
I asked how she was able to respond with enthusiasm to new fashions year after year.

She wiped away the tears of mirth. “I always hit the market as though I were a clothes-crazy size-five twenty-year-old,” she said, looking almost serious.

“Nineteen-Sixty-Nine! The great moment in New York! Dionysus! ‘Hair!’ Every day, I was so *excited*. I saw then what it could be—modern life.” Issey Miyake, whose first name means “one life,” who limps when he is tired, and whose mother perished at Hiroshima, sometimes wears a jaunty mustache and sometimes doesn’t. He wore one when he was advertising whiskey on TV. (Like the film director Akira Kurosawa, he appeared as a “Suntory Personality.”) On this drizzling evening, in the working-class Tokyo district of Asakusa, Miyake was clean-shaven and so passed relatively unnoticed by his fellow-citizens pushing in sidewalk battalions toward a festival in a Shinto shrine. The heads of many of those who jostled in the damp and lamplit air sported on the brows traditional rolled-up cotton bandannas tied in rabbit-ear knots. Miyake, who was wearing characteristic pants of somewhat baggy cut and one of a wardrobe of exquisitely unmilitary battle jackets of his own design, has dark, wavy hair, a puckish face, and a brown complexion, which sometimes led strangers to think him North African when he lived in Paris. (Between 1966 and 1969, he worked for the couturiers Guy Laroche and Givenchy.) His gestures, too, are Mediterranean. When he gets really enthusiastic, his eyes look heavenward, his forehead wrinkles, and his agile hands shape themselves as if to unscrew jelly jars, then start circling each side of his head in ever-widening whizzings and whirrings. His grip on a borrowed umbrella took up one hand at this moment, limiting him to wheels around a single ear. “Every night, parties! I was so influenced by Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix. But I did too much. I was too tired, got sick, came back to Japan.”

Inch by inch, the crowd around was pushing purposefully on. People carried gaudily ornamented bamboo leaf rakes—symbols of the old commercial year, which they would discard at the temple entrance and exchange for newer, larger models.

“I began to think I could work here,” said Miyake. “There was a new movement, a kind of underground, and I found it. In Paris, they said, ‘Do Japanese,’ and I said, ‘No, no, I can’t.’ Then I said to myself, ‘But *why* can’t I? I’m *Japanese!*’ I saw that all design must start with the fabric. I wanted to do something like bluejeans, and I had the idea to use the *sashiko* quilted cotton, like the cloth peasants wear.” He gave a wave that took in a woman walking nearby who was dressed in humble traditional stuffs. “It is from workers, countrywomen bringing things in to market, that I learned to love Japanese women,” he said grandly. “I like very much to use real people to show my clothes,” he went on. “On the boat in New York, the Choral Society was office workers, teachers, a doctor who had to leave because a woman was having a baby.” Miyake’s fashion shows (“Fly with Issey Miyake,” for example, and “Issey Miyake and Twelve Black Girls,” both designed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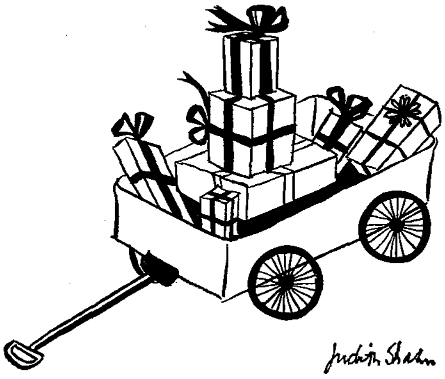
with Eiko Ishioka) have been legendary spectacles—an evanescent performance œuvre. "Models are a dead thing for me now, a little bit," he said, skipping off the curb to execute a quick, dismissive parody of the runway mannequin's twist of hip, wrist, and shoulder. On the cover of "East Meets West," a book by Miyake that was published some years back, Iman Haywood's red-sashed narrow waist and small brown Burmese-cat face float out incorporeally from an ink-dark ground. Some of the most compelling images on the inside pages, though, are not of models but of Miyake's Japanese contemporaries and friends (and also a diminutive, bespectacled woman member of the Japanese Diet, who was eighty at the time) wearing Issey Miyake clothes.

The crowd was approaching the temple precincts now, catching glimpses of a forecourt that was like a festive, brilliant-colored Ali Baba's cave. Feet and pulses pounded. Serious elbowing set in. With the force of a mighty waterfall meeting a pool, the crowd debouched into the already teeming tentlike canvas cavern of the temple forecourt and was absorbed in a dazzling, winking, clashing mass of color. Walls and stalls were papered, stacked, packed with new rakes for sale—as small as back-scratchers or as large as trees, and ornamented with a profusion of greenery, coins, blossoms, fruits, bags of rice, puffy-cheeked doll masks, twists of rope, birds. Miyake was swept along with head back, mouth ajar, eyes bright and racing over the scene. "Brings good luck to merchants," he said. "Very Kansai, no?" he added, with a grin, referring to Kansai Yamamoto, a fellow-designer, known professionally as Kansai, who draws heavily on the emblems of Japanese folk art. The advancing hordes launched coins through the air toward the shrine itself, where priests sat on a platform smoking and being served food and *sake* by kimonoed women—all of them behind the safety of a net, as if they were picnicking inside a hockey goal. The general hullabaloo was punctuated often by banzailike chants and rhythmic clappings as teams of stallholders dispatched purchasers and rakes with benedictions. The crowd swirled and eddied. In the backwater behind one stall, a young girl looked up from a fan magazine with a young samurai movie star on the cover and caught sight of Miyake. "Ah, Kenzo-san," she said, with an intake of breath, then retreated behind her magazine in shame when she realized she had named another of Miyake's fellow-designers by mistake. At another stall, a squared-faced young man with a bad complexion was standing and chatting easily with the proprietor. Miyake greeted him. He was Kankuro, the Kabuki star.

ON the following morning, a little red train rattled through the countryside beyond Tokyo. (No *shinkansen* this but a string of homely carriages, like rectangular links of sausage.) Issey Miyake sat with the latest issue of French *Vogue* on his knee and flipped through a special section on Japanese fashion. He came to a picture of women in pastel silk kimonos standing in front of a painted screen, and let the heavy pages fall shut, releasing a puff of expensive-paper smell. "Always they go back with the image of 'Old Japan,' " he said, giving the cover an exasperated tap. "I try always to show what is *modern* Japan."

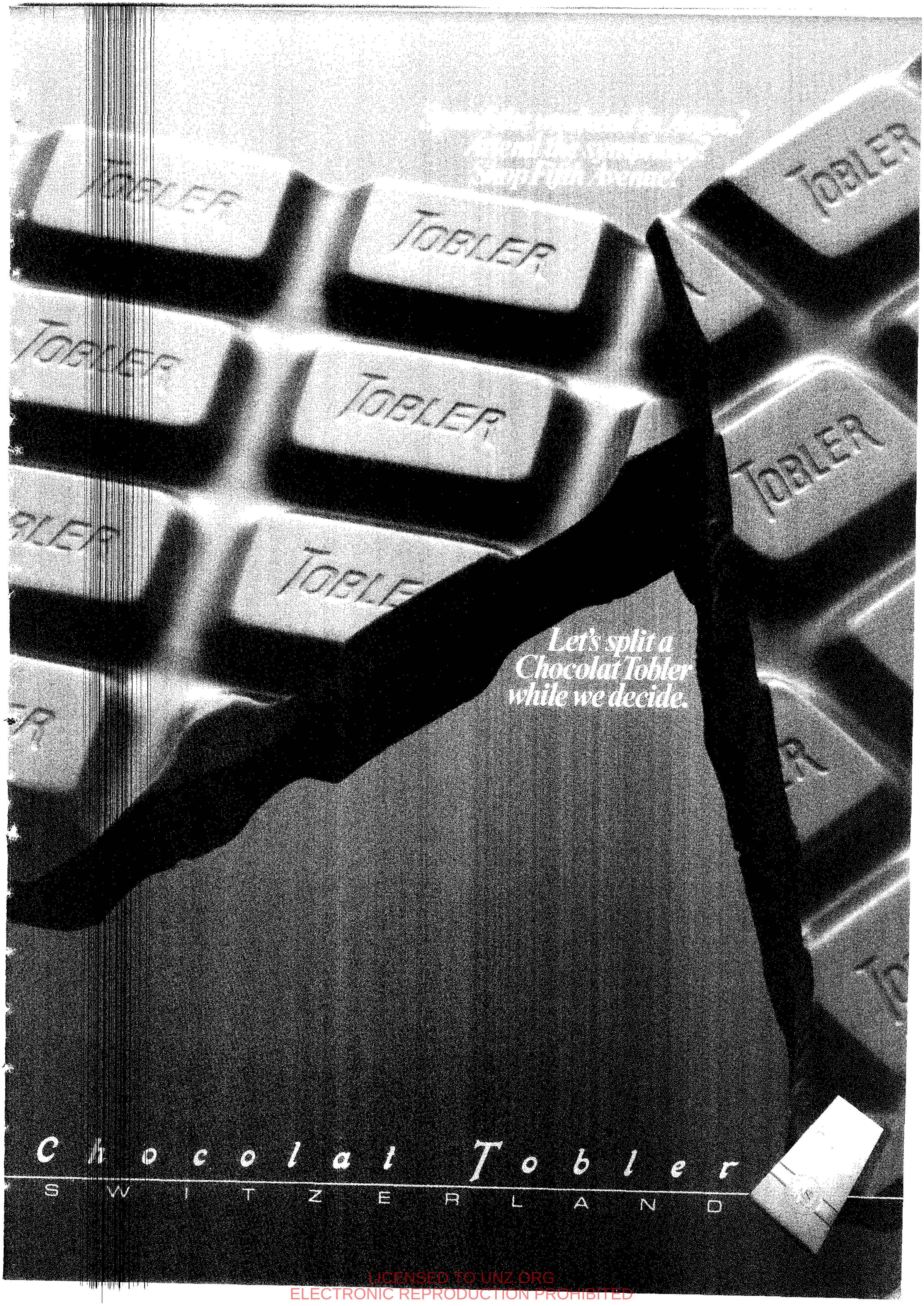
Makiko Minagawa was sitting across the aisle. Her hair was tied up on top of her head in a perky sprout, like the neatly bound tufts of rice straw lined up in the tiny fields outside the windows. Beyond her sat one of Miyake's design assistants—a tall, gangling young man wearing a cowl-draped shawl and a solemn expression that was fitting in a subordinate whom Miyake had in a single breath reprimanded for having almost missed the train and credited with the creation of the recycled-egg-carton hat I had seen modelled on the U.S.S. Intrepid.

"I never look at fashion magazines when I am preparing a collection," Miyake said. "I prefer to see *National Geographic*, *Geo*. There was a man called Fujiwara who did a series of photographic essays about India and Tibet which was like a Bible to me. I'm very much influenced by Rauschenberg and Christo as artists—how they think of things excites me. And Leni Riefenstahl's 'Nuba'—do you know it? That book influenced me so much. Here were naked people, but how creative they could be with their bodies and expressions! For me, the body is the most important part of fashion. What I learned in Paris is how the body is beautiful. In Japanese culture, the kimono conceals, transforms the body in a spiritual and philosophical way, makes a package."



On the horizon, a rosy frieze of pointed mountains seemed to shift with the progress of the train. Miyake leaned toward the window in excitement over the more immediate sight of some huge white radishes hung to dry on lines under pine trees and looking like little laundered long johns billowing in a wind. "For a long time, Japanese businessmen could not believe that anything creative could happen in Japan," he went on, leaning back in his seat. "There was never publicity for young Japanese designers—always for foreign names. They say always that my clothes just hang, like potato sacks—all right for foreign women but not for Japanese. But things are changing now. It is difficult for European designers at the moment. They are proud, they have all that wonderful tradition. Paris fashion has a wonderful history. I thought once it was impossible to do fashion without that background. But then I came to realize that everyone has a tradition. Japan, India—everybody. I'm not a traditional designer, like a designer in Paris. But that means I'm *free*."

JUNICHI ARAI, whose fabric-weaving studio was our journey's destination, wore a black smock and love beads, and had shoulder-length hair. His poetic, idealistic style was probably appropriate for a man pursuing his contemporary craft in a province that used to be (in the heyday of those pastel kimonos and obis) a thriving center of the textile-weaving industry but whose economy is now as eroded as the leaves chewed on by the remaining silkworms. Arai sat at the head of a large table, which was soon covered with tossed, unfurled, and tumbled sample lengths from his looms. Miyake's group and Arai's were all dressed in neutral colors, and the fabrics on the table were neutral, too. The only vivid touches in the room were orange emblems on the cover of a book on Tantric art, scarlet handles of a pair of shears, and hot-pink espadrilles worn as house shoes by one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WINE & FOOD

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of Arai's young assistants. Miyake plucked at the samples, stroked them, smelled them, gathered them up in his fist; he tossed one piece over his shoulder like a toga, stuck another on his head like a hat; he did his rolling-up-of-invisible-sleeves gestures, his sketches of imaginary sheaths for arms and legs; he joked; he seemed to fall in love with the reverse of a fabric, then with a length of Tibetan wood bark that had served as a shipping tube; he stood up suddenly to bow politely as an ancient kimonoed woman passed shuffling through the room, and she paused to bow low to Miyake in return. An enormous black digital watch on Arai's wrist pinged away the afternoon in quarter hours. The egg-carton-hatter looked more solemn than ever as he held fabrics right up to his nose, apparently counting the threads. "I want to splash Jackson Pollock colors on," Miyake said, turning to me and speaking in English. "Only black and neutral makes too sombre, too straight." Arai, who had left the room, now came back with a roll of black-and-gray stuff in his arms and a mischievous look in his eye. Miyake looked, stroked, joked again. But his face was shadowed by resentment, just the same: the fabric had been commissioned by Rei Kawakubo, the designer of Comme des Garçons.

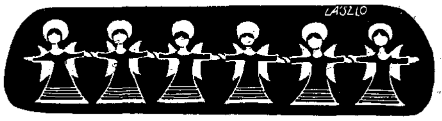
PERHAPS French *Vogue's* photographer never drove through the dingy little towns of Gumma Prefecture on a late-November afternoon. Under a sullen, sulfurous sky crisscrossed by overhead power lines stretched main streets of cement-block stores filled with gimcrack dinette furniture and children's tricycles, and buttressed by sidewalk piles of plastic beverage cases—red for Coca-Cola, yellow for Kirin beer. Here was a shabby-looking public bathhouse, there a McDonald's. Here was a pink awning reading "Porno Shop," and a peeling poster of a bare-breasted Western woman in a provocative pose; there, as if signifying upward yearning, was a Hanae Mori boutique. In a vacant lot near a rusting auto hulk stood a single, dusty ginkgo tree.

Inside the car, Miyake, Arai, and Makiko Minagawa were discussing Japanese creativity. It was reluctantly agreed that Italy was a creative nation and Japan was not.

"Kyoto is creative, though," Miyake said. "Makiko is from Kyoto." He said that her grandfather had brought about a great renaissance in hand-painting kimonos in Kyoto. "Very civilized, very cultured people there." There was a slight pause. "I am from Hiroshima," he said. "Hiroshima has no culture." He laughed. "Famous only for its oysters." There was another slight pause. "For its oysters. And for the atomic bomb."

"THIS region is famous for mushrooms, wind off mountains, strength of its women," Makiko Minagawa said to me as we sat side by side on a railway-station bench waiting for the Tokyo train. Apart from us, the egg-carton-hatter, and Miyake, who stood with his back to us a little way off, puffing on a cigarette, there were only, on the length of the windswept, dark platform, three separate wedding parties. The farthest group looked almost prosperous, with guests in kimonos or silver four-in-hands carrying bulging packages of wedding-feast favors. The nearest group, raucous with *sake* laughs, was cheaply dressed, and put down lean-looking shopping bags to toss high in the air first the wiry little bridegroom and then (after waggish consultations) his sturdy, far larger-looking bride as well. The train arrived—a broad and blurred red band sketched quickly in as background to the sharply focussed, solitary black-clad figure of Miyake. There was a popping of firecrackers and rocketlike streamers; the three couples, each wheeling a single colored fibre-glass suitcase of identical style, boarded the train. Miyake slid down into his seat, muttering, "I can't stand weddings." As the train slid past the three groups of wedding guests left behind on the platform, they let out ritual chants of farewell. Three faint chorused shouts sounded in syncopation; three sets of parallel upraised arms, flushed faces, mouths in a wide "O" slipped by as the train gathered speed. The carriage was noisy, steamy, filled with the sounds of grownups singing and of children being tickled. Miyake dropped his head to his chest and fell asleep.

ARATA ISOZAKI, the architect (I first saw him on page 28 of "East Meets West": pale linen suit, ironic expression), was at home that evening to a group of visiting French architects. Some of these sat at Isozaki's long white drafting table, opposite specially hired sushi workers deftly rolling balls of warm rice in the palms of their hands. Other Frenchmen, wilting from jet lag, culture shock, and Folonari Soave, sat dozily nodding over folded arms in a darkened room adjacent, where a slide show flickered along. A group of Japanese architects sat in the foyer eating cannelloni. Some of the Frenchmen were accompanied by their wives, who clustered round Miyake with excited Parisian cries. Our hostess was the only Japanese woman present—a small, imperious figure dressed like a gaucho general, in a black Miyake jodhpur-jumpsuit and Third World jewelry.



"*Mme. Isozaki est sculpteur,*" Miyake said in introducing her.

A Frenchman with a hussar's mustachios and very florid shirt stripes stood handing out copies of a book about himself. "They told us to bring gifts to Japan," he said. "I'm not embarrassed about this, because I didn't write it."

"I think you would find that all the younger architects in the room would describe themselves as between post-modern and New Wave," said Arata Isozaki, and he opened a book to demonstrate the difference between his style and that of the American architect Michael Graves. "I call this my Marilyn Monroe chair," he said, showing me a photograph.

Miyake was looking at a poster pinned on the wall. Inside a cosmic bubble were seas, fires, gods, and cross-legged Buddhas, all painted in red, blue, green, and gold; below the bubble reared a rampant turtle in the embrace of a snake. "Look," Miyake said. "The Mandala show in the museum at the department store La Forêt."

FLORID-STRIPES pulled up in a taxi at the Hotel Okura just as I was picking up my room key. "*Est-ce que Mme. Rykiel est arrivée?*" he demanded of the startled and uncomprehending night clerk. "*Mme. Sonia Rykiel!*" the man repeated, louder. "*Est-elle dans l'hôtel?*"

I LAY down in the dark. Beside my head, in a small blue glow, an electronic clock repeatedly gave birth to digits and instantly obliterated them. My own jet lag had taken unshakable hold. Sleep as I once knew it was gone—a piece of cozy, familiar luggage left behind in a land on the other side of the wardrobe and far, far away. I lay for years or minutes in a whirl of hallucinatory fragments where people with unfamiliar faces speaking meaningless words bowed and boarded endless trains. I sat bolt upright, read a page of my hotel-bookstore paperback about the Japanese Mind, lay down again. Some unseen hand in the hallway slid a folded copy of the *Japan Times* into the crack of yellow light under my door. I opened the curtains. On the roof of the Nippon Mining Company building, opposite, a red-and-white national flag hung limp against a blood-red dawn. I opened the newspaper and read about a police-corruption scandal in Osaka Prefecture; two high-ranking officers had already committed suicide. Inside a cagelike structure on the roof, a single athletic figure appeared, ran round and round and round, then of a sudden sprang upside down on its hands. A fat brown bird on my windowsill tweeted and dipped up and down, as if out of gymnastic solidarity.

"BARBARA and I are having a *great* time. Aren't we, Bobbie?" Selma Weiser said as she put down her bulging handbag and sat down to breakfast. She keeps four fat address books: one for the States, one for France, one for Italy, and one for "miscellaneous countries," including England, India, and Japan. "Tell about your interview with Yohji, Bobbie. Go ahead."

In spite of the Weisers' long-standing connections with Miyake, Kansai, and Kenzo, and their appreciation of Rei Kawakubo, it is the designer Yohji Yamamoto who wears Charivari's particular colors in the great competitive horse race of Japanese fashions. For several years, Selma Weiser's stores had "the exclusive" on Yamamoto. "We made a big Yohji statement" was how she put it. Now Barbara Weiser was preparing a presentation on Japanese fashion for The Fashion Group in New York—an organization of people involved in all aspects of the apparel and cosmetics industries. She had taped an interview with Yamamoto.

"I asked him how he saw his customer—you know, the standard question," Barbara Weiser said. "Know what he said? 'A person not quite young. Who gets slim. Not quite man, not quite woman. In the rain, with the wind blowing in her face.' No, wait for it, I'm not kidding: 'In the rain. With the wind blowing in her face. And *smoking a cigar!*' "

Selma Weiser was rocking with laughter; her eyes, under the cosmetically shadowed lids, were overflowing with tears. "Don't you *love* it?" she asked. " 'Not quite woman . . . A cigar!' Can't you just see The Fashion Group reacting to *that*? The only thing those people want to know is 'Is the customer for this stuff Junior or Contemporary?' "

IN the silent grounds of the Imperial Palace, crows strutted by the massive donjon walls. In the Eastern Gardens, people sat looking up, then down again to their watercolor pads. Huge red-white-and-blue carp, like underwater fighting kites, blipped in ponds and passed through the shade under ornamental footbridges. The sun was warm. In the far distance, at the end of the wide gravelled drive, uncountable people-specks climbed out of buses to stand shoulder to shoulder for photographers. At my elbow, a Western woman dressed all in black, her tourist map slowly unfolding itself on her crossed knee, sat calmly smoking a cigarette. She smiled. Her face was long, sunburned, as gentle as the muzzle of a Dutch rabbit or of certain breeds of sheep. She was breaking her journey from New Zealand to England, and was on the point of being ordained a Methodist minister.

"I MET my friend Hino first on the plane from New York, then again one day when I was having lunch with Stevie Wonder," Issey Miyake said in the car that evening. He sat sidewise in the front passenger seat with his elbow crooked and his brown hand resting on the white lace antimacassar. We were passing through avenues of Tokyo neon; patches and flashes of color entered the car and flew seamlessly over our faces like a wind. Harumi Fujimoto (she's on page 30 of "East Meets West": *sashiko* knit) sat in the back seat with me. She had a broad, flat, lively face and a thick, helmetlike mop of hair dipping crisply into a central nosepiece effect. "Everyone calls me Pickle," she had said.

Miyake had found some clothes of his design for Hino to wear onstage for his jazz-rock concert. "Many people ask me," he said. "Grace Jones, Mick Jagger, Miles Davis, Diana Ross. Last year, I did costumes for Maurice Béjart. When I saw his 'Romeo and Juliet' in 1968, I thought 'This man is a god.' Alvin Ailey asked me, but it was my collection time in Paris." The hand lifted itself off the lace and began to wave as he talked about stage performances, then about the New Kabuki director Ennosuke, who created "Nambuki Love Story." "So dramatic, the staging; such beautiful kimono; two hundred actors on stage. It's incredible!" His hand had been steadily winding itself to fire off his highest praise: "It's so *free!*"

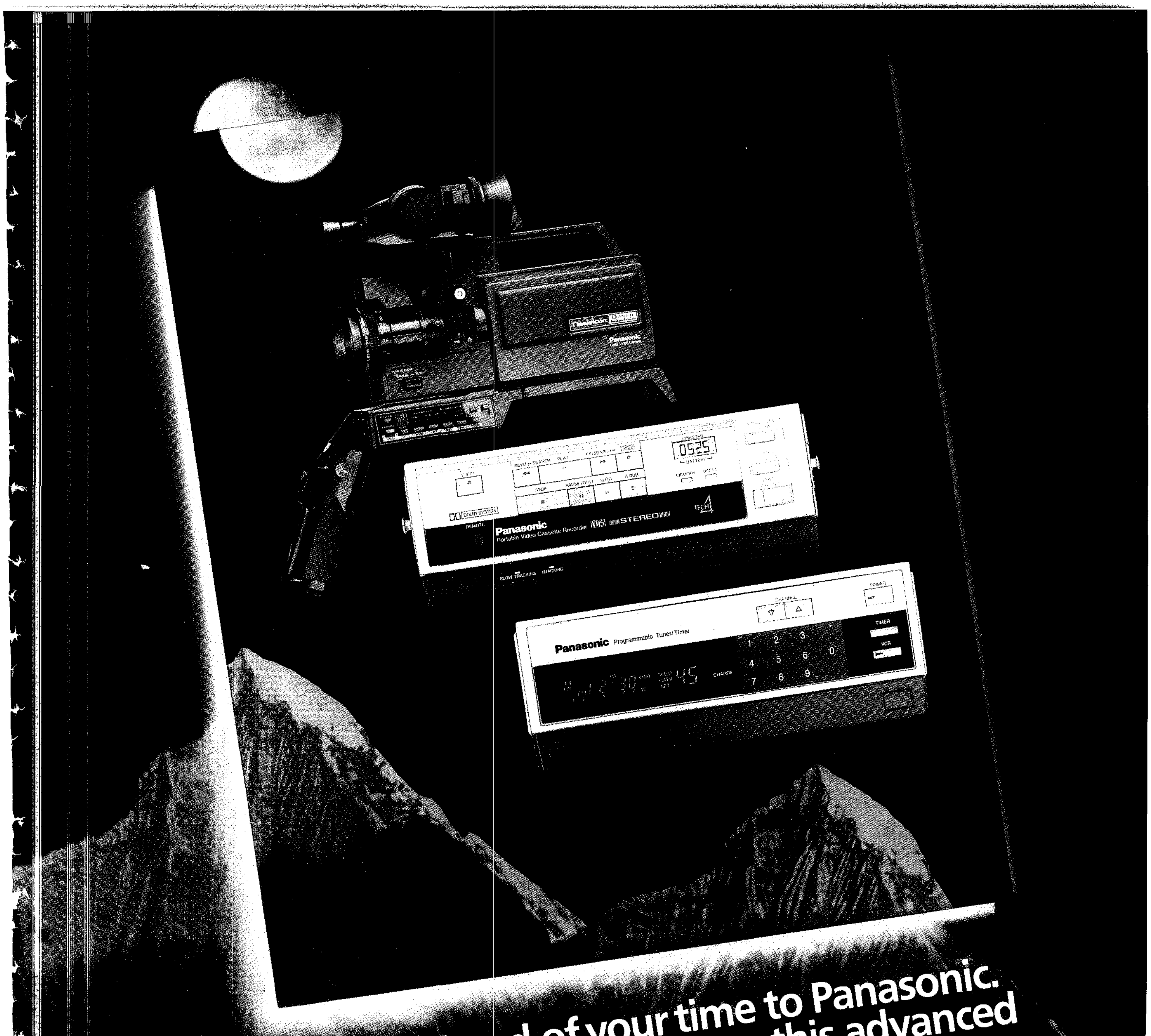
SOME ten thousand young people had arrived promptly at six-thirty for Hino's concert, settling into the giant arena as gently as snow. The jazz-rock star was a slight, almost fragile-looking young man with a small face, which puffed out as he played his trumpet. ("Like a blowfish" was how Miyake described Hino's cheeks at full toot.) Wearing black leather pants, a samurai dagger, and a particolored wing-shoulder wetsuit-fabric jacket, Hino was holding his own against an elaborate backup band and a set with energetic lighting in which the words "Damon," "Pyramid," and "Hino" blinked, coursed, and pulsed in a ceaseless show of vivid color. "He was also a Suntory Personality," Miyake said to me, whispering, as though we were sitting at a string-quartet recital. Around us, indeed, were very few weaving heads or tapping feet; the audience seemed almost eerily calm. The lit-up words clashed brightly on in a swirl of colored-smoke effects, like Hades. In shafts of purple air, the band turned blue, Hino red, and the teetering brass cymbals magenta.

A man with dark aviator glasses and a gravelly voice came out onstage and told some jokes. A man with a wispy mustache and a triangle of beard joined him. He wore a fashionable mechanic's-coverall jumpsuit with a yellow muffler as an R.A.F.-style ascot. He took a rolled-bandanna headband out of a pocket and put it on, then led the finally almost lively audience in what appeared to be ritualistic football cheerleaders' chants, with rhythmic handclaps and mysterious yells. His arms were going up and down like semaphore flags.

"Who is this man?" I asked.

"Very powerful art director," said Miyake, turning to me a face still lit with happy laughter. "Very famous graphic designer. Amateur table-tennis champion."

A KNOT of people hung around the door of Hino's dressing room, and there was a fragrant smell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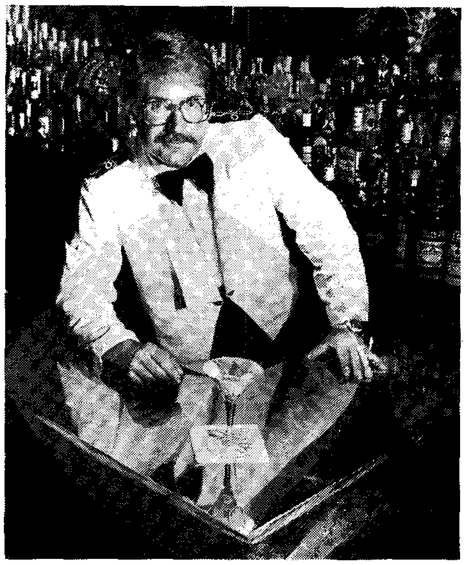

"The flawless Martini.
It contemptuously attacks the tender sensibilities of the uvula like a blast of Freon."
—Thomas Hoving, Editor

Every month Connoisseur takes a stand. We say what we think is good, and what is not so good. We put our neck on the line—passionately.

CONNOISSEUR
Nothing that is truly wonderful escapes our view.
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from bouquets of red-and-white flowers inside.

"Ah, Kankuro-san!" said Miyake to the Kabuki actor, who was on his way out.

"*Dozo, dozo,*" Hino said, beckoning Miyake in.

The musician had changed into a pink version of the coverall jumpsuit (Miyake's design) and was giving autographs. Very young girls were waiting, shyly giggling behind their hands, then presenting him with record sleeves to sign, or with flowers. They stood in a line and bowed and bowed, and he bowed back as he took a program and a felt pen and, with a tremendous flourish, wrote, in English, "Love! Hino."

The printed program was very splendid, and had a lot of photographs. In one, Hino's slender, jockeylike form was seen in a whirlpool tub, where he sat gazing pensively into the frothing waters within arm's reach of a bottle of some manly fragrance made by Damon. ("Very big cosmetic company," said Miyake.) In another, Hino sat fully clad, respectfully playing his trumpet for a grizzle-haired American jazz teacher in the Master's messy and far from luxurious living room in New York on what looked like a very hot summer's day.

THE Italian restaurant was empty and exquisite; it had been kept open as a particular service to our party at this late hour of ten o'clock. The lighting in the room was careful and velvet, modulating here and there in pools of ambiguity. On a sideboard, a many-armed candelabra and a sheaf of pale-green celery in an ornate silver wine cooler seemed to hover at the center of a gauzy shimmer. The cheerleader had come along to supper. His name was Katsumi Asaba, and he crouches rather menacingly on page 31 of "East Meets West" in a pair of Ultrasuede pants. He was accompanied this evening by his young wife, who looked like Hedy Lamarr. He had a nervous way of giving little nods as he talked or made Japanese listening-and-agreeing sounds, as if he were shaking a raindrop from the end of his nose. Miyake said that Asaba had a fantastic team working with him, a particularly brilliant and famous copywriter. Asaba was the creator of the new advertising campaign called Tasteful Life, which was built around Woody Allen. The campaign was for Seibu, the giant department-store company and conglomerate. Seibu's museum of art had held a great show of Picasso's work in Tokyo. "The department stores are the keepers of the culture here at the moment," Miyake said.

THE thread between the Hotel Okura and Mme. Mori's butterfly-shaped headquarters began to tighten as the week wore on. Each morning, a new batch of tissue-nestled orchid plants with Mme. Mori's card was carried up from the hotel florist in the lobby to the rooms of fresh arrivals from the international fashion world. "M. Valentino Garavani," read one card. "Miss Norma Kamali," "Mme. Sonia Rykiel," and "Mme. Hebe Dorsey," read others. An upward movement of orchids also signified the presence in town of the New York interior designer and display director Robert Currie, who was to work on the staging of the "Best Five" fashion shows and effect one of his four-times-yearly changes of the Hanae Mori Building's windows, which on the occasion of my luncheon with their owner had been artistically draped with lengths of fat seagoing rope. The complex, rhythmic life of the Okura lobby went on as usual. Brown-uniformed bellboys darted this way and that with messages and tinkling bells. Kimonoed maidens performed their duty of bowing guests in and out of elevators. On one wall, a star-spangled map of the world continued listing, before curious and incurious passersby alike, the time at that particular instant in Abu Dhabi, Phoenix, Bangkok, Baghdad. (The present in New York always seemed to be on some other day entirely.) In sharp outline against the soothing suffused light from the paper-screen back wall, businessmen sat reading the *Asian Wall Street Journal* in spiky-legged chairs shaped like upturned limpets. Across the lobby, other businessmen passed in and out of the entrance doors—twin parallel membranes of automatically sliding glass, like an elongated video screen, framing an outside world crisply lit by sunshine tinged with the green of leaves. At the curb, remote-controlled doors of taxicabs popped open and shut like flippers as white-gloved commissionaires surrendered guests to the charge of white-gloved drivers.

Valentino, the Italian designer, close-sheathed in his double-breasted suit, crossed the lobby and headed for his waiting car. With a Napoleonic

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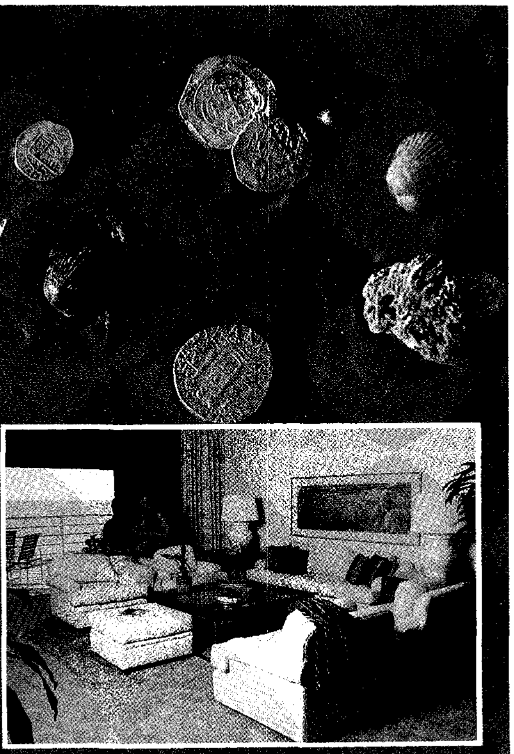

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flat-palm touch to his jacket buttons and some slight rearrangement of his facial expression, he seemed to be accepting as his due the deferential, whispered parting of the electronic doors. Then he was gone, and other shapes filled the screen. A woman dressed like a Japanese peasant—Sonia Rykiel's daughter and manager, Nathalie—consulted in French with a woman dressed like a Peruvian peasant and with Sonia Rykiel. The French designer was in her habitual Bunraku puppeteer's black tunic silhouette, with thin black-stockinged legs, and slightly turned-out feet in Chinese cotton Mary Janes. The effect was completed by two large artificial chrysanthemums pinned on one hip; two flat purses nestling, one attached to the other, like Siamese twins, on the other hip; and a fluff of ginger-gold hair. The group went off to The Space to address itself to the question of selecting models for the Sonia Rykiel fashion show. The buying team from the Browns fashion shops in London concluded the business part of its trip and went off to Atami to soak at the hot springs. Selma and Barbara Weiser decided to extend their trip. Their mother-and-daughter silhouettes, in closely similar outfits combining feeling for Yohji Yamamoto and feeling for Kawakubo, and with handbags full of order books and agendas, came and went busily through the doors of the Okura as they tested the waters of commerce at apparel companies with names like Obscure Desire and Brains. They went off to Kyoto. They bought so much at Mr. Nishimura's old-kimono shop that they had to buy another suitcase, too. They came back. They went to a Japanese inn for a traditional meal.

"There was this one dish I didn't care for, somehow," Selma Weiser said. "Little ground-up things." She measured off a length along her thumb and looked at it with distaste. "I'll give you three guesses what they were."

I gave up.

Her laugh came rolling in, crested in outraged delight. "It was *bees!*"

THE artistic ropes had gone from the Hanae Mori Building, and two artistically parked, bunting-draped new Nissan automobiles sat outside nosing at the freshly arranged fashion windows. Upstairs in The Space, Norma Kamali and Sonia Rykiel (wired, like their audience, to earplugs for simultaneous translations into and out of English, French, and Japanese) sat publicly discussing the topic "Does fashion create an age, or does the age create fashion?" An audience of solemn, gray-suited men sat straight-spined, with fists on knees (except when they made an occasional note with one of the ballpoints that Nissan had provided with the programs), on the surrounding bleacher-like seating. The panel's moderator, a man with Latin-style tinted spectacles and an air of world-weariness, sat between the two women, whom he addressed as Kamali-san and Rykiel-san. He was from the newspaper *Asahi Shimbun*, whose interests seemed to be allied with Mme. Mori's own. A third member of the panel was an *Asahi Shimbun* fashion reporter; a fourth was a fashion reporter for the New York *Times*.

"It is creative people who make the times!" said Rykiel-san. The words came bursting out of her slight, black-clad person with tremendous force. She had a narrow, triangular face—dead-white, deeply lined, and framed by her fuzzy cloud of ginger hair, which had the shape of a pyramid and the texture of cotton candy. Her eyes darted, feverishly bright, under bangs that almost hid them. "There is no such thing as national or international fashion, as couture or *prêt-à-porter*," she said, with feeling. "Only more or less worthwhile artists. Receiving. Transmitting. Creatures apart."

Norma Kamali said she got a lot of her inspiration from what people wore on the streets. As she sat behind her name transmuted into red-painted Japanese script, at a white-shrouded table in a white-painted space, Kamali-san's appearance was not to be outdone by Mme. Rykiel's. Norma Kamali's lips and nails were glossy red, and a rosy highlight of rouge curled up each cheekbone and around the outer eye like a question mark. Twinkling metal minnows dangled from her earlobes. She had dressed her long, dark hair in center-parted puffs that rose like horns, casting a blue-shadow visor on her brow and echoing larger, yeasty curves on the shoulders of her Kamali suit. "From now on, I want to come often to Japan," she said. "I want to get my hands on the fabric of the future."

The gray-suited men looked on and listened impassively.

"If we in the industry aren't careful, people will say, 'Fashion—who needs it?' " said the American fashion reporter, who had only just arrived in

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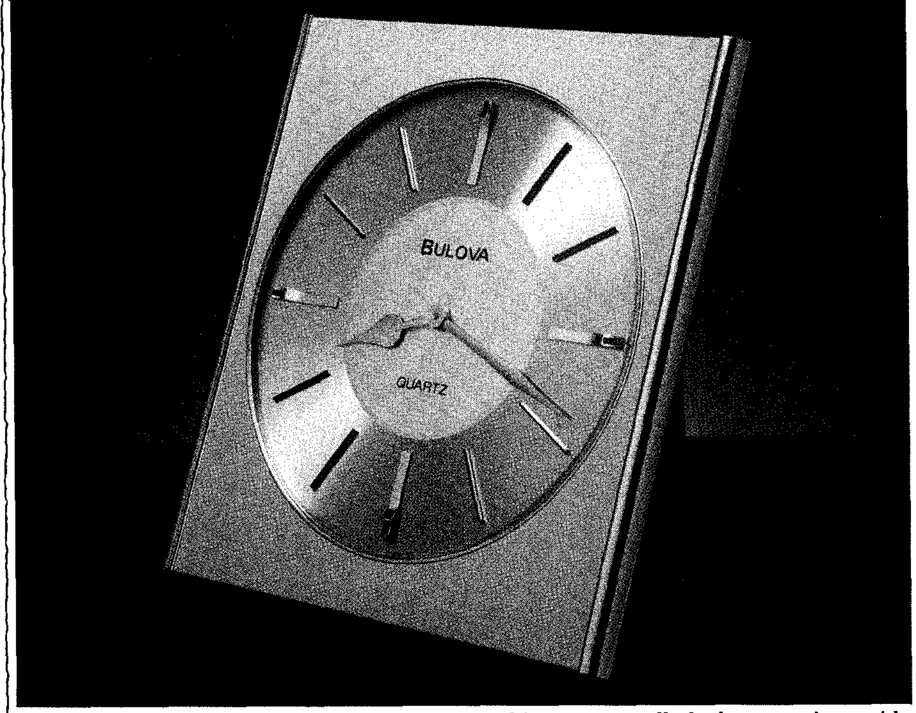

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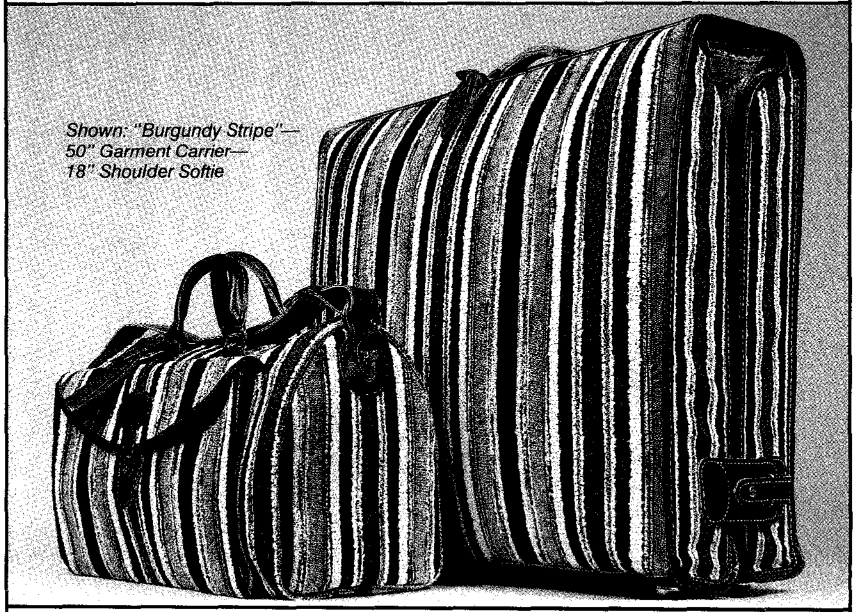

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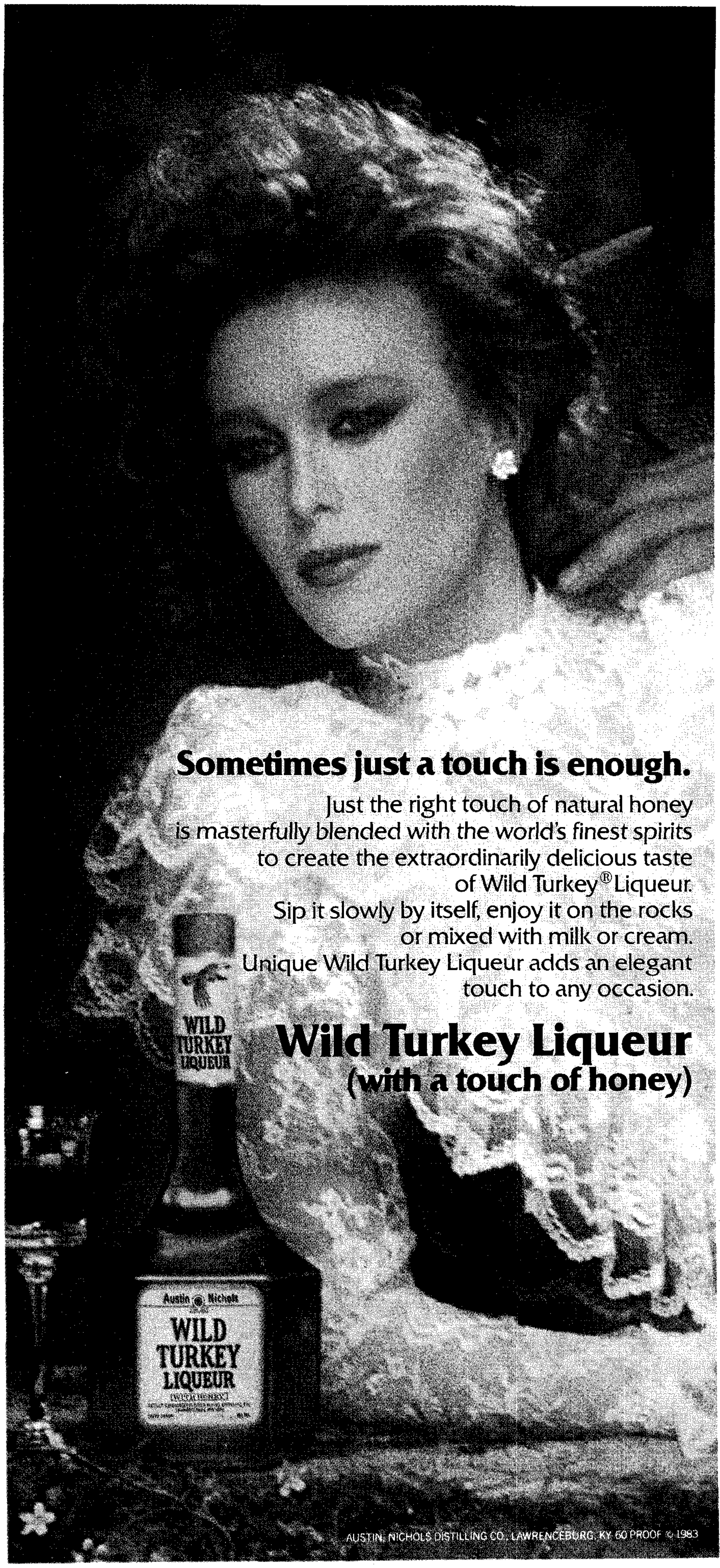

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Tokyo, where the question isn't very often posed.

"Japan had the kimono and a very old tradition. It is not a new country, like the United States," said the Japanese fashion reporter with a certain firmness.

I imagined the voices merging and melting into the single, tiny French-speaking voice insinuated into Sonia Rykiel's ear. She puckered her mouth with an impatient look. She lifted a pale hand and played with her pale lip. She slid her fingers under the half-moon lace-bib neckline of her black Rykiel sweater and rubbed her collarbone gently, as if for comfort.

The moderator said that as women began to gain equality with men they would have to dress more sexily in order to attract them.

Abruptly, Sonia Rykiel left off twining a strand of hair around her finger. "Attracting men is not what women want to do," she said. " 'Sexy' does not mean clothes. That's why I called my autobiography 'I Would Prefer Her Naked.' " The gray suits went on listening, as still as could be. "Men are more sexy without clothes, after all," Rykiel-san said. The gray suits shifted, with an almost imperceptible rustle.

At the Isetan department store, a long feather in the elevator girl's bowler hat trembled as she warblingly described the riches to be found on each successive floor. I got out at random. The floor stretched to its farthest reaches with familiar names and goods: J. Press, J. G. Hook, Brooks Brothers, Perry Ellis, Norma Kamali, Calvin Klein. Japanese companies pay large sums—it is said that Isetan pays a million dollars a year to Klein—for the right to manufacture designs under license, resized for smaller Japanese figures.) A plaster mannequin with Western features and dressed in a Ralph Lauren-style frontierswoman blouse stood with its arm bent back at an unnatural angle from its elbow joint. It stared out from under swooping, wirelike black lashes at a nearby poster in which a young, blond American-looking model held a silver-colored gymnastic weight in her upraised fist. "HEALTHY," the poster read. On the floor above, old-style, floor-living Japanese furniture—armrests, low tables, dressing tables to kneel before—looked somehow shamefaced, as if it were being squeezed and flattened by the huge, inflated-looking Conran's-style sofas that stood next to it. Up again, to a department active with the busy tick, the flashing pendulum of a thousand clocks, and to a kimono department, where finely tuned discussions about pale silk yard goods and obi lengths proceeded to a crooning overlay of Peggy Lee. Then, on the floor above—where people were milling at the entrance to the store's museum and its Toulouse-Lautrec show—I turned a corner to mount an empty flight of stairs and heard the noisy twittering of birds. The bird-department salesman looked up as I passed. Dozens of his small charges sat on his arms, his shoulders, his fingers, and the top of his head as he fed them seed from a cardboard shoebox. I opened a door and came onto a roof with AstroTurf, a distant carrousel, a man lying sleeping on a bench in the bright sun. A bonsai department had a one-foot tree bearing fourteen full-size pears. Large blue plastic tanks like swimming pools held segregated masses of small, larger, largest lobsters. Other tanks contained hierarchic, circling schools of red-white-and-blue patterned fish. From the far side of the roof garden appeared a worker wearing baggy blue cotton pants (not unlike some of Issey Miyake's menswear designs) and trundling a wheelbarrow filled with frilly pink-and-white cabbages, which he proceeded with ferocious movements to plant cheek by jowl in fancy Italianate urns.

VALENTINO sat very upright on a bleacher seat in The Space, wearing huge dark glasses and a tiny muffler. The moment of my audience (arranged through Miss Suita, of Hanae Mori) had come up as a rehearsal was going on for the opening-night group fashion show of the "Best Five," when all the designers would offer compressed versions of shows they would present singly and at full length on one of the five subsequent days. First making some slight anticipatory adjustment of his features, Valentino turned his face to me. He touched his white shirt cuffs, with their large gold links, as if signalling that I might now begin. "This is the most civilized country in the world!" he said, in his accented English. "The atmosphere! The people! The way they talk!" The lights over the empty bleachers suddenly dimmed as those on the runway brightened and the strains of "I Love Paris" started up. Valentino's face panned round to where a line of models in rainbow-colored Rykiel knits undulated across the brightly lit stage below and to his right. He brought his face back. His eyes were quite invisible. "Tokyo is so modern! So up to date!" he said. He snapped his fingers twice. His face strayed round again. The models were wearing turbans and Rykiel dresses in transparent lace fabric—white in front, black in back, with flesh-colored flesh in between. The face came sliding back. "Tokyo is a good runway," Valentino said.

Was he involved at all with the staging of his fashion shows?

"I just arrange the bow," he said. "Always my little touch!" As he leaned closer in the semidarkness, smiling and making a bow-arranging mime beneath his chin, I saw reflected from the convex surface of his sunglasses a strange hobgoblin who resembled me.

"O.K., which of you girls has the problem with changing?" a woman with yellow pants asked, in an Australian accent. (She was staging Mme. Mori's segment of the show.) Models with cheekbones and jawbones like blades and in dresses like whirligigs of ice-cream-colored frills stood inspecting their fingernails. "O.K., everybody spin around! You! Stand still while the rest are spinning." *Pom-pom-de-pom* trilled the music. Valentino turned toward an interviewer from Japanese television, snapping off his glasses and his muffler as the camera lights came on. One of the models, a blonde, had her features completely blotted out with chalk-white foundation; even her eyelashes looked albino. "Fill up the whole stage! Keep twirling and twirling and looking pretty!" A tall black American model in a white pants suit was to tango with a Japanese model in a white dress. White Pants progressed across the apron runway with that models' step that is not exactly dancing, or walking, either: lifted knee, lower leg flipping out like a wooden leg, sole of the foot down, pause, then the heel. Yellow Pants stood in for the tango partner, even pretended to nibble on the black woman's neck.

In the lobby outside The Space, enormous, bosomy bouquets of white flowers, with ribbon sashes like those of beauty-pageant winners, stood on lines of pedestals. Kansai was waiting there to see his segment rehearsed. He wore combat boots and a denim vest with a rampant dragon embroidered on the back; from under a rolled-bandanna headband he smiled with large, square white teeth. A little girl of three or so stood staring at him, holding the string of a red balloon. For his recent "Passion Night" fashion show, admission, which included a commemorative T-shirt, had been eleven dollars. Eleven thousand people had attended. There had been thirty-eight models, fifty naked children, assorted rock stars, many motorbikes. "Fashion isn't everything," Kansai said. "So we make it entertainment. Sometimes we have fashion for entertainment. Sometimes golf." Sayoko, the world-famous Japanese model, was rehearsing in the lobby the traditional whirling-dervishlike Korean dance she was to perform as the climax of Kansai's show. She had done the same dance, in the same dress, for his earlier shows in Paris and New York. Her delicate, narrow, "Old Japan" face was tilted at an angle, with downcast eyes, as she turned in an embroidered cone of skirt and little scraps of pink silk slipper, beating on both ends of an egg-timer-shaped drum that hung round her neck. "All of the earth is watching Japanese designers, now that we don't need it," Kansai said, barely glancing at Sayoko. "When our generation of designers started our own businesses, in the early seventies, the wind was all against us. Now people come, take back things—always for store windows, always for display. Press people come, write more and more crazy; it escalates. It's like a gold rush, a typhoon passing. Many people misunderstand." Sayoko twirled and twirled. The little girl was now watching her.

Nearby, Norma Kamali's woman assistant, dressed in a Kamali "rah-rah" miniskirt, was eating at full speed with chopsticks from a take-out cardboard lunchbox.

"So we got all the balloons?" Norma Kamali asked her.

"Eight hundred of them."

A model leaned against a wall chewing gum, a black hairnet over white bows of curlpaper. "Now all you have to do is figure out how to get them all in," she said.

The little silk slippers went on turning and turning, the muffled sound of the drum went on. By signs, I persuaded a Japanese man to accompany me to the lobby's bright-red public telephone. He listened politely to the unknown voice at the end of the wire, then drew a map (with fastidious featherings-in and erasures of street lines, delicate calligraphy) for me to give to a cabdriver.

The driver looked at the map from all angles, then grunted and roared off, delivering me to a sushi shop. The line of chefs behind the counter let out their yells of welcome as I stepped through the door. At the counter, Issey Miyake sat with a half-dozen other people. The conversation was all about models. It was generally agreed that when it came to the Texan model Jerry Hall you couldn't see the clothes at all, these days—you could see only Jerry Hall.

"I NEVER wear black tie," Miyake said on the way to the "Best Five" opening-night party, at L'Orangerie. "I would look ridiculous, like a waiter." His formal clothes consisted of a specially pleated battle tunic with an Arabian-style cowled shawl and bellows-shaped trousers, all in black. We made a stop en route at Seibu. There, in the store's entrance, was a huge poster with a mournful, childlike, inscrutable-looking Woody Allen gazing over the top of printed messages in Japanese, presumably referring to the Tasteful Life. Upstairs, the Seibu Museum of Art was holding an opening for a show of Memphis, the avant-garde Milanese design collective. Miyake's face lit up as he met the embrace of Ettore Sottsass, the Italian designer and a Memphis founding member. Sottsass was a bearlike man with a shaggy mustache and a rumpled, jet-lagged air. He was standing, his jacket unbuttoned, beside a display of his glassware designs—strange, luminous, blob-dotted pots and hand-blown amphorae in fairy-tale colors, like things dredged barnacled and glistening from the depths of some Mediterranean dream.

"Once, I went to a Chinese fortune-teller who read my palm," Miyake said as the car carried us across Tokyo to The Space. He seemed agitated in some way. "Japanese young people don't know how to find their lives," he said. "They think it is just given to them." He was silent for a time. "You must *fight* in life," he said, with sudden force.

As I left the elevator on the top floor of the Hanae Mori Building, I was in time to see Selma Weiser ascending on the escalator from the floor below, like a majestic ship's-figurehead in her ankle-length gown, with a tiny evening purse on her arm. Behind her rose Barbara Weiser, and then came Jon Weiser, freshly arrived that day, for the opening of the menswear-buying season. Ranks of small men in dinner jackets went into paroxysms of bowing as Miyake approached. He was whisked off to the head table in L'Orangerie, where he was seated next to Valentino.

With the arrival of some rubbery dessert pastries shaped like swans, two men seated opposite me and both wearing elaborately ruffled shirts ventured to try out their English.

"Have you heard of Japan Fashion Fair?" said one.

"I think kimono very, very good for Western woman," said the other. "Western woman very, very tall."

Each then grasped the lapel of his jacket and opened it with a magician's flourish to point to the label on the inside pocket.

The Space was filled with a buzz of guests. A little procession wound its way to seats in the front row: Norma Kamali, in flounced skirt and ear minnows (Japanese company under license, Renown); Sonia Rykiel, in her Bunraku black plus cheerleaders' red-and-white pom-poms at hip height (licensee, Seibu); Valentino, in formfitting dinner jacket (licensee, Mitsui); Kansai, in floatingly oversized white brocade bellhop jacket over baggy black Chico Marx pants; and Mme. Mori, in evening skirt and a jacket covered with sequinned butterflies. In front of me, an elderly Japanese woman turned to her neighbor with a little nod. "Those must be the designers," she said, in English. The president of the *Asahi Shimbun* made a speech. The governor of Tokyo made two speeches. "The world is now paying fervent attention to the Oriental delicacy and elegance of Japanese fashion," he said, in the speech he made in English, with his reading glasses on. Sonia Rykiel gazed around the room or played with her lip. Norma Kamali caught someone's eye and winked. Issey Miyake, a solitary all-black bird in a field of penguins, had found a seat in the highest and most distant row of bleachers and was looking thoughtful. John Fairchild, the publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* and *W*, left his seat, next to a woman in a spangle-sleeved white dress and elbow-length evening gloves. He was a prematurely white-haired man with a pink face and a receding chin. "We thank Her Gracious Imperial Majesty for coming within our presence to her very first fashion show," he said, aiming in the direction of the spangled sleeves a nervous flutter of quasi-Japanese obeisances. "To be really frank, there are only twenty-seven great fashion designers in the world," he said. Selma, Barbara, and Jon Weiser exchanged surreptitious, raised-eyebrow glances. Fairchild then introduced in turn the five of those Olympians at present sitting under his nose in the front row of The Space. "Hanae Mori is the empress of international fashion," he said, rounding off his tributes.

As each chapter of the group fashion show started, each designer's image blossomed from a dozen video screens strategically scattered through the hall. "*Sono Valentino Garavani*," "*Je suis Sonia Rykiel*," and "Hi, I'm Norma Kamali from New York City, U.S.A.," said the matched sets of images, from where they hovered over the heads of the audience or beamed up at it from the level of its knees. On the spot where the governor had spoken, models sinuously turned and posed. The elderly woman in front nodded approvingly at Valentino's segment—models with glittering "V"s on their chests, casting sultry glances from under chamber-pot hats—and then

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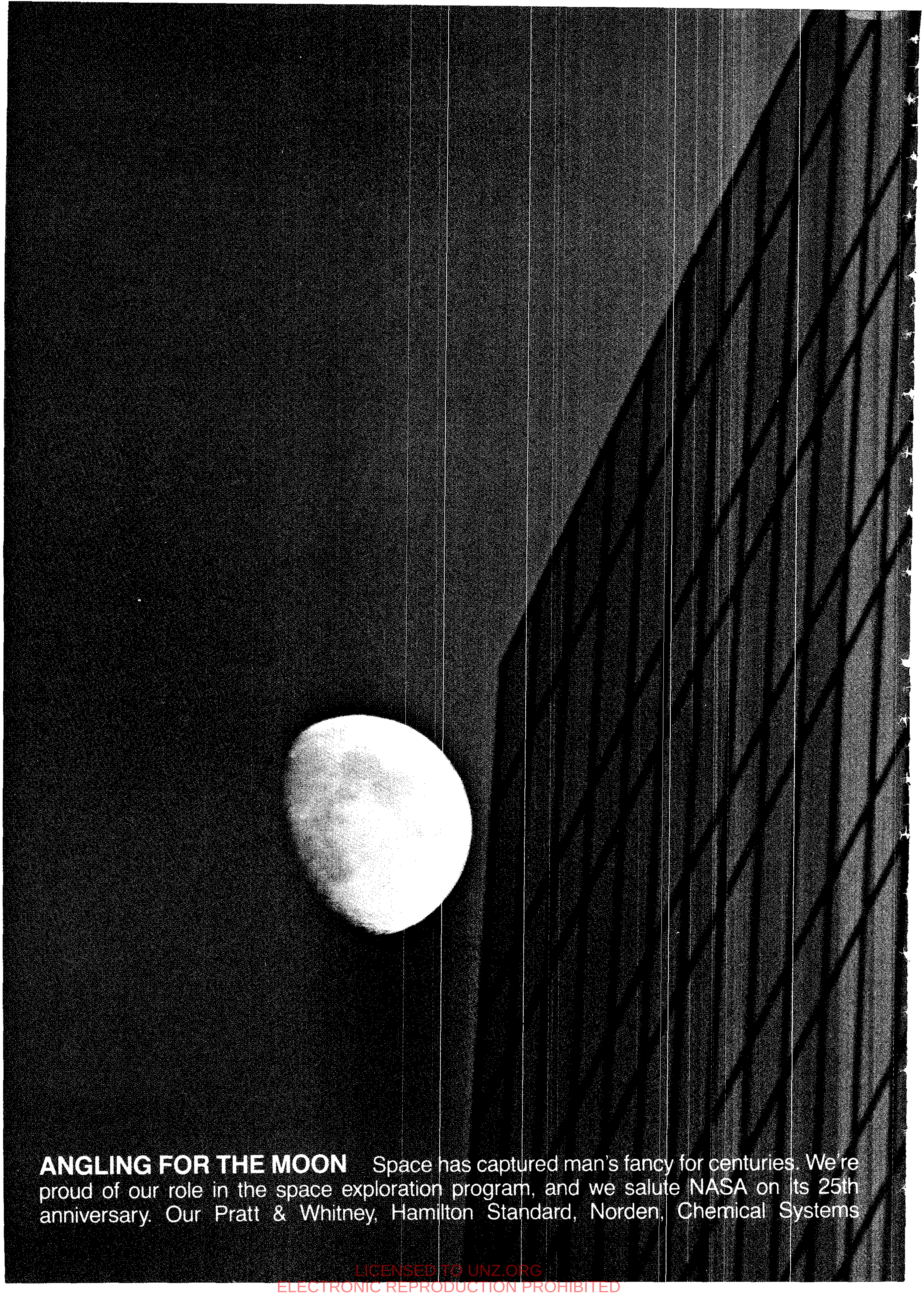

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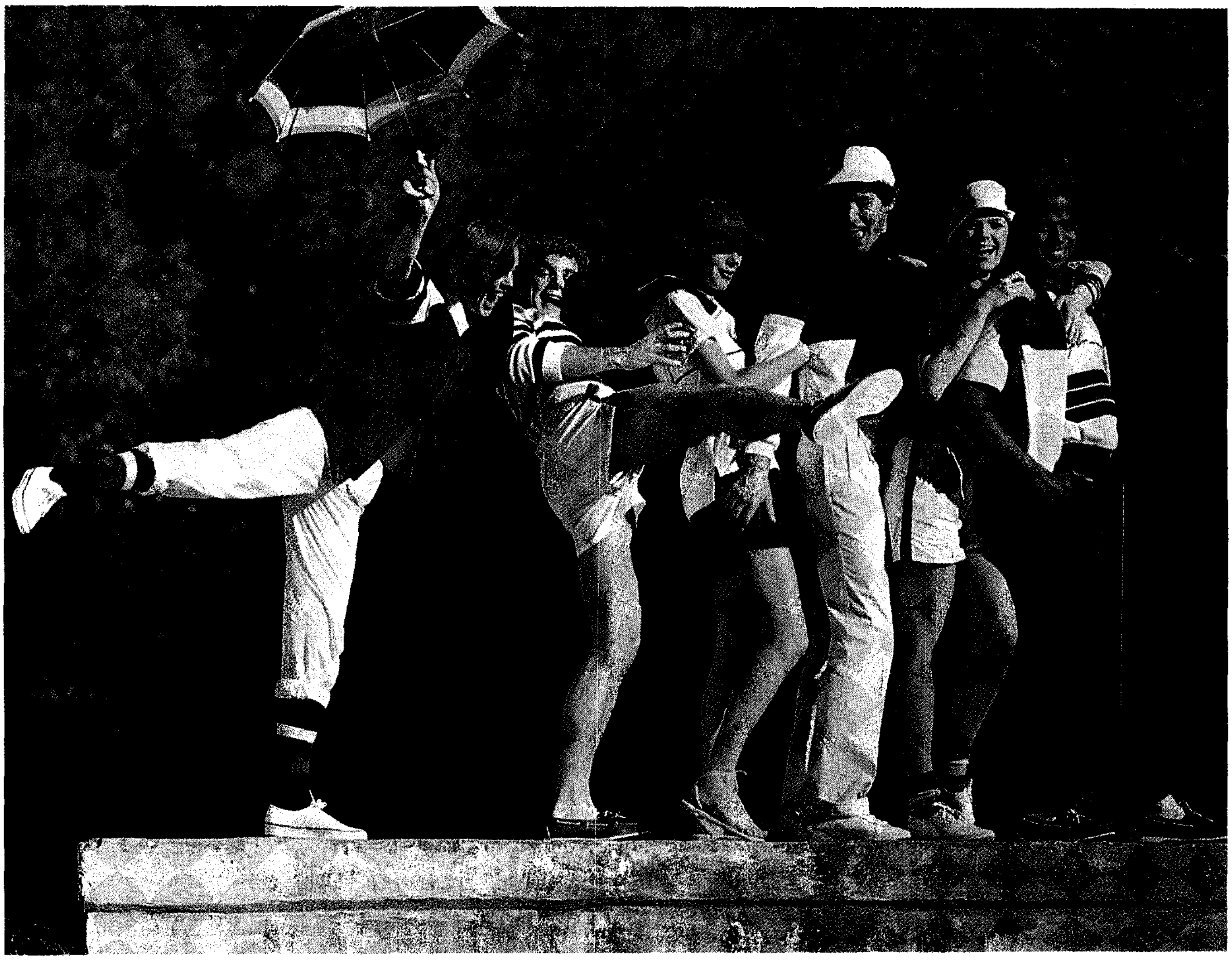

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looked infuriated at Kansai's segment when bare-chested men thrust forward martial-looking banners, and girls in hot-pink skirts had plastic rollers bristling in their hair. Sayoko did her dance. Then some magic-lantern clouds were puffily projected on the wall, and the Empire State Building (bent at an angle where wall met floor) came ethereally sliding in. Norma Kamali's new designs in denim, shirting, and thermal-underwear fabrics appeared on models and on "real people," too—strolling about, chewing gum, and holding on to large bunches of red balloons. One of the black models had travelled with her two-year-old daughter, who stole the scene in tweaks of hair and diminutive dungarees. The ice-cream-colored whirligigs came out, still twirling and twirling and looking pretty. The white pants suit tangoed. The black-and-white transparent-lace dresses served to jerk awake a man who had been sitting in the front row with his chin resting on his shirtfront. Then designers, models in rich fabrics and plunging necklines, and models in denim and T-shirts were all up on the stage together for a finale, holding on to red balloons and bouquets of flowers, swaying to the music of a song called "Big Bucks." The audience clapped in time, the Princess's head was cheerily bouncing from side to side, the balloons were bobbing up and down. "Big bucks, big bucks, big bucks," ran the chorus, over and over. People began gathering their pocketbooks and their complimentary copies of Japanese *W;* the Princess held her gloves, which were like steamrollered silk arms. "Big bucks, big bucks . . . money is a universal language." The little moppet in dungarees was happily boogying to herself right at the front of the stage. Valentino, finding himself next to her, bent slightly toward her in his tuxedo. He held his hand at the height of his folded white linen breast-pocket handkerchief and curled and uncurled his fingers at her. "*Ciao,*" he said.

"WHAT was it all about, exactly?" Jon Weiser asked the next day.

Issey Miyake shrugged, smiled. "It is difficult to explain," he replied. "About how fragile is life, how things are not what they seem."

We were in a car, driving away from an afternoon performance of an avant-garde play. A man and a woman there had been, clearly; the rattle of rain on the window; a ramshackle door suddenly flung wide to shock us with the woman's swinging corpse; French pastries, in the intermission; the door flung wide again, this time on the hanging body of the man, and the woman somehow back in life. Autumn leaves had been onstage, for certain—hurled about, in drifts, or clinging to branches of a weeping willow and wildly waving in the mounting storm. And water! My, had there been water on that stage! It came swirling on in floods that forced the people in the first three rows of seats to duck hastily for cover behind specially provided plastic sheets. It came sloshing onstage in seas and phantasmal tides. It streamed from the black oilskins of men who came on carrying a fishing boat. It glued down the center-parted hair of the man—missionary or charlatan?—who came out of the storm in a sunflower-colored vest with a bicycle strapped to his back, then showed up again later (and yet wetter) to deliver himself of a tremendous oration as he stood perched high up on his bicycle saddle. And it dripped as mournfully as tears or blood from the broken, lifeless figure in a long white gown carried in her lover's arms—until, resurrected once more and in a small, prim hat, she sailed off with him into the evening sky.

"We must hurry, we are a little bit late," Miyake said. "We must be on time for the Mandala show at the museum of La Forêt."

ON the department store's top floor, paying customers stood in a rapt semicircle while a pair of Bhutanese priests—one fat and one thin, and both in shoes with upturned, gnomish points—stood twirling prayer wheels and humming sacred hums. A priestly arm stretched out from time to time—a large gold watch ticked on the wrist below the yellow cuff of the purple sleeve—and opened one of many tiers of dollhouse-sized doors in an ornate little gilt pagoda. This tiny temple turned; its beaded finial spun faster, then slower again; stillness came. The men stopped chanting and retired behind a curtain for a while to breathe in and out like mortal men. Jon Weiser, in a fashionable Italian leather jacket, went off to reconnoiter the fashion merchandise on the floors below. Miyake walked through the exhibition with Kazuko Koike, a woman with a sharply angled pompadour haircut and an avant-garde clothing style, who is an art director and an associate curator of the Seibu Museum. Illustrated notions of an ancient Asian cosmos—fire-breathing creatures, the turtle and the snake, multi-armed goddesses, Mt. Fuji—surrounded the pair as they discussed Miyake's international show, called "Bodyworks," in which he would present his ideas in unexpected media, such as rattan, plastic, or paper, on computerized pseudo human beings and on black silicone-fleshed forms. ("I want to forge ahead, to break the mold," he would say. "I want to find out what clothing might be.")

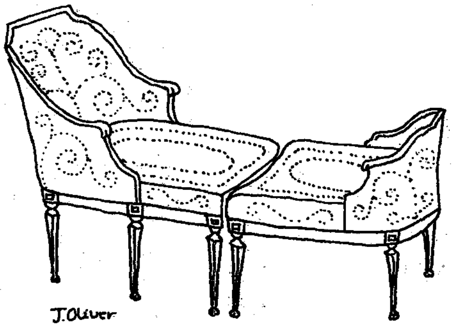
A stocky man dressed in a knee-length Tibetan robe tweaked aside a curtain and came out to join our group. He wore swinging-sixties-style ankle boots below bare calves. His manner was jaunty and self-confident, and suggested that he was the closest thing two Bhutanese priests can have to a road manager. "Oh, no, I don't get into those protective deities, you see," he was saying, in what might have been a Pakistani accent, in response to some question of Kazuko Koike's. "That's just more or less black magic, you see." She put her hand on his shoulder and turned him right round—as if, like the gilded temple, he were mounted on a turntable—and enthusiastically pointed out to Miyake the particular way the man's robe was pleated behind. The fat priest and the thin came back, this time in pointed red hats, to close the dollhouse doors.

"GRAND-U Smash-e! Grand-u Smash-e!" From the far side of the net, the tennis pro kept up a cannon fire of balls. A man a few steps ahead of me, dressed in a sweatshirt reading "Barbecue Club," swung his racquet determinedly, then wheeled off at a rapid trot to take his place at the back of the line of tennis students, for another round. Beyond the green mesh walls of the rooftop courts, Tokyo's dense and dun-colored outer boroughs stretched to the horizon, shimmering like a Sahara in the Sunday-morning sunshine. I stepped forward in my turn, dressed in an unmarked track-suit borrowed from Jon Weiser, and made my swing, then circled off to line up again behind "Hello Sport," "Snoopy," "Woodstock," "Amusement Park," "Fisherman's Wharf," "Gut Is Heart of Racket," "Creativity," and "Emerson Football," who sprang, swung, wheeled, and trotted in conformity with the instructor's choreography. My itinerary had definitely speeded up.

"Japanese girls are small, with large faces and short legs," I had been told by a forceful young woman who had invited me along to share her lesson. She was a designer with a mass-market apparel company. "Issey and Yohji are for tall girls," she had said emphatically as she drove us across town to the courts. "Comme des Garçons is better for Japanese girls." She had rattled off the categories of the domestic fashion industry as she shifted gears: "European casual," "American casual," "career fashion," and the important class of "neutral fashion." (All these headings were in English.) The last kind, she had said, involved "adapting" Western designers "such as Perry Ellis," and thereby reaching the widest possible market. As we stood waiting for a traffic light to change, above us had loomed a billboard with a pert Japanese girl on the point of taking a large, roguish bite out of an Arby's roast-beef sandwich. (Changes in the Japanese diet have meant that many young women have longer and straighter legs than their mothers.) On the bus that waited alongside us I had noticed an English-language slogan that was part of another of the current saturation-advertising campaigns: "Be Sexy in Life!" A second bus, passing us with a roar and belch of fumes from the opposite direction, had carried the poster with the "HEALTHY" blonde holding up her silvery weight.

MORE than fifty per cent of the population of Japan is under thirty. Most of the teen-age segment of that fifty per cent seemed to be in Harajuku Park, dressed like the Fonz and his girl, and dancing some version of the Twist. As far as the eye could see, the broad paths were a squirming mass of thousands of figures dancing in sacred rings around huge cassette recorders and convocations of shopping bags. Youths in black leather motorcycle jackets—identical, save that some had "Tokyo Rockabilly Club" in a half-circle of white letters on the back—greeted arriving acquaintances with the flat-palm, "Yo, brother!" hand slap of Harlem, then resumed their dancing, with endlessly swivelling shoulders, knees, and feet. They smoked cigarettes in acutely stylized ways. Someone was always lifting an arm and crooking an elbow to pat or comb the side of a haircut, which was often topped with a spikily towering, electrified-looking Mohawk crest. One stupendously crested youth paused with his comb at the ready, absorbed by his own sharp-edged shadow unrolling on the path in a long, afternoon diagonal from out of his winklepicker shoes. An American man dressed, like the youths, in a black leather jacket, and with his hair in what looked by contrast like a very modest version of the greased-back Tony Curtis style, had edged himself into the fringe of the gyrating crowd. He was James Spina, the art director of *Women's Wear Daily;* in another context (as when I had seen him a few mornings earlier crossing the Okura's restaurant at the side of John Fairchild), he would have looked young and hip. As he detached himself from the crowd in the park and walked back to where Issey Miyake stood watching with Hebe Dorsey, the fashion editor of the *International Herald Tribune*, Spina appeared to have suffered a Dorian Gray-like shift into heavyset middle age. "That guy asked if I was a Hell's Angel," he said, shaking his head. "And he asked if I knew Queens. I gave him my Harley-Davidson badge. He seemed real pleased." He looked dazed at seeing so many versions of himself, so much his junior, and Japanese. "I've always dressed like this, as long as I can remember," he said, reaching inside his jacket and pulling out a cigarette.

There were armies of teen-age girls as well—sitting in tender and respectful circles around the dancing youths or dancing in sweet, stiff little lines of their own. Thousands and thousands of neon-colored chiffon-scarf bows puffed up and down on thousands of ponytails, and petticoated satin circle skirts swayed as their owners stepped, clapped, and hand-jived in close unison, lifting up and putting down dainty feet in lace-trimmed bobby socks and saddle shoes.



Hebe Dorsey gave a hitch to the neckline of her red cashmere poncho, with a sound of jangling from her many gold bracelets. "They are so amusing," she said.

Miyake had offered to take the Western visitors to this regular Sunday scene by car, and he was seeing it for the first time. He now stood by himself some way off, looking thoughtfully at the crowd, his elegant battle jacket slung over one shoulder. "Japanese people like very much to wear uniforms," he had said to me a few days earlier. "But when I began to work I wanted to show people how it is great to be free. I want to unwind the threads that bind them. If I feel myself the object of a cult, I skip away."

The boldest of a little group of teen-age girls wearing pedal pushers and white satin baseball jackets with the pink legend "White Fairies" greeted Miyake, after whisperings and gigglings. "Ah! Issey-san," she said.

We got into the car, and Hebe Dorsey began describing in detail the "Belle Époque" ballgown she had commissioned for a gala she would attend in New York the following week, and talking about the Comtesse de Greffulhe and Liane de Pougy.

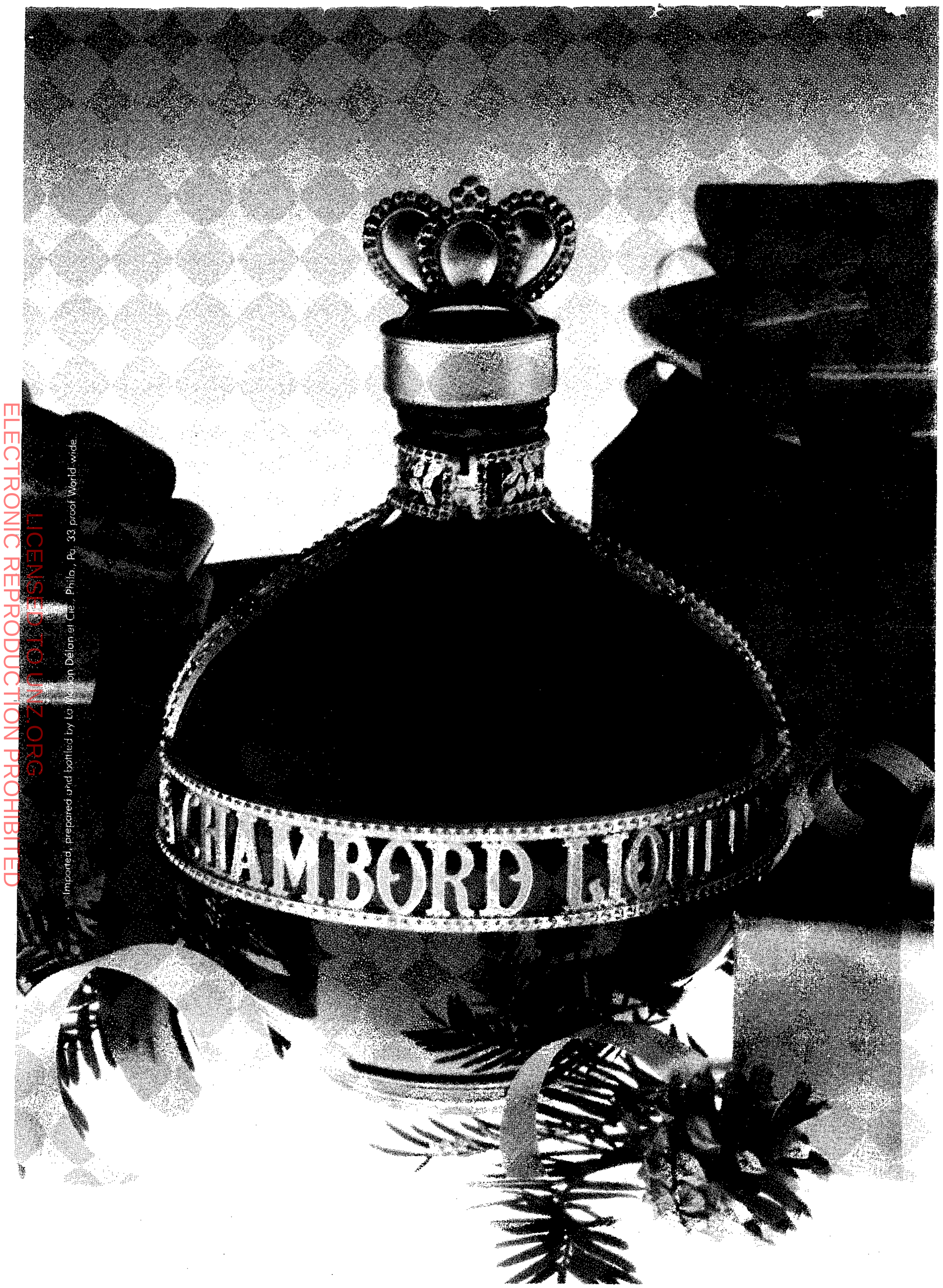
A line of Mohawk crests passed by on the sidewalk outside the car window, then a file of Cub Scouts, tripping along in bright-colored uniforms.

"I was so excited when I came here last year," Hebe Dorsey said.

On the way back to the hotel, we stopped at the Axis Building, where exquisitely tender modernity held sway. Even a store with bicycle wheels and motorcycle parts was arranged like a jewelry gallery in SoHo. In a tiny shop whose stock was a handful of pieces of modern furniture, a large red lacquer bowl rested on a low black table. "Ah, this bowl is beautiful," Miyake said, coming to life for the first time that afternoon.

From the folds of her red poncho Hebe Dorsey produced a small black camera.

In the bowl there rested a single shining chestnut and two whiskery ears of barley. Miyake took a step back, his head on one side. He removed the chestnut, looked at the



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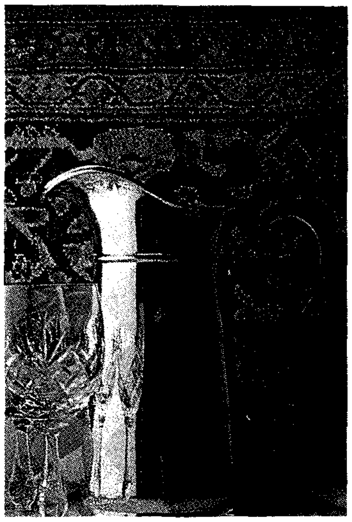

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bowl; put the chestnut back, looked at the bowl again.

"If only I could lug it," Hebe Dorsey said.

MANY members of the group who sat that evening at an L-shaped table in front of a spray of blossoms and a Coromandel screen in the restaurant called Daini's Table were able to join, in one language or another, in comparisons of its Chinese nouvelle cuisine with that of the Mr. Chow in New York and with that of the original Mr. Chow, in London, too. Sonia Rykiel, who had arrived in a striking barrel-shaped coat of black marabou, like a funereal Big Bird suit, sat flanked by Issey Miyake and Kei Mori, Mme. Mori's younger son. Kei Mori runs his own fashion business, Studio V; he is a dapperly dressed man of such small stature that even his mother had commented on it (with affection), at our lunch. Ettore Sottsass, apparently recovered from his jet lag, and wearing a highly colored Russian Constructivist-style Memphis necktie, sat opposite. "*J'adore la publicité!*" he said, in Italian-accented French. He was to be photographed for a Seibu advertising-poster campaign, framed by a doorway he had designed specially. "That's why I'm so happy in Japan, always. The Japanese have no complexes about advertising, publicity—all that."

I said that there seemed something particularly compelling about the world of the Japanese advertisement.

He gave a jovial shrug. "Everything is relative," he said. "If you played Fellini in New Guinea, it might look perfectly natural."

Down the table, I could hear Selma Weiser complaining to Daini, a suave young man in a boldly striped Savile Row suit, who was of the party, about the impenetrable street addresses of Tokyo. "Little maps! 'Second pine tree from the corner, turn left'! I don't think people in this town want other people to find them."

Sonia Rykiel and Issey Miyake were talking about being recognized on the street. "I'm a redhead, so people have turned to stare at me my whole life," Sonia Rykiel said.

Little delicacy followed little delicacy; little dish, little dish. Litchi nuts appeared. Sonia Rykiel was rubbing her collarbone and talking about the new Japanese fashions. "But these clothes don't touch the body," she said. "They float around it. I think these designers are afraid of the body."

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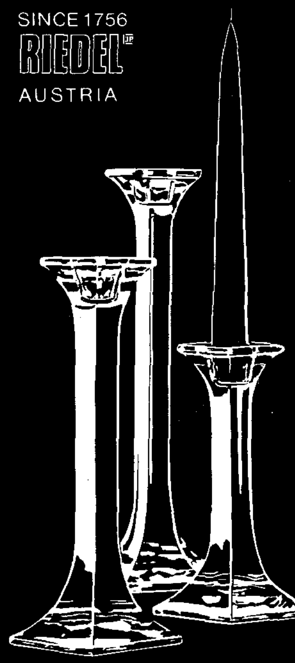

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Ettore Sottsass saw what she meant. "The way their shoe barely touches the foot," he said, using his hands to illustrate a single toe thong, a sole tenuously attached.

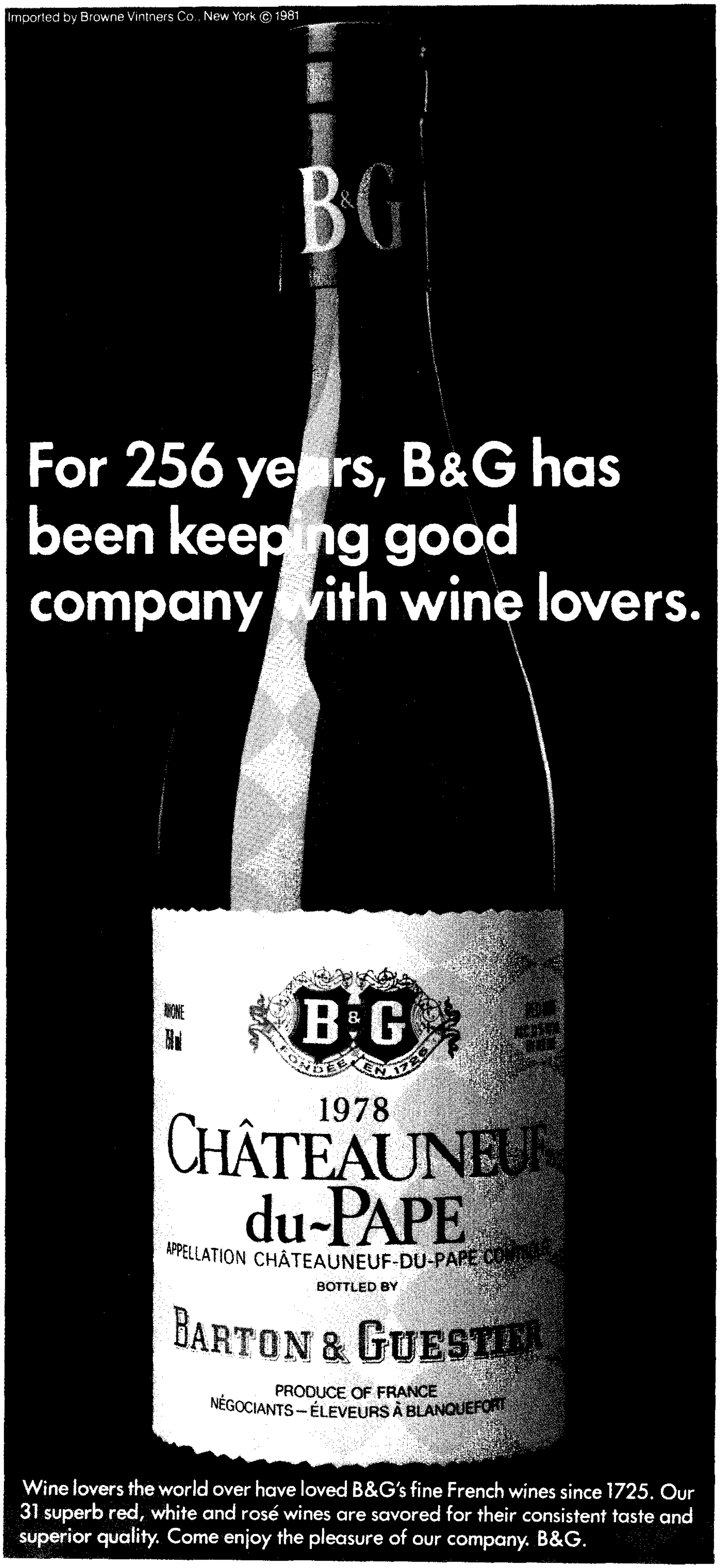
Some people were rising to leave.

Sonia Rykiel threw her arms round Miyake and reminded him of a weekend they had spent as fellow house guests on the Île de Ré, in France.

"It was *wonderful*," he said.

Makiko Minagawa, in an indigo-and-white cotton kimono, sat a few seats off, smiling to herself. Jon Weiser was standing behind his sister's chair, massaging her shoulders. Miyake sat in front of lacquered golden cranes on a black screen. His hands were circling, his eyes were sparkling. "Tokyo and New York are very close together at the moment, I feel," he said.

JAMES SPINA, generally known as Jimmy, rose from where he had been watching the time-around-the-world map and walked with me to the stationery store. "I love hotel lobbies," he said. "But when I stayed at the Ritz to cover the shows in Paris the concierge made me use the Rue Cambon entrance if I was going to dress in my way." He walked along with his hands plunged in the two vertical pockets of his motorcycle jacket. From the billboards and walls of stores on the Ginza, house-high photographs of "real people," models, and "personalities," both Oriental and Occidental, stared down at us or laughed their heads off over some gargantuan private joke. "I had to buy a tux specially for this trip," he said. "I only ever had one good suit. It's blue, with that great loose-fitting look. I've had it for seventeen years, and it was my father's when he got out of the Army. But he hardly ever wore it, because he grew a potbelly right away. My dad's a carpenter. Worked all his life in Long Island City. Near where my friend Tina Weymouth has a loft. You know Tina? The Talking Heads?" We stopped for a cup of coffee. The menu was densely laminated, with technicolor photographs of ice-cream sundaes. "I always like when you can order by pointing at photographs," Jimmy Spina said. He reached inside the front of his jacket for a cigarette. He had gone to high school in Queens, had a good Catholic upbringing, had even been an altar boy—the whole bit. Mr. Fairchild had had to go back to New York; often personally wrote the gossip in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Women's Wear signed "Louise J. Esterhazy;" was a genius; had advised Spina to bring along his penny loafers, because they were easily slipped on and off at the entrance to tatami-matted rooms.

"SEXY!" Issey Miyake said. "Always they ask me, 'What is "sexy"?' " The young woman reporter from *Asahi's* magazine *Footwork,* who had earlier posed that question to Sonia Rykiel, Norma Kamali, Valentino, Kansai, and Mme. Mori, had just left the Miyake Design Studio. Miyake was still sitting behind his big, modern blond-wood desk, which was bare except for an Olivetti agenda, a coffee-table book about Canada, and a cup of green tea. He made a rueful face, stretching out his hands. "I think Japanese people still find it hard to talk about these things," he said, sighing. Behind him on the white wall, a light-and-shade texture made by horizontal wood strips like music staffs set off his black shirt—a special Miyake collarless style, comfortably unbuttoned. "I say to her that it should not be a question—that only adult people, with their personality, can understand the word. She asks me, 'Is sexy the same as "healthy"?' I say, 'Beautiful teeth, hair, eyes—that *helps.*' But I say to her, 'How can you express beauty in words? It is for that I am working. You can express "healthy" easily, but not beauty.' " His head turned in profile, in front of two copies of the Trisha Brown upraised-arm photograph pinned up on a bulletin board next to the strips of wood. He stretched out his own arm, unconsciously echoing the dancer's pose. Sunshine streamed into the room, passing through the winged white petals of a moth-orchid and spilling in ribbons on the straw rug. "I say to her, 'Sometimes the sky is very sexy. And flowers. And water. Or even a large crowd.' " He furrowed his brow, looked upward, then down. "Like this, I try to explain to her a little bit. I think she understands." Behind him, too, were the turtle and the snake and a photograph of what looked from where I sat like female mud-wrestlers.

"SHE is so pleased you asked about the holes," said Stella Ishii, who was serving as interpreter for Rei Kawakubo, of Comme des Garçons. "Through you, we are able to explain this to your readers. And when Bernadine Morris, of the New York *Times,* was here, earlier, we were very

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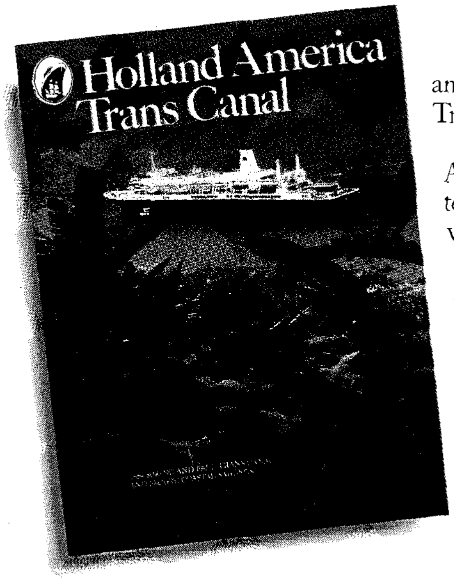

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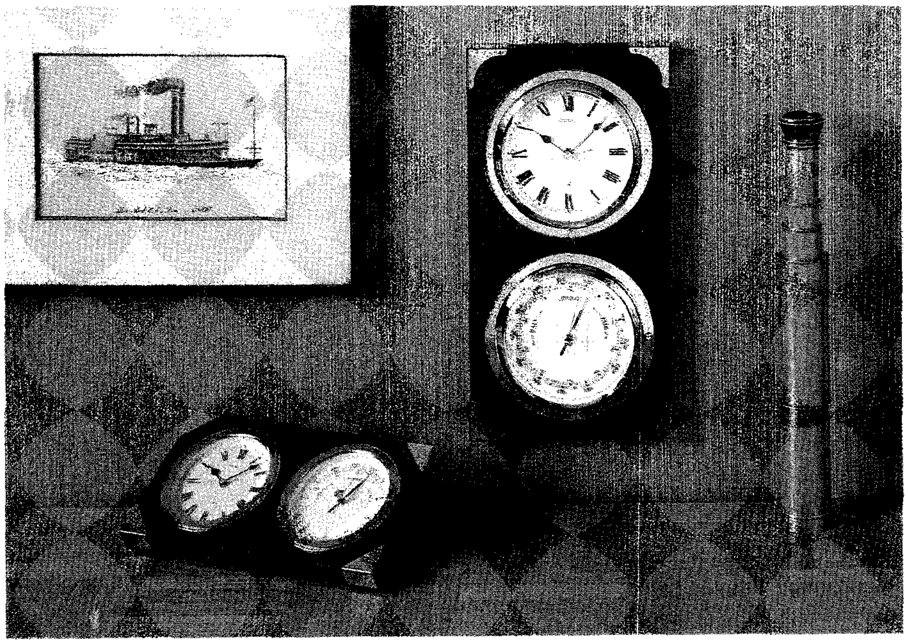

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happy that she asked about the makeup for our show in Paris. Many people misunderstood, said the models looked somehow—well, *bruised*, or *battered*."

Stella Ishii was a young woman with wire-rimmed glasses and with long hair in a severe-looking bun at the nape. She was dressed all in black, and looked more like the designer's disciple than her business manager, which was what she was. We were sitting in a windowless room with gray-painted concrete walls and floor, bare except for two large black leather sofas, a huge, square black leather club chair, and a photographer's lamp that looked as though it would have sufficient wattage for a night ballgame if it were to be illuminated. Rei Kawakubo sat facing me, seated in the black leather chair as on a throne. She was a small, slight woman dressed in a black tunic-style dress over long-underwear-style black pants. She wore her dark hair in a short pageboy bob with thick, full bangs overhanging a face devoid of makeup. (This abstention from cosmetics had seemed striking enough to both Miss Suita and Miss Minagawa for each of them to tell me of it when the designer's name came up.) Rei Kawakubo watched my face as I asked my questions and as Miss Ishii translated them into Japanese, at what seemed like four times their length. She sat very upright, her small, black-shod feet placed neatly side by side and flat on the floor. Her forearms rested squarely along the wide leather arms of her chair. When she had understood a question and was ready to give her answer, or when she wished to signify its completion, her hands lifted fractionally and her eyelids, under the black bangs, dropped shut and then opened again. Sometimes, as she began a sentence her head tilted to one side and she made tremulous humming sounds. There was a half-open door behind her right shoulder, with a source of light somewhere. Huge, distorted shadow people passed across this rectangle in silence from time to time.

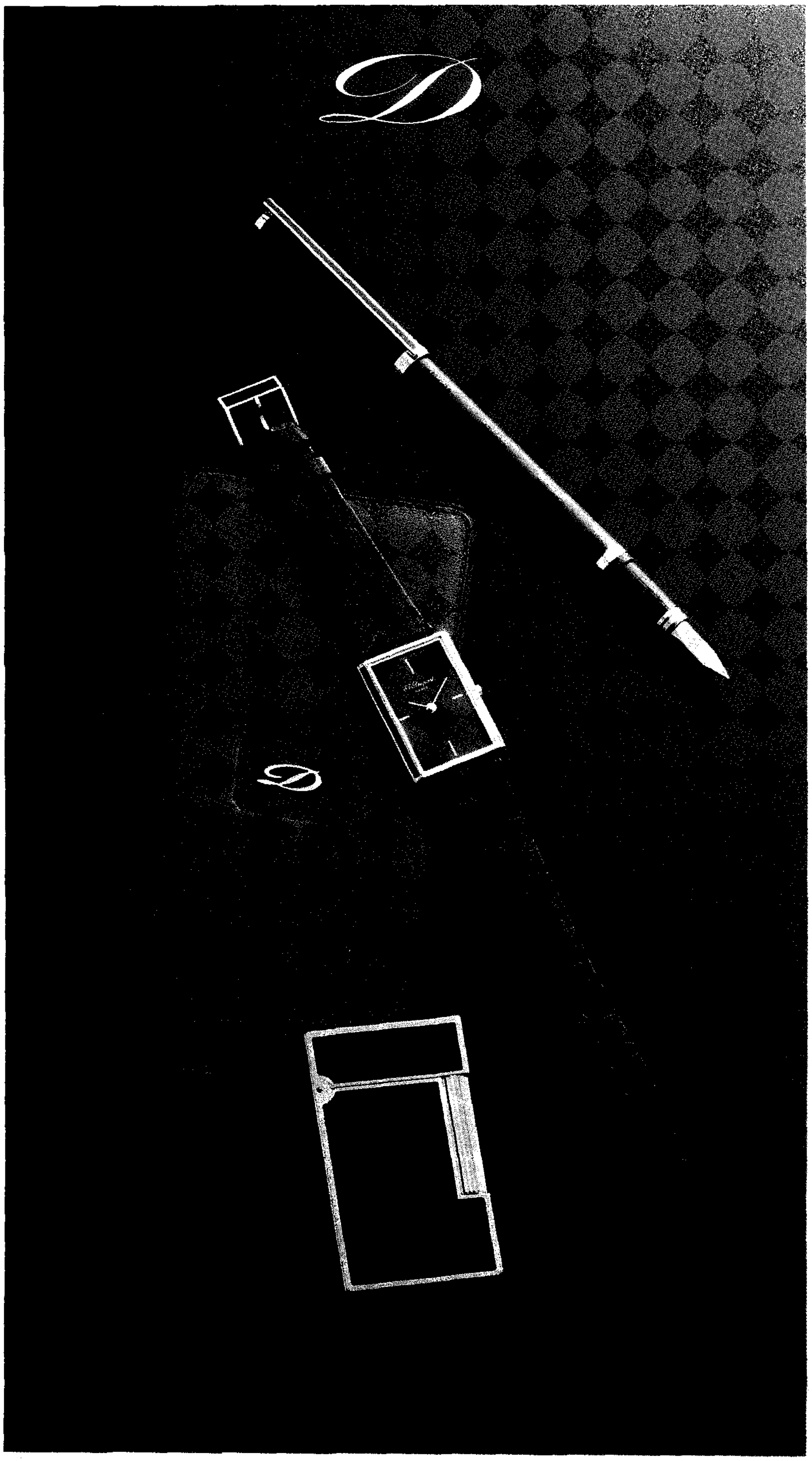
I asked Rei Kawakubo why she used so much black and gray.

Miss Ishii interpreted.

Rei Kawakubo hummed, uttered, fell silent again. The eyelids went up and down, the small, pale hands lifted and settled again.

"She sees enough colors in life," Miss Ishii said.

THE taxicab moved up from the head of the curbside stand. Its door popped open. The commission-



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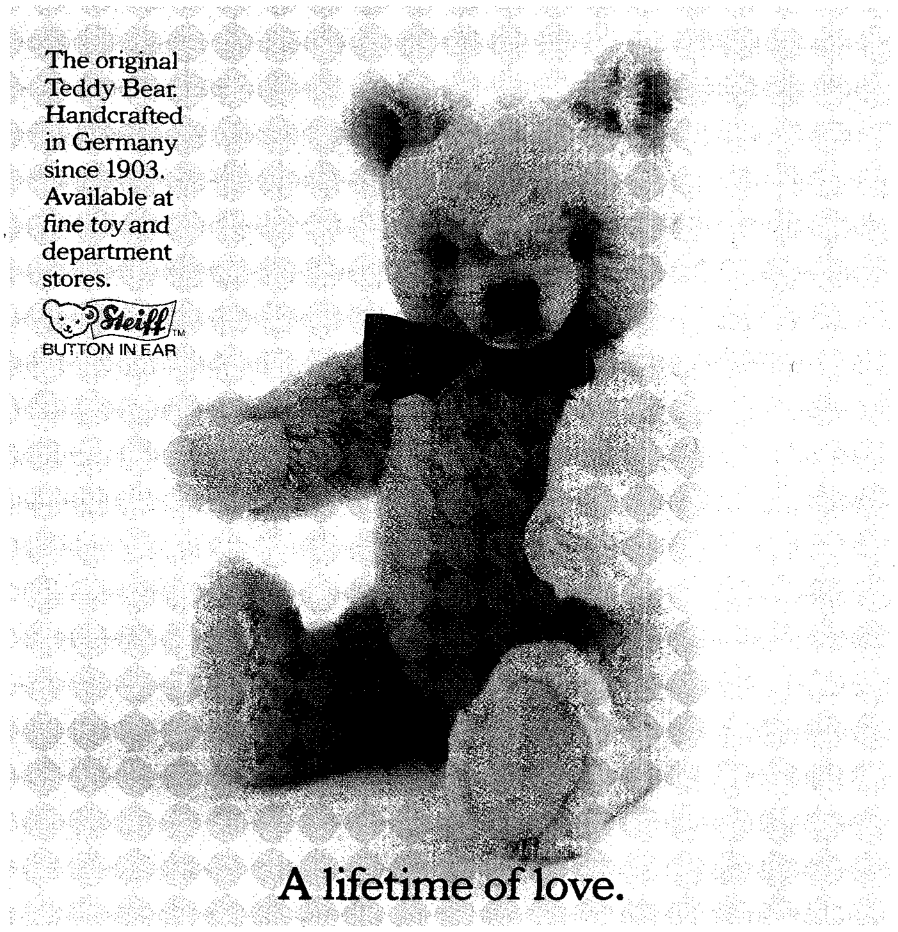
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aire of the Okura ushered me into the cab. "Hanae Mori Building?" he said, with a grin, as he shut the door.

"JAPAN doesn't have any competition in fashion at the moment—it's doing something so different, the way it did with hi-fi. This is fashion thoroughly informed by traditional aesthetics: *aji*, which might involve fabrics where the incongruity speaks of the congruity of the whole; the idea of sleeves filled with nothing; the idea of colored space, as in Edo Kabuki." Donald Richie, an American who has lived for many years in Tokyo and is a scholarly expert on such subjects as Noh, Zen, and Japanese cinema, was sitting in one of the Breuer chairs in the street-level coffee shop of the Hanae Mori Building. Across the aisle was a boutique where "H.M."-initialled silk neckties and pastel umbrellas lay arranged in quintessentially Japanese displays from the hand of Robert Currie. Richie had close-cropped graying hair and a refreshingly unfashionable jacket of olive-drab corduroy. In rare pauses in his talk, he leaned back with folded arms and bounced gently on his chair or refilled his cigarette holder, sticking it back between his teeth at the angle customarily called "rakish." "So much of our fashion in the West has to do with Warhol attitudes by now," he said. "With subtle putting down of things. But Japan is a country where you can't, in our sense, 'read' anything."

I had come to our meeting primed to ask Richie about his "appearance and reality" theory.

"Appearance *is* the reality here," he said now, before I had had a chance to prompt him. "The ostensible is the real. There is no single word for 'hypocritical' in the Japanese language. No single word for 'ironic,' either. There's plenty of humor here but no real wit. And no cynicism. This is a very pragmatic country. What works is good; what doesn't work is bad. And, no matter how hard you look, the mask *is* the face. There is no notion of 'the real me,' a being somehow separate from the person. People here are what you can see, constructed from the outside. In spite of what they say, there's no real religion except the religion of being Japanese. The pattern for success is to go abroad, achieve some recognition, and come back straight away. Two years is good, five years not so good. If you stay too long, it's considered a bad thing. You lose your Japaneseness. You've left the tribe."

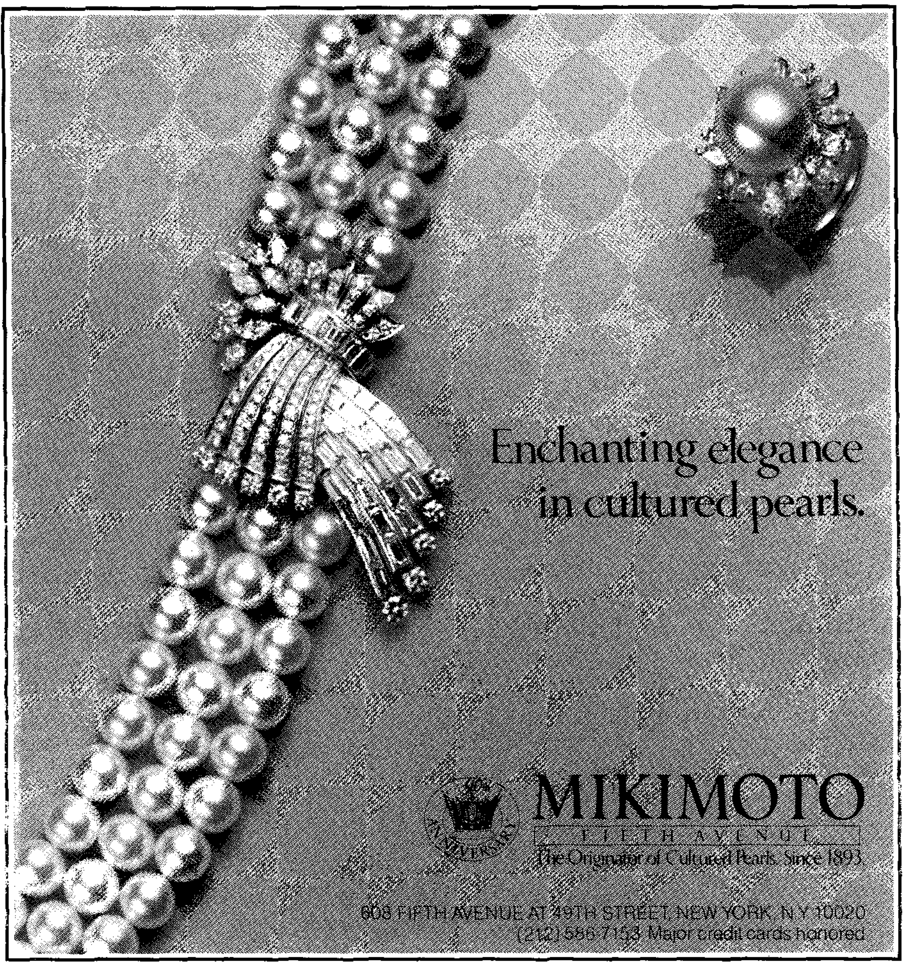
I said to him, as I had tried to say to Ettore Sottsass, that the dimensions of image, celebrity, and advertising—of Seibu's Woody Allen and of "East Meets West"—seemed particularly haunting.

Richie nodded vigorously. "The Japanese take what is well known and emblematic in the West and *own* it," he said. "And it's not a question of their being 'plastic' people, because everything here is 'plastic.' Of course, it is we who are living a falsehood in the West, with our absurd idea of 'the real me,' with our 'strong beliefs.' Oh, no! Plato and St. Paul really led us astray! And the Renaissance, of course. *Everything* here is presentational."

The glass doors of the Hanae Mori Building swung open, and Sonia Rykiel came sweeping in, wearing a long black cape. A worried-looking, very correctly dressed Japanese man followed, carrying the designer's capacious holdall. After him came Nathalie Rykiel, in her Japanese-peasant costume. As they headed for the escalator at our elbow, I greeted Sonia Rykiel and introduced Richie. She perched on an empty chair at our table while her group sailed upward to The Space without her. "We have been talking about the new Japanese style," I said. She continued some of the thoughts she had shared with Sottsass at Daini's, and said that because of having been bound in kimonos, and so on, the Japanese were afraid to show the body. "They are making these clothes for foreign women," she said.

Donald Richie had been watching her fixedly and in silence. His expression combined that of a man trying hard to follow sentences in French with that of a man who might just possibly have been the sole inventor and guardian of the English word "ironic." He leaned forward with a sudden movement, snatching his cigarette holder out from between his teeth. "What amazing hair!" he said to Sonia Rykiel. "Do you dye it?"

"Of course, the guiding passion—the hedonistic, decadent demand—in the West is for constant novelty," he went on smoothly after Mme. Rykiel had gathered her cape about her and soared off up the escalator. "It's a form of bankruptcy. The Zen boom—boomlet, shall we say—to which I have contributed my modest share by writing my books is a sign of this bankruptcy. So is the idea of the new



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celibacy. Instead of going to bed with each other, people have to go back to holding hands, because that's the only thing that's sexy now. And the taste for this sort of fashion is another sign of bankruptcy. If society is a big lobster ambling slowly along on the bottom of the ocean, fashion is the antennae sticking out in front." He squinted waggishly out through the smoke that rose from his cigarette, and waved his two forefingers from side to side, like feelers.

NORMA KAMALI is the first fashion designer of recent times to have achieved an international reputation without giving a single fashion show. The presentation in The Space at the Hanae Mori Building was to be her first. I squeezed past the knees of Sonia Rykiel to reach a seat left in the front row of the bleachers.

"Mr. Richie has been telling me about Japan," I said.

"I hope he wasn't telling you all wrong," Sonia Rykiel said.

I sat between Jimmy Spina and Kei Mori. We were a bright-colored, spaghetti-spined line compared with the rest of the audience—predominantly gray-suited men, once more, with their hands resting on their knees. Down the line, Norma Kamali's foot in its high-heeled boot was swaying next to Kansai's combat boot in time to the opening music. The video image of Norma Kamali blossomed once again all over The Space. "Spare me," the real Norma Kamali said, with a groan. Bright nineteen-fifties circle skirts came out with off-the-shoulder tops. Music was peppy nineteen-fifties style, its lyrics filled with double-entendres. Jimmy Spina's eyes shone; once or twice, he let rip with a whistle. A blond girl with fluffy tendrils of hair pretended to tumble over backward in a red prom dress, disappearing in a froth of white net Harajuku petticoats. Thin young women and slender young men in dramatically revealing bathing suits or leotards pretended to lift weights or swim. People crawled across the floor. The scantily clad men converged on a solitary scantily clad woman. "In New York City and in Detroit, too," bopped the song. Jimmy Spina was holding on to the two ends of his red muffler and bouncing his fists up and down on his black leather chest in time to the music. Kamali denims had a "West Side Story" theme. "When you're a Jet, you're a Jet . . ." ran the soundtrack. "When you're a Jet you're a Jet all the

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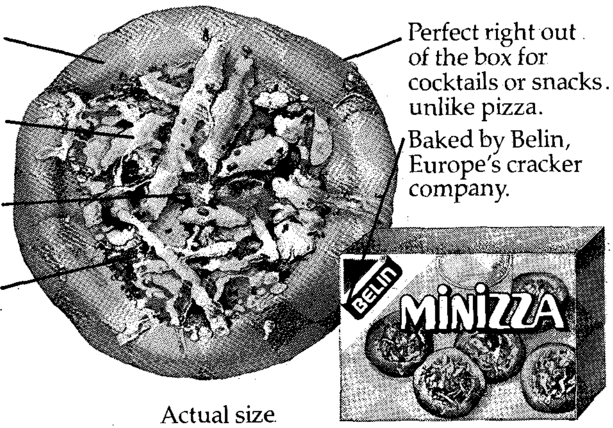

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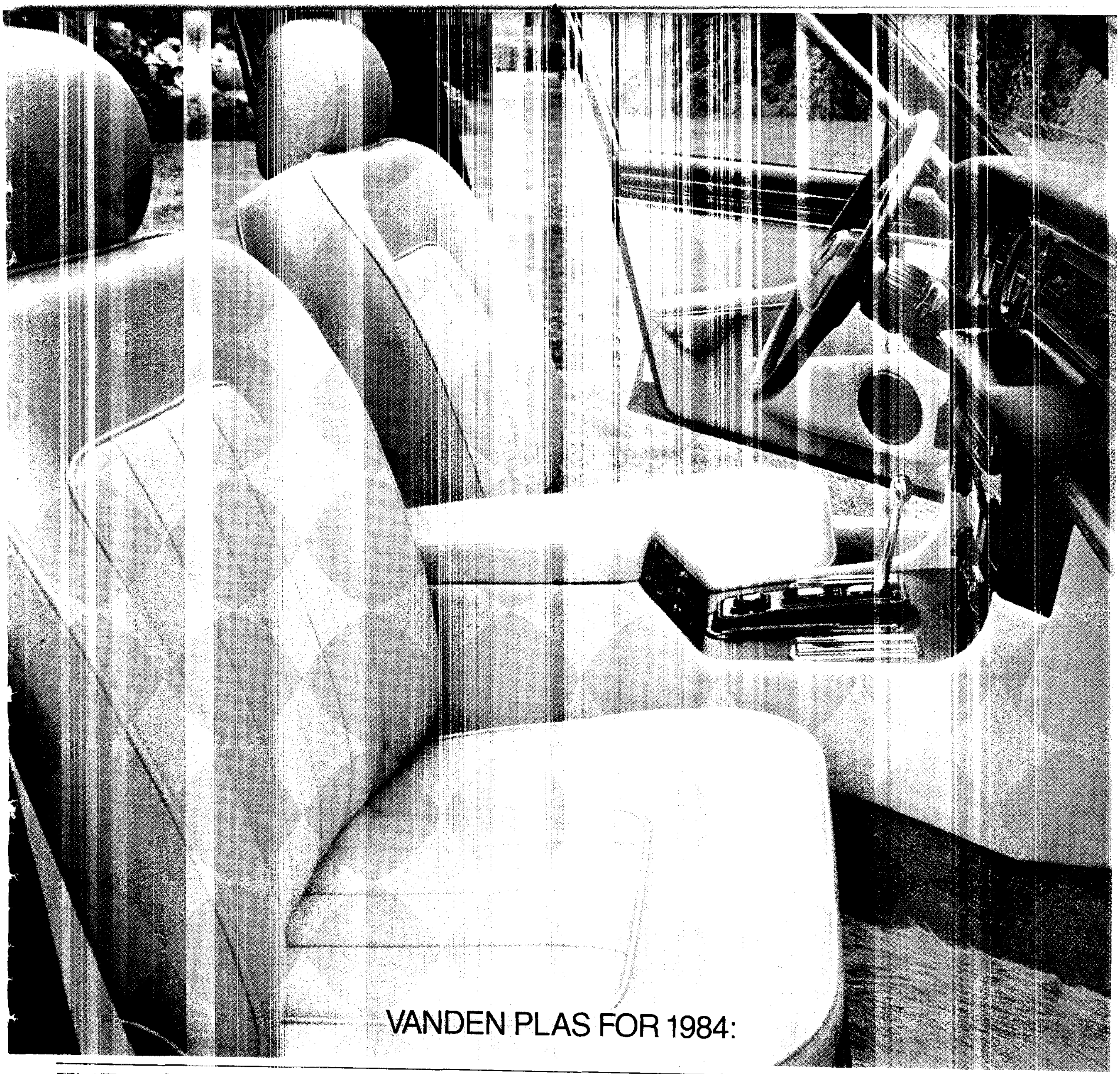

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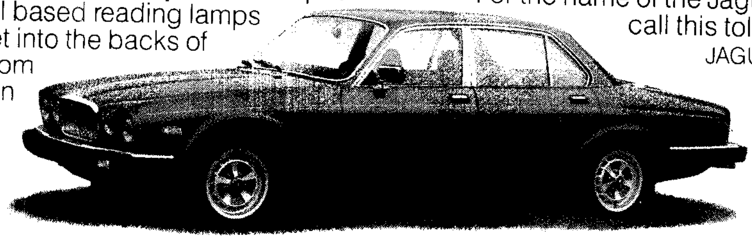

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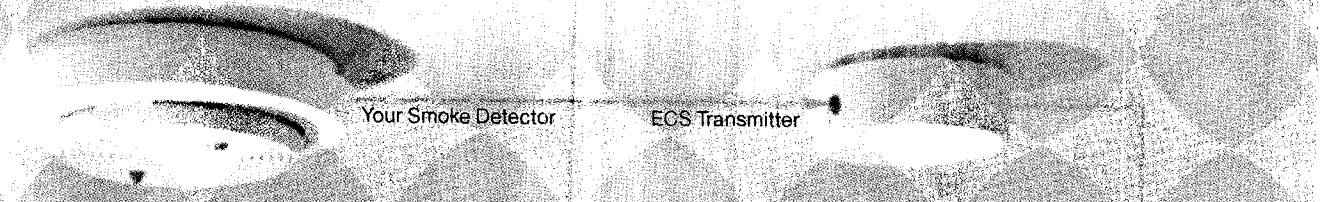

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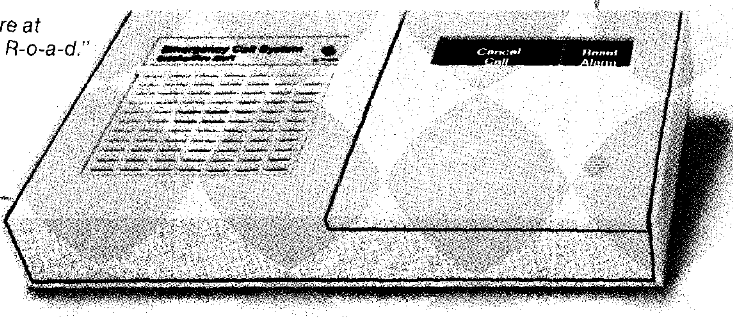

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way, from your first cigarette . . . ” Jimmy Spina knew all the words by heart, sang along, looking quite transported. Then (after the denim-clad group had pretended to shoot someone to death) the little black toddler was onstage again, with her tweaks of hair and dungarees, jumping up and down and dispensing loose-wristed waves with her dimpled hand. And the red balloons were out again, in force; and a pregnant woman was walking on (to lend a real touch); and the handsome young men were pretending to be family men, with children in their bodybuilders' arms; and American flags were waving to and fro; and “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” was ringing out; and Norma Kamali's face was back on all the screens again; and the gray-suited men were sitting with fists on knees, watching.

ONE of the black models, looking ten feet tall, walked between the tables of the coffee shop and out of the door in her street clothes, with some calla lilies on the crook of her arm. Issey Miyake waved wanly at Makiko Minagawa as he hurried limpingly away from the Kamali show. “He is a little tired right now, a little agitated,” Makiko Minagawa said, following him with her eyes. “He must look after so many foreign women.”

It had started to rain. The restaurant that Makiko Minagawa and I went to was unpretentious, as cozy as the inside of an overcoat pocket. “I think Norma Kamali's clothes are good if you have beautiful Western body,” Makiko Minagawa said. “Japanese body not beautiful.”

Soup arrived to terminate the meal. Why was my soup dark while hers was pale?

Makiko Minagawa nodded in the direction of the proprietor, a hefty woman dressed in the style favored by Nathalie Rykiel, and standing with arms akimbo behind the counter looking down at me with amusement. “She say foreign people like to eat mushrooms.”

AS I lay sleepless beside the active blue digits (for my jet lag had reawakened and was all set to come along when I left Japan), I thought about Norma Kamali and her show. I remembered an afternoon I spent with Norma Kamali and some other people. Was it five years ago, or six, or seven? The man whose apartment we were in had one of those Mylar racing-driver jackets; he wouldn't have been caught dead in it any later. Mick and Bianca Jagger must still have been married to each other, too, because their personalities were discussed at length. Our host had a parrot in a cage by the window, squawking and spitting husks of seeds into Norma Kamali's hair. He had a bathroom with quadraphonic-sound speakers in it for his Gregorian chants, and some far stranger things than that in it as well. He played us a tape of himself being analyzed by a psychic who lived in Brooklyn. There was a coil of incense on the windowsill. It gave off tiny puffs of smoke like smoke signals. The sky was unbelievably blue; then it turned that amazing turquoise green. There was the Empire State Building. People looked up at it from time to time as they lay with their elbows on cushions, talking about acupuncture and past lives, and drinking Lapsang souchong. One man there was sitting on a little upholstered bench. He was quite obsessed by Versailles. “Imagine the early-morning mist. The *bassins*,” he said. He went on and on about the King. “He was perfect,” he said. “The only mistake he made in his whole life was when some courtier he had banished came back and danced the dance that had been in fashion when he went away. The King laughed. But that was the only mistake he ever made in his entire *life*.”

I got out of bed. The sky was charcoal gray, with teeming rain. A ferocious wind was blowing. The Rising Sun atop the Nippon Mining Company was streaming wet and stiff, like a flag made of metal. The parking lot under my window filled up like a lake: a lost undersea civilization to which boxlike white lines and arrows provided no-longer-meaningful clues. Bright-gold leaves spun wildly over gray-black waters that began to form themselves into waves. Water gushed from the Okura's gutters, rocketing and crashing down into the parking-lot lake, where now a solitary unmarked truck came forging along like a tugboat, with arcs of water splashing out at fender height. A man in streaming black oilskins lifted the back tarpaulin and unloaded dozens and dozens of large green wreaths.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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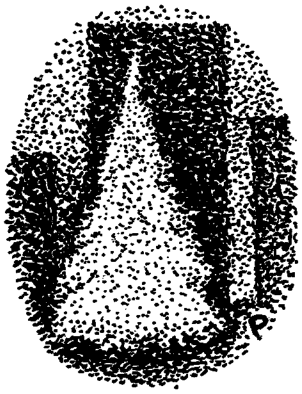
—*Phoenix* (*Ariz.*) *Arizona Republic.*

Thomas Jefferson would love it.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN



MOUNTAINS of brochures, catalogues, and other promotional reading matter have crossed our desk in recent weeks as we delved into potential Christmas gifts for men, and we've learned a lot from it all—that France has thirty thousand kilometres of long-distance footpaths, for instance, and that sixty-eight per cent of Americans have no idea where they keep the flashlight. But it is no news to us that the consumerist fantasies of men tend to be more innocent and more passionate than those of women. We saw a group of men grow almost misty-eyed over a luncheon table last week as they wished that Santa would bring them one of those one-man ultralight airplanes (the kind you fly without a pilot's license, on regular gas, and buy for the price of a compact car) or, failing that, one of the little one-man sailboats that are like scaled-down versions of America's Cup yachts. Researching the hundred or so companies in the brand-new ultralight-airplane market would be a task as Sisyphean as keeping up with personal-computer systems, and inasmuch as we have a couple of other things to do in life we're inclined to stay away from both of those purchasing frontiers. (Except to note that Thomas Hoving and Chuck Yeager are partial to flying machines by American Aerolights, the Albuquerque-based company whose president was a member of the three-man team that crossed the Atlantic in the helium balloon Double Eagle II.) As for miniature twelve-metre sailboats, there is one twelve-foot-long version we can pin down: it's from Lands' End, Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, Wisconsin 53595-0001. (The number for telephone orders is 800 356-4444.) The sailor is promised a full-scale challenge as he reclines in the fibreglass cockpit, steering with his feet and using his hands to control main, genoa, and spinnaker; $2,900.

Romantic fantasies are built right into each Christmas's ever-larger swarm of electronic gadgets and toys, along with their microprocessors. No matter if today's woman neglects to buy dinner or is kept late with some important client; consumerist man, wrapped in a seductive technological glow, is busy with his friendly personal computer, his alert, never-forgetful gadgets, and the unwavering fidelity of his sound system. Bang & Olufsen's newest such system, the Beosystem 5000, exemplifies the ideal of beautifully discreet-looking and sensitive technology, which the masterful owner may pass through as if it were insubstantial, to reach its humanistic, music-playing soul. Turntable, cassette recorder, and AM/FM receiver are without visible knobs and look as sleek as coffee-table books on design or architecture. The touch of a finger commands the components to a wide variety of functions by way of a wireless remote-control unit that emits digitally encoded pulses of infrared light. We saw the 5000 at Thalia Hi-Fi Audio, 965 Madison Avenue (75th), where it costs $2,300. Also here is an AM/FM table radio, by Proton, that the manufacturers call "*the* Radio," out of pride in its good looks, sensitive tuning, and clear reception; $280. An auxiliary amplified speaker, for those in search of stereophonic sound, is $150. At Harvey Electronics, 2 West 45th Street, we marvelled at Sony's latest personal stereo cassette player, the Walkman 10, which is the most minuscule to date. It measures three-quarters of an inch by two and three-quarters inches by four and a half—only fractionally larger, that is, than the cassette itself. Its case comes in silvery or gold-colored metal and weighs six ounces or so; tiny earphones, no larger or heavier than small buttons, nestle right inside each ear; $80. A black-and-white Watchman television set by Sony has been shrunk to roughly the size of the Walkman cassette models of a few years back—to one and a half inches by three by six and a half, that is—and displays a surprisingly crisp two-inch image; $182. Sony has also launched its new Betamovie camera-recorder. Where earlier home-video cameras operated with a separate and cumbersome recorder, this is a single handy and lightweight six-and-a-half-pound unit. It takes standard Beta videocassettes—instantly replayable, naturally, on any standard Betamax VCR and a color television set. The Betamovie is $1,395.

TECHNOLOGY is also a look and a life style; a product is also a dream: they understand these things in California. That state is the origin of some of the glossiest brochures and the most hip sorts of catalogues aimed at the lyrical-consumerist male. The catalogue of the enterprise identified as The Sharper Image (406 Jackson Street, San Francisco 94111) is a case in point: an ambitious spread of, among other things, personal stereos, personal gym equipment, and unbelievably intelligent telephones, photographed in magical "Star Wars" auras of green or magenta. The catalogue of Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories (200 South Robertson Boulevard, Beverly Hills 90211) is high on gloss and glamour, too, and seems to suggest that if you get the blue cotton dustcovers for your Alfa ($84.95) or the special European headlights—extra-bright and in many states extra-legal—for your Porsche ($179.95 or $279.95 a pair) the tousle-headed blonde will come along as well. Vuarnet sunglasses, manufactured by Pouilloux, a French company, and named for the downhill ski champion in the Squaw Valley Winter Olympics, have long been known to people who whiz through international lives on their Rossignol skis. These stylish, exceptionally glare-resistant glasses are now the official sunglasses of the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. From its American base, in California, Vuarnet is beaming to its new and wider audience the image summed up on a page of its catalogue: the glasses dangling casual and jewel-like against a black Grand Prix-style jacket, whose wearer is lifting a wrist to consult a big black watch with enough dials for a submarine or a space shuttle. In New York, a selection of Vuarnets may be found at, among other places, Morgenthal Opticians, 141 East 62nd Street, and the Scandinavian Ski Shop, 40 West 57th. There's a California-based quarterly magazine called *Picture* that might be of interest to anyone involved with photography ("art" or commercial, and all the blurred space between), graphic art, or any other aspect of contemporary visual culture. Its reproduction standard is extremely high, with unusually handsome color printing. A yearly subscription costs $52, from 13929 Dinard Avenue, Santa Fe Springs 90670; telephone 213 921-3522.

Actually, those big black watches with the tachymeter dials have been more than a little passé ever since cheap imitations began to flood the sidewalk hawkers' trays. Men's wristwatches—even, or perhaps especially, of the expensive kind—are profoundly subject to changing fad. At Fred Joaillier, the Paris firm newly arrived at 703 Fifth Avenue (55th, in the corner shop in the St. Regis-Sheraton that was left vacant when Buccellati moved up the street to the Trump Tower), a representative price for a man's watch by Fred or by any of the well-known makers of luxurious Swiss watches, such as Audemars Piguet, Baume & Mercier, Piaget, Rolex, and Patek Philippe, is $4,000, provided the watch comes with a simple leather strap. We learned here that men who really like watches think nothing of owning a dozen or more, and that some collect them like stamps. We were almost hypnotically dazzled by skeleton-style evening watches with tiny gold flywheels whirring in fine crystal bubbles and turning the mechanisms for hour, day, date, and phase of the moon. We discovered that white-gold-and-yellow-gold combinations are big right now for sports watches, and looked at one of Piaget's Polo styles—a solid-feeling, sleek-looking articulated bracelet; $14,000. Fred's own eighteen-karat-gold wafer-quartz, an inch and a half in diameter and four millimetres thick, comes with a choice of faces, including a conservatively elegant white with black Roman numerals; $1,750.

By way of contrast, there are at Charivari's men's store, at 2339 Broadway (85th), and its Workshop, at 441 Columbus Avenue (81st), some completely funky Japanese timepieces, by Tokima, called Digi-Robo. The timepiece does indeed have a digital readout and look like a little robot. It may be detached from the wrist casing and set with unfolded feet and arms on a night table; $45. The latest Japanese fashions in men's clothing are at Charivari, too. Among a collection of interestingly textured loose-fitting sweaters is a hand-knitted gray-on-gray whose designer adopted the name "Arrston Volaju," in a very free-form tribute to James Bond's Aston Martin; $325 at the Workshop. The designer Yohji Yamamoto, whose name is all his own, sends a straight-cut, drop-shouldered, funnel-collared shirt in white cotton, fastened with bead-shaped buttons of braided black silk the size of Teddy-bear eyes. This is $145 at the Workshop; the establishment envisages its being worn, on some occasions, as a substitute for wing-collared formal shirts and perhaps accompanied by an equally pace-setting dinner jacket designed by the Italian Gianni Versace. This jacket is short—mess-jacket length—and its faille lapels are edged with trapunto tube detail; high-waisted, pleated-front pants of zoot-suitish cut have a line of the same detail down the leg instead of a satin stripe. The suit is $950 at the men's store. The high V of a matching vest ($150) hits the chest halfway between the V of the jacket and that white funnel collar, which is worn without a necktie—a sharper image, to be sure. Claude Montana's black glove-leather jacket, hand-appliquéd with a birdlike Superman flash, is $1,900 at the same store; black leather belts trimmed either with silver-metal hexagons or with dimes and quarters are $115 at the Workshop; and narrow silk neckties from Memphis, the Milanese design collective, come in such schemes as magenta printed with big black blocks, or bright turquoise or fuchsia silk-screened with black jungle-cat prints, for $48 at both stores.

Ultra-modern design comes at different prices and serves different ends. The Uni-Ball pen, by Faber-Castell, has a high-tech matte-black case and a free-flowing metal point with a tungsten ball for writing or drawing; ninety-eight cents for the standard tip and $1.19 for the fine point, from most stationery stores, including Kroll, 145 East 54th Street. The latest tennis racquet from Prince, the oversized-racquet specialists, has a black graphite frame that contains two layers of a material called boron fibre. This fibre, which was developed by the aerospace industry and is used in the manufacture of the space shuttle, is six hundred per cent stiffer than steel and a hundred and twenty-five per cent stronger; the racquet is $435 at Feron's, 55 East 44th Street.

DROPPING out of the fast lane and reducing speed to a jog-trot, we headed for Second Childhood, at 283 Bleecker Street, in the Village. Here is a large array of old classic cast-iron and brightly painted tin wind-up toys, at collectors'—that is to say, grownup—prices. Some of the best of the one-of-a-kind pieces date from the nineteen-twenties, among them a chauffeur-driven red limousine ($1,250), a yellow taxicab ($385), and a version of the Manhattan skyline with a mechanical airplane flying over it on a wire

($395). There is also a collection of lead toy soldiers, dating from 1910 to the early fifties, and ranging in price from $1.50 to $35.

City walkers not in search of tin taxicabs—or real ones, either—may don their portable stereos and inform themselves as they progress. Walking-tour tapes prepared by Pathfinder Productions are rich in tidbits of architectural and historical knowledge about, severally, Fifth Avenue (from 41st to 59th Street); Wall Street and Olde New York; Greenwich Village; Chinatown, Little Italy, and SoHo; and Upper Fifth Avenue, or "Millionaire's Mile." Tapes are priced from $9.85 to $10.95 at various places, including Barnes & Noble, B. Dalton, and the bookstalls of Trinity Church and the Metropolitan Museum.

Francophiles and wider-ranging walkers may prepare or simply entertain themselves with the book "Long Walks in France," a guide to some of those thirty thousand kilometres of footpaths, by Adam Nicolson and Charlie Waite, a young English writer-and-photographer team who earlier published a guide to walking in their native island. Waite's photographs, many in color, are sensitive and affectionate. Nicolson's text is an amiable, anecdotal amalgam of history, literary criticism, and stories of people he met, including a *paysanne* in Quercy who told him that the truffles have almost disappeared from the district because the pigs had got too *perspicaces*. Published by Harmony at $17.95, the book is to be found at Endicott Booksellers and Books & Co., among other stores.

Kreeger & Sons, at 16 West 46th Street and 150 West 72nd Street, has everything for walks, long or short, in the country or in town. Kreeger's down-filled Grand Central parka is made of Gore-Tex laminated fabric, which means that it is windproof and almost completely waterproof and yet it "breathes," to allow moisture to escape. The parka is long enough to cover a suit jacket, and comes in a choice of navy or slate gray; $239.95. A backpack that is suitable for a one-day hike and is made in California is described by the store as representing the state of the art in that genre. It has special straps that the manufacturer describes as "anatomically contoured," and is padded where it hugs the wearer's back; $69.50. A collection of Swiss Army pocketknives ranges in price from $12.95 to $46.50. From the California firm of Tekna come high-quality, elegantly designed, almost indestructible flashlights (originally developed for deep-sea divers), ranging in price from $12.95 to $89.95.

After an absence of thirty years or so, knickers have returned to Brooks Brothers. In a slim, non-ballooning cut, suitable for hiking, and in a choice of whipcord, houndstooth tweeds, or plaid, they are $90. To complete the picture, a windbreaker jacket of almond-color suède with knitted rib trim is $235; wool plaid neckties are $14.50 apiece; and Argyle lamb's-wool-and-nylon over-the-calf socks are $8 a pair. At Paul Stuart, too, the outdoor life is more of an *idea* than anything else, and technology takes a back seat to gentrification and craft. A very warm, very light chestnut-color alpaca fabric goes into a roomily cut nineteen-thirties-style steamer coat. It has a double-breasted leather-toggle closing, an inside newspaper pocket, and, on the front, two capacious patch pockets; $584. Silk-knitted turtlenecks, to provide a skin of warmth below a sweater, can be had in red, blue, black, or white and are $39.50. A dress shirt in Sea Island cotton of a fineness difficult to find anymore comes in pencil stripes of pink or blue, in solid white, or in solid blue, écru, or pink with or without a contrasting white collar; $73. Bow ties of "gum twill," an Italian silk block-printed with antique paisley or foulard patterns, are $22.50 apiece. Paisley-pattern silk-crêpe pocket handkerchiefs are $23.50; black or brown capeskin gloves lined with silk are $55. Inch-wide black or brown alligator belts are $150 apiece. Also at Stuart are flannel nightshirts, in navy piped with red or in ho-ho-ho scarlet piped with green; $45.

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A Three-Day course at the fly-fishing school run by Orvis, the southern-Vermont fishing-rod and outdoor-life-supplies company, includes instruction in knot-tying and in casting accuracy, and also two nights' lodging and all meals. Participants visit the waters of the beautiful Battenkill River as well as the school's own well-stocked trout ponds. The fee is $365. Reservations for any of next summer's sessions may be made on application to Susan Elwell, the Orvis Fly Fishing School, 10 River Road, Manchester, Vermont 05254. "The Fishermen's Sourcebook," by Bill Wisner (Macmillan), provides browsing for anglers of every style, including deep-sea men and surf casters, with a rundown on where and how to catch the hundred most popular species of fish, not forgetting grunts, grunions, and ninety-one-and-a-half-pound wahoos; $24.95 at the Scribner Book Store.

The Brookstone Company, of 127 Vose Farm Road, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458, has long been known for its mail-order catalogue, a bible for lovers of gadgets, gizmos, and tools. Many of these are to be found ready to hand at the new Brookstone retail store, at 18 Fulton Street, in the South Street Seaport. A fence builder's tool, which will stretch, pull, and cut heavy-gauge wire, and perform many other functions, is $13.95; a brush for painting window sashes but not the glass is $4.95; and a set of three pliers with serrated jaws and odd-shaped noses that make them look like the freakier species in Wisner's book is $18.95.

For peaceful evening contemplation of the rose garden, there are teak garden benches from Erkins Sculpture Garden. Their style and proportion are of Jeffersonian rightness; they are put together with traditional mortise-and-tenon joinery, and made to last a long lifetime. A six-foot bench, with a slatted seat and a back with arms, is $675 in the style that Erkins calls Severn. Erkins is at 4848 Franklin Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212. And for making music of one's own, there are especially handsome black-walnut pianos—in a limited edition—that Steinway & Sons decided to make this year. From $14,400 for a baby grand to $24,500 for a music-room grand, at Steinway, 109 West 57th Street.

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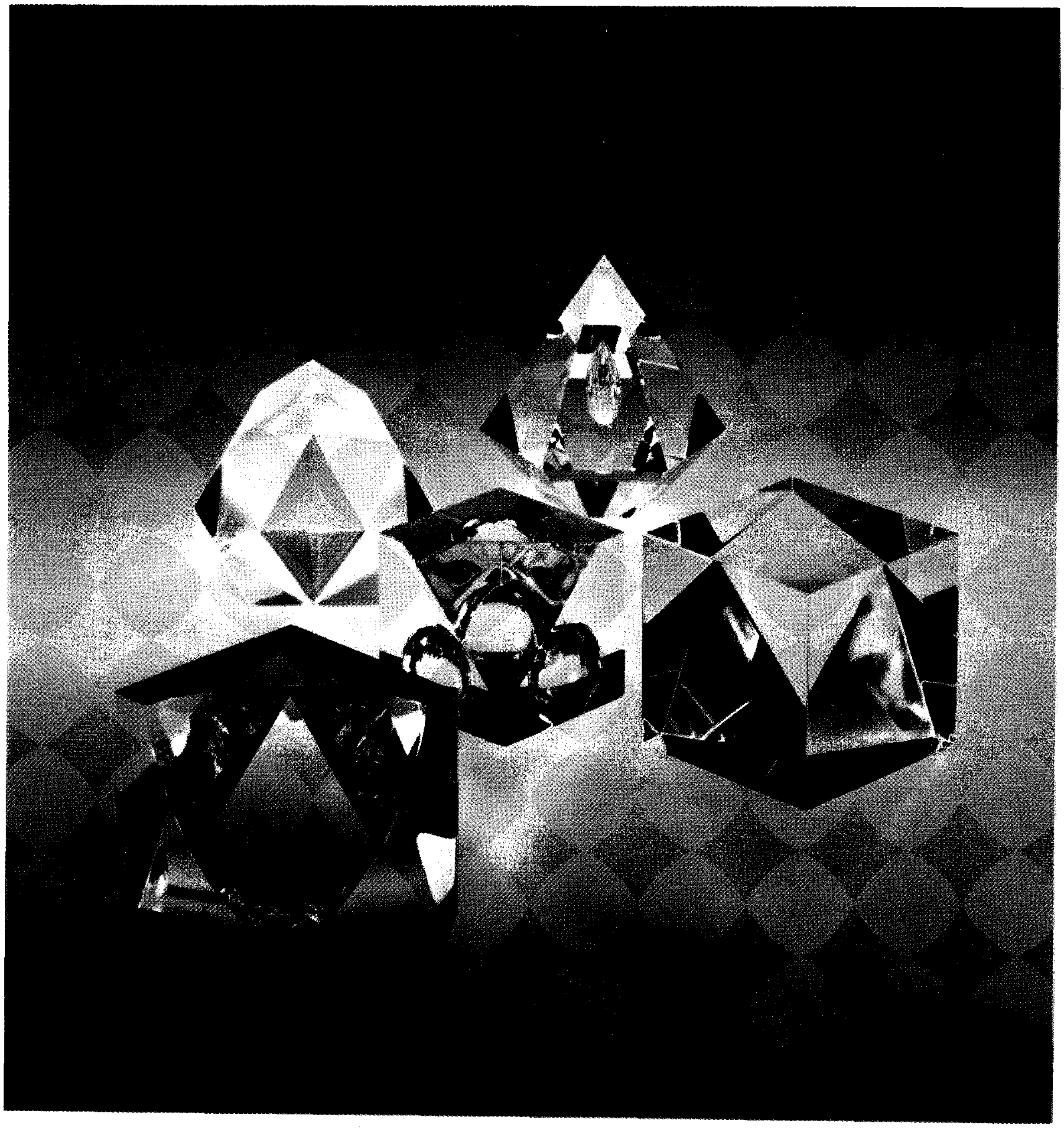

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quarian and out-of-print books named Timothy Mawson will send out one of his profoundly civilized pamphlets (with chapter headings decorated by woodcuts) listing titles in a number of special fields of interest: gardening, food and wine, or British life. Mr. Mawson's large current stock includes classic early-twentieth-century garden writing by Gertrude Jekyll and William Robinson and later writings on the same subject by Peter Coats, Geoffrey Grigson, Miles Hadfield, and Vita Sackville-West. Here are works on natural history, including a 1922-26 four-volume history of ducks, illustrated with prints, for $2,500, and works by twentieth-century British illustrators ranging from Cecil Beaton to Rex Whistler. For oenophiles, there is Edward Hyams' "Dionysus," for $45, and Alec Waugh's "In Praise of Wine" and André Simon's "Wine," for $25 each. A first edition of Harry Craddock's legendary "Savoy Cocktail Book" is $120. Mr. Mawson is available, by appointment, at 134 West 92nd Street; telephone 874-6839.

Special assortments of reading matter may be commissioned from the Traveller's Bookstore, 22 West 52nd Street, where there is a wide variety of guides and travel books. The new "Access" guides to various places, including Los Angeles and New York City, originate in California and are peppy, thoroughly informative books, described as a cross between Michelin and "The Whole Earth Catalogue;" they come in tall, softcover form with well-designed graphics and layouts. The Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Hawaii guides are $9.95 each, and the New York City guide is $11.95. Deak-Perera, the foreign-currency firm, has come up with a credit-card-size calculator specifically designed to enable a traveller to convert his money into foreign currency according to exchange rates that are programmed into its continuous memory; $19.95, at 41 East 42nd Street, among other Deak-Perera branches. And there is still time to arrange for someone to participate in bird-watching and nature tours on the islands of Trinidad and Tobago. A ten-night stay at the Asa Wright Nature Center on Trinidad plus a four-night stay on Tobago, with extensive guided explorations on each, costs $1,408, plus airfare, per person. Participants may expect to hike through a rain forest spotting blue-headed parrots, and experience sunsets during which scarlet ibis and egrets arrive by the thousand to settle for the night in the mangrove trees. Get in touch with the Trinidad and Tobago Tourist Board, or Wonder Bird Tours, 500 Fifth Avenue; telephone 840-5961.

The Reinhold-Brown Gallery, 26 East 78th Street, is holding an exhibition of witty, sculptural cardboard packaging designs by the Japanese designer Katsu Kimura. The collection, all of whose items are for sale, includes such Pop Art transmutations as a box shaped like a square blue sneaker, with a separable tube of white sock, for $25; six-and-a-half-inch-tall versions of flip-top cigarette boxes, in green and white or red and white, filled with small cardboard boxes suggesting individual cigarettes, for $25; and a box that plays on the idea of an egg, with a brown or white rectangular "shell" that breaks jaggedly to reveal a saffron-colored square cardboard "yolk" within, for $15. Among the reams of reading matter we undertook to peruse in our Christmas researches was a whole book on the subject of Japanese package design. A professor from the University of Tokyo wrote, in its introduction, "The Japanese believe that the feelings of respect or gratitude of either the presenter or the seller of a package are revealed in the way he has wrapped it." Despairing gift shoppers will perhaps take heart from the suggestion that presentation may be all. Kimura's boxes can fit nicely round a Piaget watch, a bow tie, or a ticket to Tobago, but they also make terrific presents simply filled with air.

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

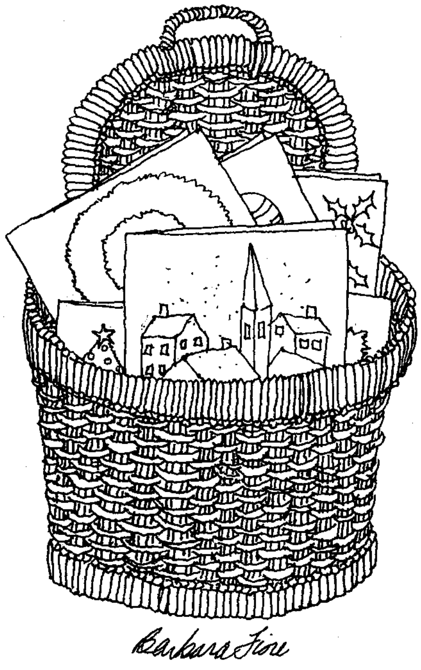
PEOPLE have gone bananas about food, on both sides of the counter. Purveyors and consumers, abetted by the Fourth Estate, have turned eating into a nightmare of choices. Nobody seems able to leave anything alone, and the constant gussying up by enthusiastic but misguided "gourmet" cooks does the basic ingredients no favor. Unsymbiotic combinations and over-decorated food are spreading like wildfire (a button of goat cheese rolled in ground walnuts, wrapped in a radicchio leaf, topped with a dab of pesto and a slice of kiwi, the whole secured by a toothpick). When it comes to food, the line between imagination and overkill is not a fine one; the deciding factor is the palate. An unadorned rib roast is beginning to take on the beauty that 1 × 1 has for a mathematician. At the root of the problem is the word "gourmet," which has done more harm to good food than the microwave oven, but, fortunately, that word is not part of the Christmas lexicon. A traditional Christmas feast is welcome to children and adults alike. Back to basics.

Back to basics like caviar. At Zabar's, beluga is $149.95 for fourteen ounces—down twenty dollars from last year, and practically a fire-sale price in caviar circles, which most of us do not move in. However, Zabar's also has plain cooked baby shrimp from Greenland for $8 a pound. (We have been told that these shrimp are cooked immediately after they're caught, right on the fishing boat.) They are tender, and with the addition of some green mayonnaise or a vinaigrette would make a superior first course for all ages. E.A.T., 867 Madison Avenue (72nd) and 1064 Madison (80th), makes marvellous crabmeat balls about the size of a large marble; $1 for each aggie, and worth it even if you can manage only one per person. Neuman & Bogdonoff, 1385 Third Avenue (79th), will have either shrimp or lobster bisque daily throughout the holidays, both exceptional—on a par with their oyster stew, but more difficult to pull off successfully. Paul Neuman says he has worked hard to perfect them, and his efforts have paid off. The bisques have flavor and a good consistency (without benefit of cornstarch or flour); $6.50 a pint for the shrimp, $7.50 for the lobster.

Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, has Christmas birds—goose, turkey, capon, quail, free-range chicken—ready for cooking, or D. & D. will cook them for you. We bought a raw four-pound chicken, decorated with thyme and stuffed with a partly sliced lemon, and ended up with as fine a chicken as we've ever eaten; $10, and plenty good enough for Christmas dinner. Michel Guérard, at Bloomingdale's, also sells uncooked birds, with a mixture of cream cheese, shallots, prosciutto and parsley under the skin, so that the bird is self-basting. This sounds gloppy but isn't; the bird is moist, and a sauce is unnecessary. A guinea hen is $8, and a big chicken is $18. Ruslan, 1067 Madison Avenue (81st) and 435 East 86th Street, has perfectly cooked quail, with wild mushrooms and a lovely sauce. Quail have to be worth the fuss of dealing with all those little bones, and these are; $13.50 for two. Neuman & Bogdonoff is gilding the lily with a fillet of beef wrapped—no, not *en croûte*—in veal. Expensive wrapping indeed, but a change from that old war-horse, beef Wellington. It comes browned and ready to cook, with instructions, or they will cook it for you. One weighing from two and a half to three and a half pounds will serve about eight people; $25 a pound. Lobel's, 1096 Madison Avenue (82nd), is able to get unfrozen *small* turkeys (around six pounds), thus performing a service for all those who would be happy to have a Christmas turkey if they didn't have to eat it in one form or another for the next ten days; around $3 a pound, unstuffed. A stuffing of ground chicken, herbs, bread crumbs, and sautéed onions is $7 more, and must be specially ordered.

Just about everyone except Ronald McDonald is turning out a bûche de Noël this Christmas. E.A.T.'s blockbuster is really a chocolate roll with chocolate truffle cream, dusted with cocoa; $12 a pound. It is also sold by the slice. This bûche combines dessert and candy, and has the slightly lopsided, homemade look that is the mark of Eli Zabar's creations. E.A.T. is able to get cream from some cows in Pennsylvania which is so thick that it barely pours. Just a dollop of this on the bûche should bring the guests to their knees. It will remind those over fifty of their childhood—not such a bad idea at Christmas; $10 a pint. Flourings, 340 East 11th Street (a shop we wish we'd got on to before now), makes a somewhat less rich bûche that might go over better with children: sponge cake, mocha butter cream, fudge frosting, no booze, and decorated with meringue flora and gingerbread fauna (mushrooms and bunnies); $20 for one that would feed ten. *Pour épater* the assembled company, order a croquembouche from Pierrot, 108 Montague Street, in Brooklyn Heights. (A croquembouche is a pinnacle of small cream puffs, each dipped in caramelized sugar, which serves as the glue that holds the whole thing together. The French are given to serving this on special occasions, and they are right.) Kerrie and Oscar Buitrago, who run Pierrot, prefer to fill the puffs with crème pâtissière (it holds up better: the puffs don't get soggy as time passes), but they will use whipped cream if it's requested; $60 minimum—this beautiful dessert is a brute to make. The minimum would feed eight. What children would really like is the Tartufo or the Snowman from New York Ice, 113 Seventh Avenue South (Christopher Street). The Tartufo is a snowball (of vanilla or chocolate ice cream) covered with a thin layer of hard chocolate. Biting into it is reminiscent of biting into a Good Humor back in the days when the chocolate was darker; the chocolate *couverture* shatters in the mouth—a sensation that costs $2. The Snowman is constructed of three graduated scoops of vanilla ice cream dusted with coconut. He wears a licorice hat and licorice boots, but his eyes, nose, and buttons are chocolate; $3. The ice cream is so good, as is the chocolate, that many adults would not turn up their noses at either. Anyway, snooty grownups can always have plum pudding. Lanciani, 271 West 4th Street, makes a pudding that serves ten; it costs $18, *with* hard sauce. (Everyone likes hard sauce. The ideal ratio is a teaspoon of pudding on top of a tablespoon of hard sauce.) Lanciani is making only a limited number of puddings, and they must be ordered in advance. Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), which has been turning out proper plum puddings longer than any other shop in New York, makes them in four sizes, for $10 a pound plus a $2 crock fee; the smallest is a pound and a quarter. You may be sure the recipe is authentic.

Some pâtes de fruits would wind up the meal nicely. They're a sort of high-class gumdrop, only square, and they look pretty. Candy stores continue to spring up like dandelions, and Bloomingdale's now harbors Dalloyau, the Paris bonbon-maker. Dalloyau's pâtes de fruits are $15 a pound, and they are packaged in smaller quantities as well. Dean & DeLuca also carries French pâtes de fruits; there are more flavors than at Dalloyau, and a box of two dozen mixed is $11. They can also be bought individually for forty-five cents. For those who feel deprived if there aren't any chocolates at the end of Christmas dinner, there is a new plain chocolate truffle in town, so molten that it is hard to cut neatly. It is to be found at Corné de la Toison d'Or, in the Trump Tower (out of Brussels). The chocolate-covered orange peels combine the best of both worlds; $24 a pound, both for the truffles and the orange peels. To cleanse the palate after a feast, try the crystallized ginger at Bloomingdale's. It's hot and chewy, and costs $4.50 a pound.



In some families, fish is traditional on Christmas Eve (a tradition originating in the fact that it was a day of abstinence in the Catholic Church for centuries). Tania Hutchason, who runs Ruslan, says that in Russia fish is still a traditional fixture of the Christmas Eve spread. This year, Ruslan is making a fish-shaped feuilletée containing fillets of salmon flavored with dill. It's delicate, and charming to look at. (It could use some sauce—beurre blanc, perhaps.) Mrs. Hutchason says it will feed two Russians or four people of any other nationality; $15 a pound. Also new this year is the mushroom pie. The crust is in the shape of *Boletus edulis* and is filled with an aromatic combination of fresh and dried wild mushrooms; $11 a pound. It should be served warm, and will feed ten Americans. Ruslan will also make these pies in the small piroshki size for ninety-five cents each—very nice with a bowl of clear soup. For a simpler supper, Neuman & Bogdonoff's oyster stew is as robust as ever, with tender oysters, not rubber ones; $6 a pint. Sarabeth's Kitchen, 412 Amsterdam Avenue (79th) and 1295 Madison Avenue (92nd), is cooking up some thick, creamy, meatless soups that stick to the ribs. The tomato with cheddar cheese is the best and, with some of the shop's seven-grain bread, would make a satisfying meal; $10 a quart, $17 for two quarts, plus a dollar deposit for the jar. The seven-grain bread is $2 or $4, depending on the size of the loaf. Les Délices, 939 First Avenue (52nd) and three other locations, has a soup du jour that tastes homemade. The mushroom, carrot, tomato, and lentil soups

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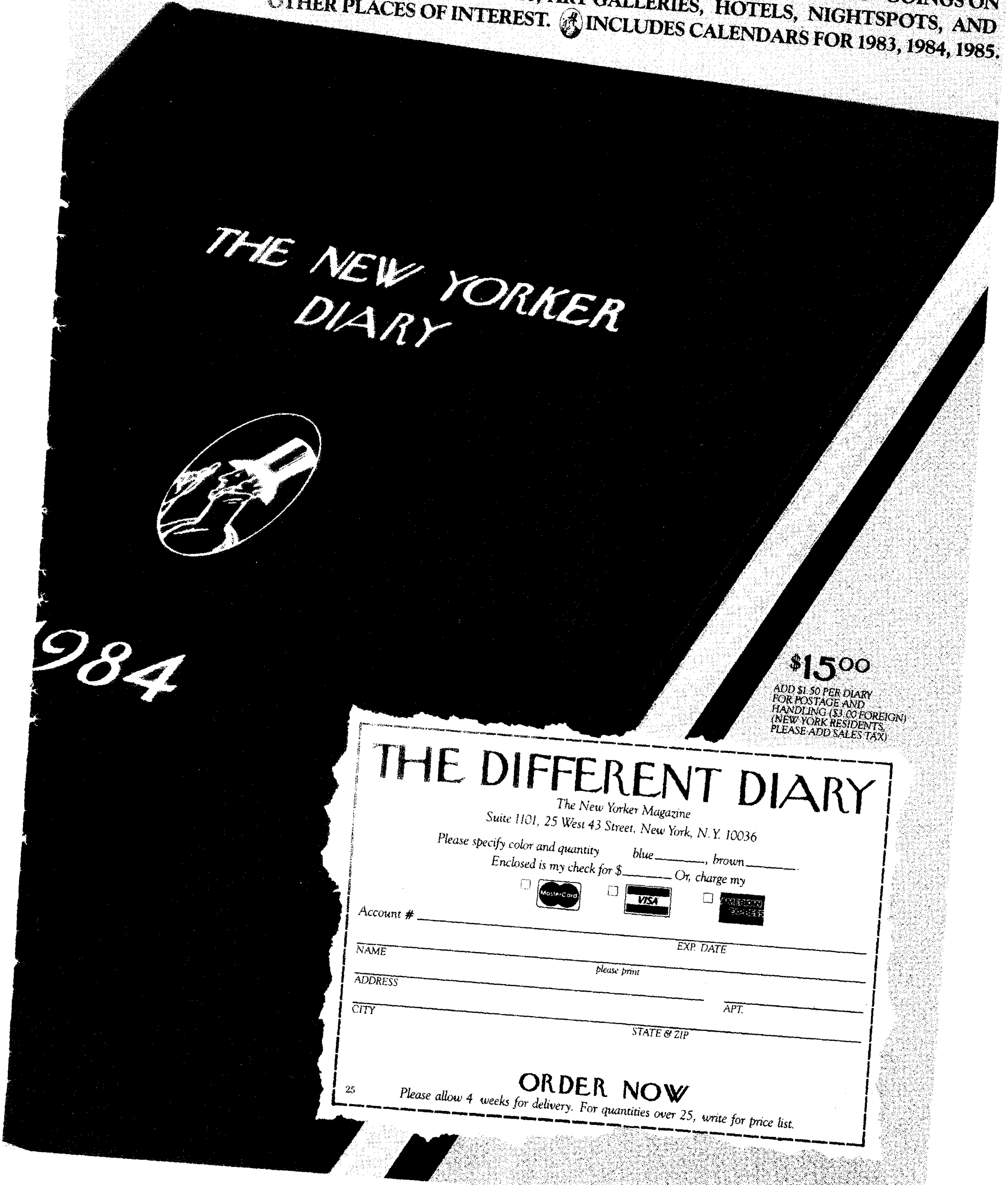

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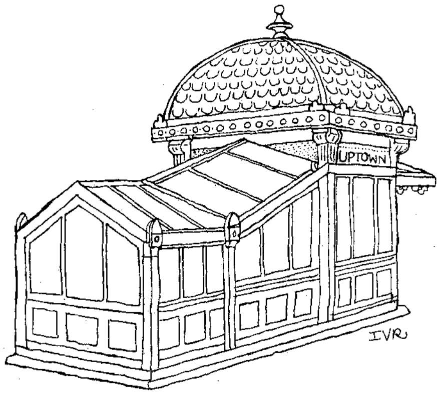
are sieved, and the potato-and-leek is not; $2.75 a pint. There has been an avalanche of carrot cakes, cranberry muffins, sticky buns, and other sweet breads—the kind of thing that's served in country inns shortly after the Martinis arrive, to fill in the pause between drinks and the first course. We're not quite sure when these are supposed to be eaten—for breakfast, perhaps, or for tea, or after coming home from a Christmas Eve service. They are comforting and substantial, but they don't really go with anything except coffee, tea, hot chocolate, or milk. Good Enough to Eat, 424 Amsterdam Avenue (80th), has little tea loaves (sour-cream-and-apple, carrot, and banana, among others) for $3 each; mini muffins, in several flavors, are $4.80 a dozen. The babka is noteworthy and pleasingly decorated with tiny green leaves and a *few* candied cherries (not maraschino cherries); $18 for one that would feed twelve. A small, delicious lemon or gingerbread loaf is $6 a pound at Country Host; the loaves weigh about half a pound. Leonard Baking Company, 1412 Third Avenue (80th), has a superb apple cake that is both moist and light, with hunks of apple in it; a cake six inches in diameter costs $4.95. Pierrot still has the best brioches around (seventy-five cents each), but Les Délices makes half-size brioches for $6 a dozen, and mini brioches and mini croissants for forty cents apiece. (The mini ones must be ordered.)

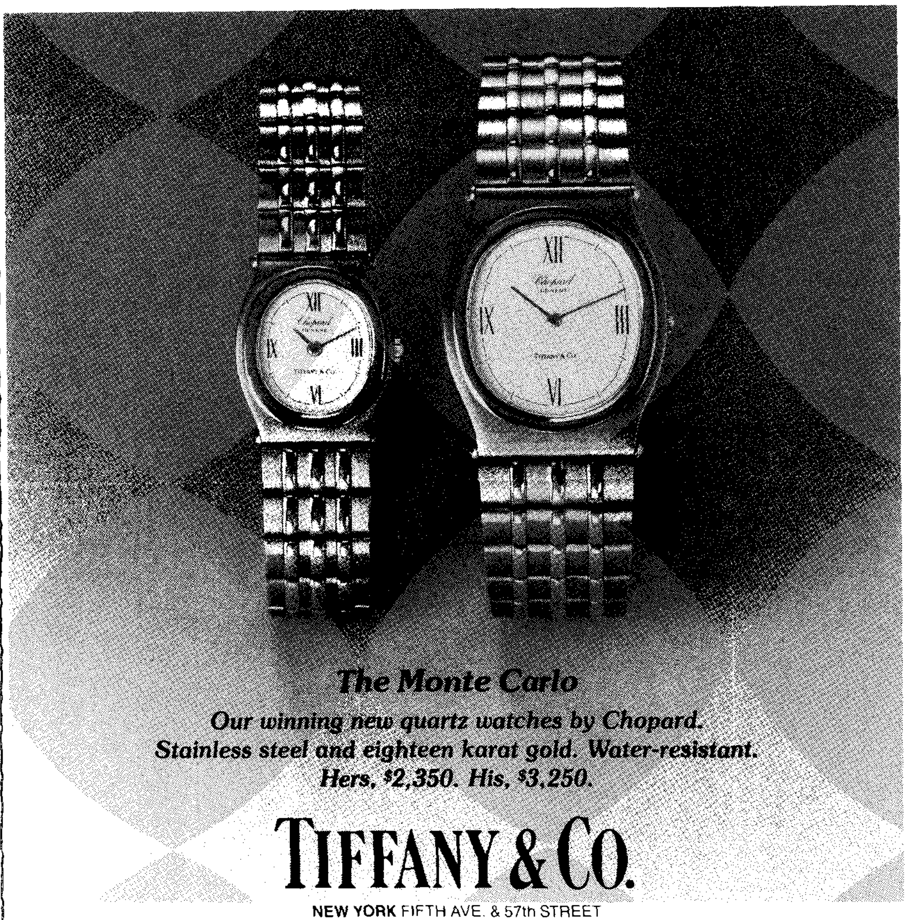
FOR those hoping to give a Christmas buffet with a minimum of effort, the news is good if the pocketbook can stand the strain. Leonard sells four kinds of cheese sticks (plain, bacon, poppy, and caraway) for $12 a pound—about seventy sticks. They should be heated up and then allowed to cool for ten minutes before they are served. They will be gone in a trice. Mme. Germaine (of Queens), who is really a caterer, still makes and delivers the giant brioches, hollowed out and filled with ninety small sandwiches. There is a choice of fillings—foie-gras mousse, chicken mousse, ham, swiss cheese, turkey, or cream cheese and watercress—and you're allowed four different fillings in each brioche; $27. A brioche filled only with smoked-salmon sandwiches is $35. Pain Louis XV is a round whole-wheat loaf that holds fifty or sixty sandwiches ($23), and Pain Royale, a cylindrical brioche, holds from thirty to thirty-five ($20). The sandwiches are tempting, easy to eat, and the presentation keeps them from curling up at the edges; telephone 392-7284. Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue (9th), makes a commendable smoked-salmon mousse from a Scottish recipe of disarming simplicity: smoked salmon, cream, and sherry. Spread on toast and served with drinks, it would do instead of a first course; $3.49 for a quarter pound. Zabar's is carrying its Christmas Special again this year—a side of pre-sliced smoked Scotch salmon. (Each side weighs a pound or more.) It comes in a vacuum pouch, and will keep for two weeks in the icebox. The slicing leaves something to be desired, but, at $15.95 a pound, who cares? Macy's sells some perfectly O.K. smoked salmon from the Faroe Islands for $15 a pound. Les Délices makes several pâtés, of which the three-fish and the pheasant *en croûte* are the best. The fish pâté resembles a brick of strawberry, vanilla, and tutti-frutti ice cream, but tastes much better; $12.50 per pound. The pheasant pâté with foie-gras mousse is moist, and the flavor and texture are good; $14 a pound. Neuman & Bogdonoff has one of the best chicken salads around. The chicken is cut in strips, and there are strips of red and green peppers; $10 a pound. A superior *saucisson* can be bought at Dean & DeLuca—*saucisson à l'ail*, peppery and unfatty—for $6.75 a pound uncooked, $7.50 a pound poached. The Autumn Salad at E.A.T. (it's red and green, and could pass as a Christmas salad) consists of small unpeeled red potatoes, roasted red and yellow peppers, crisps of ham, and parsley tossed in a slightly sweet dressing. It's as good to eat as it is to look at; $12 a pound.

Italian cheeses are very much in evidence this year, possibly because of pastamania. The better ones are soft and mild without being bland. Bill Hyde, who arrived at Bloomingdale's a year ago (by way of Balducci's and DDL Foodshow) to take over the management of the food halls, has gone to work on the cheese department. One of his goals is to have the cheeses *à point*. A sweet Gorgonzola (as opposed to a Gorgonzola *picante*), for example, has a shelf life of only two weeks after it has left the aging cave. It should be white and creamy, as it is at Bloomingdale's, where it sells for $8 a pound. Taleggio has a pale-orange washed rind and looks rather like a firm Brie but is milder. It improves with age; around $8 a pound at Bloomingdale's, Dean & DeLuca, and many other stores. Our favorite is Paglietta, a soft-ripening cheese the size of a small Camembert, with a mild but distinct farm flavor and smell; around $4 at Dean & DeLuca, et al. Mr. Hyde told us that a Frenchwoman with a discriminating eye and palate, named Marie-Claude Chaleix, scouts France for the best goat cheeses. All the cheesemongers seem to agree that her taste is impec, and consider her imprimatur a guarantee of quality. This is just as well, given the excessive number of goat cheeses around in all their infinite variety. Usually, we can't remember one goat cheese from another once we're out the door, but we did like one from New York State called Chèvre de Goat Folks, which should be eaten very young (when it's two days old, in fact). It has a fresh, clean taste, and a cylinder, approximately half a pound, costs $4 at Bloomingdale's. For a change of pace, Dean & DeLuca has a hard English cheese from Lancashire with a subtle flavor—something that is lacking in most English cheeses; $5 a pound. The Shelburne Farms Vermont cheddar, a creamy sharp cheese, is $4.50 a pound. None of the above are in the same league as Vacherin; $8 a pound at Pasta & Cheese, and available at other stores as well.



For a grand buffet, Pierrot will make a nougatine cornucopia, filled with assorted sorbets or with *fruits déguisés* (fresh fruits dipped in egg white and then in sugar, so they look frosted), or both. The price depends on the size and contents, and advance notice is required. Pierrot also makes marvellous small tarts (especially the mincemeat) for $2 apiece. Neuman & Bogdonoff's latticed mincemeat tarts are outstanding, and cost $4.25 each. The petits fours at Pâtisserie Claude, 187 West 4th Street, are $7 a pound, and well worth investigating. There are usually six or eight kinds on hand; the hazelnut meringue is the pick of the lot. Rosemary Miller's, 197 East 76th Street, makes a ginger cake of character, which is sold by the square for ninety cents or in a small loaf for $2. A tiny almond cookie, the size of a mothball cut in half, with chocolate in the middle, is a delectable morsel; $7.50 a pound. One of Sarabeth's Tante cakes would stretch a long way on a buffet table. Each cake is named after either a real or an imaginary aunt—Margaret, Ruby, Peachy, Sara, Elsa, and Anna. We particularly like Elsa (a glazed lemon-and-buttermilk pound cake with a chewy outside) and Anna (a Russian honey cake with raisins, nuts, and black coffee); $20 for a large molded cake serving twelve. The dessert we would most like to spot on a buffet table is the Tarte Tatin from Michel Guérard. (The full name is Tarte des Demoiselles Tatin. It was invented by two spinster ladies, who apparently had a lot of time to experiment—it's tricky to make.) Tarte Tatin is an upside-down apple tart, with the apples caramelized to the precise point where, with any luck, a thick brown juice will spill down the sides when the tart is turned out. It is divine; $13 for one that will feed from six to eight people. Some of E.A.T.'s cream would be great on this, and a tray of E.A.T.'s glacé fruit (apricots, pears, plums, clementines, and white, red, and green figs) would be a pretty sight on a buffet table; each little sugarplum will set you back $1.

THERE are a variety of comestibles to give the cook a break during the holiday season—chicken potpie, for example. Even though most people do not thrill to the sight of a chicken potpie, it can be well-made, and it is soothing fare. E.A.T. will provide one big enough for four people, with white and dark meat, leeks, little French onions, and French mushrooms; $31.50, including the dish. (You have to buy the dish.) Pasta & Cheese carries a small pie (it would serve two non-Russians) for $5. It is dated for consumption but could be frozen for emergencies. Our favorite is Neuman & Bogdonoff's. There is plenty of chicken and the crust is remarkable; a small one is $7.50. They will make a large one to serve ten, in your own dish, for around $70. Pâtisserie Claude makes a savory cheese or spinach quiche for one; both are $1. Any grateful person wishing to give the cook a real treat should stop off at Michel Guérard and study the cold *plats:* chicken salad roofed with fresh



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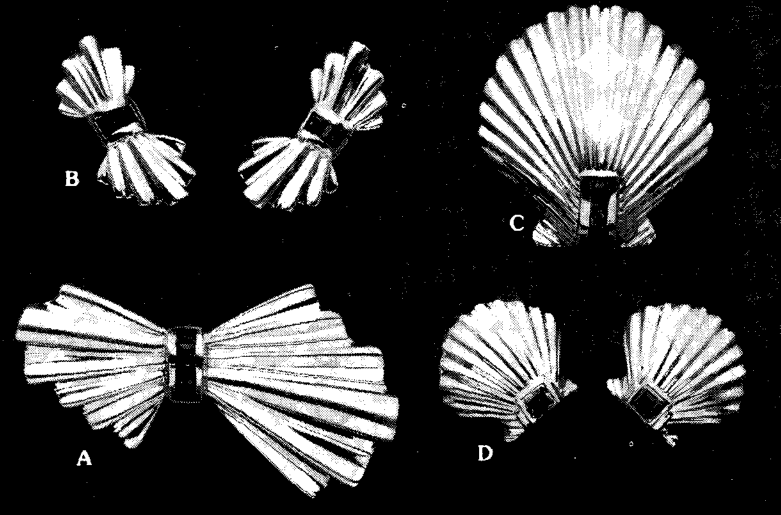
asparagus ($16 a pound), shrimp, mussel, and cucumber ($20 a pound), artichoke heart filled with lobster salad ($6.50 each)—the selection varies from day to day. The dressings are inclined to be on the bland side (lemon juice improves them), but the ingredients and combinations and presentation are first-rate. They look as though a good cook had gone to considerable pains because company was coming. As a change from Christmas fare, a somewhat less expensive meal could be put together from Tashjian & Kalustyan, the Lebanese store, which has recently moved to 123 Lexington Avenue (28th). They have been in business for many years, and they stick to their last. Arpiar Afarian makes everything except the stuffed grape leaves, which he considers women's work "because their fingers are smaller." The stuffed grape leaves are $5.80 a pound (about sixteen); the hummus, the smoky baba ghanouj, and the tabbouleh are $2.75 a half pound. The couscous (Lebanese, and coarser and tastier than the Moroccan) is $3.50 a pound. While you're there, you might consider some Turkish honey (with the honeycomb) at $7 a pound. Très Chocolat is a new line of ice cream, from California. There are eight flavors, all chocolate-based, and we particularly liked the Chocolate Decadence, the Chocolate Hazelnut Fudge, and the Chocolate Cappuccino. They are creamy and chocolaty, and are available at Zabar's, Balducci's, and Neuman & Bogdonoff, among many places. They would be nice to have in the freezer in case one has to produce a dessert on short notice.

Small presents for the cook should include some French butter. Bloomingdale's has two kinds, Échiré and Super-Isigny, for $3.50 a half pound. Échiré has a nutty taste, and Super-Isigny hasn't—or maybe it's the other way around. Both butters are so special that such fine points are *ennuyeux*. The Normandy butter at Pasta & Cheese is sold in bulk for $5 a pound. Pasta & Cheese also has fresh herbs by the bunch; from $2.20 to $3.75 (for tarragon). Last year, Pasta & Cheese tried selling dried herbs by the pinch, but the fastidious public apparently didn't go for that, so this year the dried herbs are in jars, each with a label on both the side and the top—a convenience for those who store jars on their sides. There is too much fancy mustard at large, so it is a pleasure to find big jars of plain Dijon-type mustard at reasonable prices. Zabar's has a thirty-eight-ounce jar of Maître Jacques mustard—a basic hot mustard—for $3.98. (A thirteen-ounce jar of Maître Jacques cornichons is $1.98. If he keeps up the good work, Maître Jacques is on the way to becoming the housewife's best friend.) The Dijon mustard in Bloomingdale's The Gourmet line is also excellent, and comes in three sizes; a thirty-ounce jar (the largest) is $5.50. The line includes over two hundred and fifty items, attractively packaged with a nod to the French Provincial. Mr. Hyde has been knocking himself out for the past eight months, mostly in France, trying to find foodstuffs that are more than just edible when they're removed from their tins or jars (uphill work, even in France). Besides the mustard, a few bouquets garnis would be appreciated by the cook; $5 for a two-and-a-half-ounce jar. Small capers are hard to find; here, a seven-ounce jar is $5. A twelve-and-a-half-ounce tin of Fine Breton butter cookies is $12.50, and would come in handy when the cook is feeling peckish. The canned ratatouille is decent; the vegetables have retained some of their texture and taste, and it could pass as homemade-by-a-cook-in-a-terrible-hurry. Dean & DeLuca carries the Paul Corcellet white asparagus; a fifteen-and-a-half-ounce jar is $10.05. A two-pound tin of Brillat white asparagus is $11.90, and a better deal except that the spears are the size of small logs (only eight or nine in a tin), so a guest might get just two—a pitiful sight on a plate. One of the great problems about canning or preserving is that everything is apt to turn to mush; both the Corcellet asparagus and the Brillat are firm. Dean & DeLuca also sells Valrhona—a French chocolate—in bulk, in four flavors, for $7.50 a pound. We have found one soup worth storing in the larder (other than chicken and beef broths for stock): the French Fish Soup with Cognac sold by Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street. A twenty-eight-ounce jar is $7.95, and would serve six. With the addition of some cream (light), it is a presentable soup; with the addition of a few pieces of fish, it is more than presentable.

There are a number of appealing food presents this year. Charlotte's, 146 Chambers Street, will ship (overnight service) extraordinary warm-smoked salmon for $14 a pound, plus shipping cost. A pound of very golden Swedish caviar called Löjrom is $40; telephone 732-7939. For true tea lovers only, Bloomingdale's has a Darjeeling tea called Sungma, made of the smallest, tenderest, most recherché tea leaves, and they'd better be, because Sungma costs $84 a pound. Prepared to scoff, we tried it, and found that it is a treat. Only half a teaspoon is required for each cup. Very light in color, it is refreshing, thirst-quenching, and surprisingly unlike any other Darjeeling we've ever had. On a less lofty scale, Pasta & Cheese now carries three of Mark T. Wendell's teas, in tea-bag form: English Breakfast, Earl Grey, and Hu-Kwa. Mark T. Wendell is an old Boston (now Concord) firm, in business practically since the Tea Party, from which untold numbers of serious tea drinkers have always ordered their tea (loose, of course). Twenty-five tea bags cost $2.75. A five-pound bag of pistachio nuts is $25 at Zabar's, and a five-pound wheel of Black Diamond cheddar cheese is $29.95 here. Black Diamond is a straightforward, strong Canadian cheese, which we recommend for cooking and for eating with apple pie. It comes in smaller sizes as well, and is a good buy. Rosemary Miller's makes a Risotto Kit—a large glass jar packed with Arborio rice, dried porcini, two garlic cloves, a fresh truffle, two ounces of Parmesan cheese, and a recipe. The price varies according to the size of the truffle: with small truffle, $49.95; with large truffle, $59.95. Ten days advance notice is required. Lanciani puts up a selection of Christmas cookies—pfeffernüsse, chocolate leaves, sablés, Russian tea cakes—in a black-and-white checked tin box; $15 for a pound and a half. We don't much like fruitcake, and are therefore unable to spot the winners among the ones available. Pierrot and Lanciani think they have wonderful fruitcakes. Pierrot makes both a light and a dark cake, and Mrs. Buitrago reports that she is reluctantly putting more rum in hers at the clients' request; $10 a pound. Lanciani also makes two kinds, both marinated in brandy; one is the traditional dark English fruitcake and the other is an apricot-date cake. They can be bought at Pasta & Cheese as well as at the mother house; $11.95 for a pound and a quarter, $19.95 for two and a half pounds. La Violette, 225 Court Street, in Brooklyn, has delicious brownies and lemon squares gift-wrapped together for $9.95. As for jams, those in Bloomingdale's The Gourmet line cost from $4.50 to $9.50 for a seventeen-and-a-half-ounce jar; Biassac jams are from $3.50 to $4.50 for a thirteen-ounce jar at Pasta & Cheese; Zabar's stocks more than twelve jams called Bonne Maman, ranging in price from $1.49 to $1.98 for a thirteen-ounce jar. All these jams are French. Elsenham Vintage, which is English, is carried by Pasta & Cheese; a twelve-ounce jar of strawberry is $6, and a jar of marmalade is $5. We always test the strawberry jam and try to pretend one is better than another. These are all winners; take your pick, and don't be fooled into thinking one is superior to the rest because it's wearing a calico mobcap. Chocolates by M, 61 West 62nd Street, is another bijou candy store, but this one has the serenity of an elegant jeweller's, without the hauteur. M stands for Maimie Lee, a Chinese woman from Shanghai who bought a candy store in Queens ten years ago, where she learned the art of making candy from the former owner, a Viennese *chocolatier*. All the chocolates are handmade and hand-dipped on the premises. There are dark chocolates, milk chocolates, fortune "cookies" (with a fortune inside), fudge, and many others—but, happily, no chocolates filled with crème fraîche, possibly one of the biggest taste disappointments in candyland. The Kahlúa truffles (espresso chocolate dusted with cocoa) and the undusted plain truffles are excellent, but the chocolate-covered caramels are even better. The caramel is exactly the right degree of chewiness, and a box of these would make a conventional but welcome present. The candies are from $19 to $21 a pound; the fortune cookies are $10 a dozen, or $1 each. Rosemary Miller's has found an upstate woman who makes exquisite meringue-and-chocolate mushrooms; a small one is fifty cents and a large one is sixty cents. Enough sweeties. Bloomingdale's will ship Florida fruit to wherever. A nine-pound box of giant navel or-



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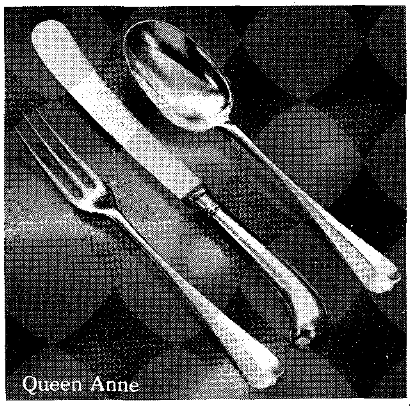

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anges is $12.95; an eleven-pound box of red grapefruit is $14.95; and a mixture of the two (a half bushel) is $16.95.

We recently spent an intoxicating twenty minutes touring a refrigerated trailer housed in a modern red brick warehouse—named, in a triumph of fantasy over reality, the Percy Bysshe Shelley Building—in Long Island City. (Queens is where the food is actually at these days.) The warehouse is headquarters for Flying Foods International, a business started a couple of years ago by three young men, Walter Martin, Paul Moriates, and Andy Udelson, for the purpose of flying what hunters and gatherers have found in one part of the world to other parts of the world (chiefly the United States) and thence to high-powered restaurants and food stores. Their staff numbers thirty-five, plus some teenagers from the Lexington School for the Deaf, who are hired to work in the warehouse. (Both Mr. Martin and his wife "sign.") In the office, there are blackboards listing what's available in which country, and notices such as "CAUTION—Friday 11/11 Rungis is going to be closed again because of the celebration of the peace treaty of W.W.I. The orders have to be placed by Wed. P.M." Besides the refrigerated trailer for vegetables and fruits, there are two refrigerated huts, one for game and meat and one for fish. In the trailer, we were surrounded by zucchini, eggplant, turnips, carrots, pattypan squash (with blossoms), and artichokes—none of them over two inches long; yellow, red, purple, and white bell peppers; many exotic or out-of-season fruits; and several things unknown to us. The variety and perfection of the produce would have knocked the socks off Lucullus, presentation be damned. Flying Foods deals in quantity, and unless you want a bushel of live sea urchins, or a hundred and thirty miniature turnips, or ten pounds of *trompettes de la mort*, you had better stick to your favorite fishmonger and Paradise Market, 1100 Madison Avenue (83rd). Flying Foods is launching a small mail-order business. Among the tempting items are fresh foie gras *demi-cuit*, one and a half pounds of which costs $99.50; smoked wild Scotch salmon, pre-sliced, $67.50 for two and a half pounds; and Italian sun-dried tomatoes, two pounds for $24.50. They will make up a large basket containing miniature vegetables, fresh wild mushrooms, white asparagus, peppers, and fresh herbs for $75; telephone 706-0825. There are branch offices in Boston, Philadelphia, Houston, and Dallas.

La Violette will send usable, not too grand gift baskets that don't have the corporate-gift look. A bread basket fitted with three small baskets containing dried fruit (apricots and pineapple) and natural-colored pistachios is $6.95. For the kiddies, or a family, a calico-lined basket of milk chocolates (animals, cars, crayons, a parrot, a champagne bottle, and other jolly items wrapped in foil) plus a few lollipops and a tin of La Vosgienne hard candies would not go unappreciated; $19.50. A porcini basket contains twenty grams of dried porcini, nine and a half ounces of sun-dried tomatoes in oil, a small black truffle, a string of sun-dried Italian peppers (very pretty), and a hand-painted animal tile; $41.95. With a pound of Arborio rice, the basket costs $43.50. All the baskets are gift-wrapped. The store will take phone orders and ship; telephone 852-7308. We have composed a basket that we would like to receive, the only trouble being that its assembly involves running around town. A ten-ounce bottle of Minnesota Harvest honey, bottled and corked ($4.50), a four-ounce bottle of Plagniol olive oil ($2), and a quarter of a pound of Lanciani's chocolate truffles ($5.50) can all be had from Pasta & Cheese. A 1.1-ounce bottle of Balsamic vinegar ($1.25) and a tube of Fratelli Pagani tomato paste—made from ordinary tomatoes rather than plum tomatoes, and thus much fresher-tasting—(eighty-five cents) are at Dean & DeLuca. One ounce of that Sungma tea ($5.25), from Bloomingdale's. A package of five fluted meringue mushroom caps is at Flourings (fifty cents). Total cost: $19.85, plus basket.

GOOD Christmas cookies, if not a dime a dozen, are at least prevalent. Country Host has butter cookies in Christmassy shapes such as stars and Santas, from $5 to $8 a pound, and what are now called gingerbread persons, five inches high and eighty cents each. Pierrot is making molasses cookies and butter cookies—both kinds decorated with red, white, and green icing—in the shape of fir trees, pigs, deer, fish, hearts, stars, and gingerbread persons. Some can be hung on the tree, but these are not as edible as the others, because they're made with more flour; $1.25 each. Smaller ones are $7.50 a pound. Bloomingdale's sells a cookie with a melted fruit Life Saver in the middle, forming a sort of edible stained-glass window. These cookies can be eaten but should really be hung on the tree so the light shines through; $1.25 apiece. Rosemary Miller's again has the pretty tree-shaped cookies, filled with raspberry jam and dusted with powdered sugar, for eighty cents each. Priscilla's, a small food shop at 35 Jane Street (Eighth Avenue), has perfect, very thin, small gingersnaps for $5.25 a half pound—quite a few gingersnaps. If we had time to go to only one place for Christmas treats, we would head for Flourings, a homey store run by an extremely nice woman named Arlene Lawrence, who sets the tone. She specializes in small things, which is just as well. (Flourings is a very small space.) Decorated cookies, large as well as small, many with holes so that they can be hung, and covering a catholic range of subjects, including pink elephants (for New Year's), cost from fifty cents to $1.25 apiece. The rugalach, small and terrific, are fifty cents each, or $8 a pound. Walnut butter cookies are twenty-five cents each; wonderful ginger spice cookies are fifty cents each. Tiny pumpkin pies, called Pumpkin Dots, are fifty cents each; crescents with raspberry jam and nuts are $10 a pound. A gingerbread Teddy bear seven inches high is $4; a ten-inch sitting cat is $6.50. Gingerbread plaques of house fronts, to prop up on the mantelpiece, cost from $4 to $15. A gingerbread house, eight by ten by twelve inches, may well be the prettiest gingerbread house in New York. It is neither cute nor gross, as most of them are, but delicate; $75. The same pastry carpenter also makes a gingerbread sleigh large enough for a centerpiece, to be filled with walnuts or cookies or candy, for $20. Both constructions are decorated with red, white, and green icing, with the emphasis on swags, and have to be ordered. All the cookies and gingerbreads are designed with the help of an illustrator. Flourings is not on the way to anything in particular. The thing to do is just get in a taxi, go over, and load up. Merry Christmas!

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LETTER FROM WEST GERMANY

DECEMBER 8

ONE day last spring, after the snows had melted and the streams of Oberhessen were flooding some of their winter swell, Willi Schäfer drove three miles from the town of Schlitz to a wood at the southeast foot of a little mountain called the Eisenberg—the iron mountain—to check the condition of the paths. Willi Schäfer comes from Schlitz and works at the town hall as a "minister of tourists," thinking up pleasant things—things like walks over the Eisenberg—for people in Schlitz to do. Every spring, three thousand of those people take Willi's big annual walk, and a few days before the walk Willi covers the mountain himself, putting up arrows and marking out an itinerary. He was just turning into the wood that day when he came on three or four American Army officers standing around a camp table in a clearing, looking at what seemed to be maps of the mountain, and about fifty American soldiers pacing trails and scrutinizing soil and measuring the terrain with odd-looking instruments on tripods. Willi counted four jeeps, two cars, an Army bus, and a helicopter in the clearing before the officers stopped him, telling him in perfect German that they were on a "secret action" and must be left alone. Willi came home with the news that the American Army was buying Schlitz's mountain.

There had been rumors about the Eisenberg for months—rumors that ten thousand American troops were moving from a base at Baumholder, in the Rhineland, to the Eisenberg. There were rumors about a "master restationing plan" that would shift the concentration of U.S. Forces in West Germany from "safe" bases in the south and the west to bases in towns like Schlitz, near the East German border. There were rumors about a new NATO "war plan" involving the deployment of a hundred and eight Pershing 2 missiles and ninety-six cruise missiles in West Germany. There were even rumors that some of those missiles were coming to the Eisenberg, though the fact is that the deployment, which began this month, was always intended for Baden-Württemberg and Rhineland-Palatinate.

Back in February, the nature club—the Schlitz League for the Environment and the Protection of Nature—had a meeting at the community center to talk about the rumors. Six hundred people showed up, and every one of them seemed to have already heard a story about Americans on the Eisenberg. They had heard that the Eisenberg trails were blocked. They had heard about barbed-wire fences and bivouac tents and Special Forces patrolling the mountain with bayonets and machine guns. Some Green Party organizers from Fulda—the Greens in Germany are often given to hyperbole—told them about "Nazis stalking the woods with killer dogs." These Schlitzers were fearful and distressed, and their distress was unusual for a town as used to the American Army as Schlitz was. Every year, thirty or forty war games come through Schlitz and the sixteen villages of the township of Schlitzerland. Schlitz children grow up counting the fighter planes that swoop down over their *Marktplatz* and chasing convoys through the stone streets of the old walled town. American tanks silt up the Schlitz River in the spring. American helicopters leak kerosene. American armored cars crack Schlitz's curbs and cornerstones. And there are days when military code transmissions jam the radio stations in Oberhessen and thousands of American soldiers line up at the Schlitz community center to use the showers.

About two hundred and fifty thousand American soldiers are in Germany right now. Seventy-five thousand of those soldiers are in Hessen. Most are at bases in south Hessen near Frankfurt, where the V Corps of the U.S. Army Europe and Seventh Army has its headquarters, but thousands are at bases in Oberhessen—some people call it north Hessen or east Hessen—in the foothills and valleys of a range of mountains that is cut by the Fulda River to form a long, low corridor from Thuringia, in East Germany, into Western Europe. Army strategists call this corridor the Fulda Gap. They think of it as a kind of natural war zone. Napoleon used it for his retreat from Russia. Patton used it to push back the Wehrmacht in the spring of 1945. Today, NATO uses it for bases and for tactical-nuclear-weapons depots—soldiers call them atomic-artillery depots—and for war games and maneuvers that follow the Gap right up to the East German border. Schlitz is in the middle of the Fulda Gap, some twenty miles from the border and halfway between a squadron of the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, which is usually called the Black Horse Regiment, in Bad Hersfeld and the regiment's headquarters in the city of Fulda, where the S.S. once had its officers' training school. Not many of the maneuvers in the Fulda Gap miss Schlitz and its sixteen villages. There are red-and-white coded military signs on country roads all over Schlitzerland. There are mysterious manhole covers—set in groups of three, sealed into the road—at important turnings, like the turning from Schlitz to the bridge to Fulda, which Schlitzers say are atomic demolition mines. No one knows if they really are mines and, if they are, whether there are warheads in the mines and what keeps them from exploding or what keeps people from coming by at night and digging them up and, say, selling them to the Libyans. No one knows what would trigger these mines in the course of a battle or in the course of avoiding a battle. Atomic demolition mines are obsolete by NATO standards, but NATO keeps them in West Germany, and people in Schlitz find this odd. They find it odd that there is a crossing of six-lane superhighways in a landscape whose major traffic problem is the five-o'clock rush of milk cows coming in from pasture. The government says these superhighways were built to accommodate millions of foreign workers driving home to Turkey or Yugoslavia in the summer, but people in Schlitz say that they were built for troop convoys. This year, the government is starting to lay tracks for a hundred-and-seventy-mile railroad—from Hannover to Würzburg—that will run through countryside like Schlitzerland, where few people ever travel, and will be six tracks wide in places into the bargain. People in Schlitz assume that this is simply the

government's way of clearing land for the atomic tanks and mobile missile launchers of some neighborhood "theatre nuclear war" that is going to destroy them all.

Most people in Schlitz have lived with armies for as long as they can remember. They were born into the Reich and they grew up with the Occupation. They welcomed Hitler, and they welcomed the armies that liberated them from Hitler. These Oberhessen peasants spent eight hundred years as vassals of a family of counts who claimed to be protecting them from enemies, so they tended to believe in enemies, and to welcome people who talked to them about enemies. Siegfried Klee, the Mayor of Schlitz—a Social Democrat who comes from Wiesbaden and studied at the University of Bonn—says that even now his biggest problem with Schlitzers is the predisposition they have to obey anyone who gives them an order, whether it is a count or an American captain on maneuvers or the Mayor himself, so long as the order involves an enemy. Having an enemy has always been their way of describing a world they did not know and had no power to control, and hearing about that enemy from someone with power—even from someone with terror at his disposal—seems to give them a kind of dim, complicitous security.

The farmers and brewers and linen weavers of Oberhessen are not much known for independence or ingenuity. They explain to strangers that they are like the weavers in Gerhart Hauptmann's play "The Weavers." Not many of them have read the play, or know anything at all about the Silesian weavers' revolt in 1844 that inspired it, but they do know that Gerhart Hauptmann was a famous writer who told about punishing lives and poverty that might have been their own. They talk about the play cheerfully, as if they had inherited from Hauptmann's weavers a kind of celebrity as sufferers.

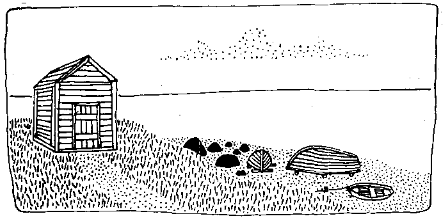
"Stop him! He has the recipe!"

• •

Willi Schäfer was thirteen when he left school and started weaving. He worked a twelve-hour day in a local linen factory, and in 1958, after eleven years of working, he led the weavers of Schlitzerland in their first strike since the war. It lasted more than three months, shut down three local factories, and got Willi fired. He says now that getting fired was his great chance and his education, because he had to leave Schlitz to find a job, and he ended up in Frankfurt, working on a construction gang, building skyscrapers for the economic miracle that Germans call their *Wirtschaftswunder*, getting involved in the sixties peace movement, walking in Easter marches and wondering what people in Schlitz would say if they could see Willi Schäfer parading up and down in front of the *Bahnhof* with hippies and feminists and professors chanting "Make love, not war." A few years in Frankfurt turned Willi into something of a foreigner—which may be why he was so active in the group that got together to save the Eisenberg from the American Army. Most people in the group—they called it the Eisenberg Action Community—were foreigners by village standards, foreigners and intellectuals. Jörg Brehm and Meertinus Meijering were scientists who had come to Schlitz—Brehm from Lower Saxony and Meijering from Holland—to work at a Max Planck Institute limnological station, and use the Eisenberg's brooks and springs and swamps for their research on running-water systems. Heiner Müller was a dentist who had come to Schlitz from Frankfurt because he dreamed of taking over a quiet country practice and raising his family in the countryside. Gudrun Pausewang Wilcke was a writer who had spent twelve years in South America before she came to Schlitz to settle down and write a famous book about the town and its "last children" after a nuclear war. Bürgermeister Klee had come to Schlitzerland for the Social Democrats, the way any good politician might be sent out to the hustings for his party—because he had sophistication and skill the locals lacked. Children growing up in Schlitz have to leave for their last two years of *Gymnasium*. They go to Fulda, twelve miles away, or Lauterbach, nine miles away, and if they are able to go to a university it usually means that Schlitz has lost them for good. The "intellectuals" who have been coming to Schlitz lately come for the things those students flee—for the isolation, the calm, the tidy charm of a red-roofed medieval village with a sweep of green and golden mountain behind it, for the brooks and the beech, the black woodpeckers and the owls, and the sight, on December mornings, of wild and rutted trails across a meadow, left by boars that dug for roots by moonlight and disappeared into the forest at dawn.

SCHLITZ sits in the middle of the Germany that Bismarck put together for his Prussian Kaiser. It is halfway between Munich, in the south, and Hamburg, in the north, and Dresden, in the east, and Aachen, in the west—an accident of geography that made Schlitz a marketplace, a kind of European caravansary, and gave it a prominence that lasted until Yalta. The division of Germany in 1945 turned Schlitz from a crossroads town that did its business with Thuringia, and even Leipzig, into a border town. The roads to Schlitz stopped suddenly at the edge of Schlitzerland. Its trade in the East was cut, literally, by barbed wire and attack-dog runs and sentry towers—by stretches of diamond fencing designed to contract on touch and slice your hand off. That fencing was invented by Germans in the West and, in the spirit of *Ostpolitik*, sold to the East German government.

Schlitz is a pretty town, with old half-timbered houses and a church that was consecrated in 812, during the reign of Charlemagne. It has a *Zwiebelturm* like a bright-blue onion, and four castles, and a brewery that has been printing "Schlitz" on its bottles since the sixteenth century. Once, the brewery and the four castles belonged to the counts of Schlitz. So did a big still that produced alcohol of such astonishing kick that it made money for the counts for four or five centuries. So, in fact, did the fifty-five square miles of farmland and woodland and villages called Schlitzerland. In one way or another, everybody in Schlitzerland worked for the counts except some free farmers and the linen weavers, and the linen weavers were usually women whose husbands farmed for the counts or brewed for the counts or worked in the counts' castles. Now there are four private linen factories on the edge of town, and three hundred Schlitzers work in them, weaving dish towels and sheets for hospitals in West Berlin and little linen doilies that are supposed to keep hair spray and makeup off the backs of the seats in Lufthansa planes. The Schlitz family has been around since the twelfth century at least—church records talk about a Herr de Slitese getting married in 1116—and probably longer. When the first German Reich was foundering, in the fourteenth century, Schlitzerland became the family's state, and the Schlitz counts ruled it pretty much as they pleased. They built their castles and stocked their forests and enjoyed a castle park by the Schlitz River, and no one but counts and countesses and their friends could use the park until 1945, when American soldiers parked their tanks there and liberated Schlitz by letting the Schlitzers in. This left the Count of the moment—Schlitzers refer to him as "the old Count," so as not to confuse him with his son, "the young Count," who is forty-four now—the choice of sharing his park with his subjects or giving it to them. In 1954, Otto Hartmann Graf von Schlitz genannt von Görtz turned over the castle park—an event the town seems to consider as important to its history as the Congress of Vienna, which ratified the turning over of Schlitzerland itself to the Grand Duchy of Hessen. The Schlitzers worried that a count who had lost his authority over them would lose his responsibility for them into the bargain. Some three hundred people depended on the old Count for a living. He was a rich man, but a lot of his family's money had come from forests—especially forests on the Eisenberg. A hundred years ago, Eisenberg firewood sold all over Schlitzerland. The coal mines of the Ruhr cut shafts and tunnel beams from Eisenberg beech. The new chemical industries of Hamburg and Berlin carved barrel casks from Eisenberg oak. By the time the old Count came into his inheritance, though, forests were not so profitable for a family that wanted to keep up with the Hessen forestry laws and its own traditions. The Eisenberg was a symbol of the count's domain and the count's power. He was supposed to use it nobly—culling carefully and replanting in kind and quality—and never strip it and leave it bare to shame the family. In fact, the old Count kept the customs of the mountain. There were eight days every fall when Schlitzers could climb the Eisenberg and take the wood they needed for the winter. Schoolboys could climb the Eisenberg and camp. Bird-watchers could climb it. Mushroomers could climb it and pick morels. Families could climb it on summer Sundays, spread their picnics and take their naps and watch their children go off courting on paths that were bosky with willows and alderwood. Brides and grooms could climb the mountain on their wedding day and gather wood and light the first fire of their married life—and then the town would follow with a bucketful of water, to put the fire out.



In 1967, the old Count decided to have a wedding of his own. His Countess had died. His children were grown and his only son was married, and there was not much for him to do in Schlitz once the hunting season was over, so he married again, and his new wife had four daughters who were also married or would be getting married. Some of those daughters liked the kind of life that Germans refer to lately as *Schickeria*—meaning the kind of fast, high life which would cost the Count a lot of money to maintain. They lived in places like Munich. Their husbands drove racing cars and made movies. One daughter was the Princess Salm-Salm. Another daughter was now a Hohenzollern.

The old Count started selling. He sold his brewery to a baron from Lauterbach. He sold some of his farmland to Catholic peasants who had come over from Sudetenland and Thuringia after the war and made money. He sold his still, a small mountain, the oldest and most deteriorated of his four castles, and half his forests to the State of Hessen, and he would have sold more forests later except that a terrible scandal at the Hessische Landesbank left the bank with no money to lend the government. His stepdaughters flourished, but in Schlitz the carpenters and the craftsmen and the mechanics and the castle maids who had been born into the service of the Count watched a breaking up of Schlitzerland that, to their minds, had begun the day the Americans parked their tanks in the castle park and invited the children in for chocolate bars. In 1971, the old Count divided his property. He gave about a third to his bride and another third to his son, Rüdiger. Rüdiger's share was seven thousand four hundred acres on and around the Eisenberg, a sawmill, a couple of houses, and a castle called Vorderburg, which was not the family's favorite castle. In 1974, three years before the old Count died, Rüdiger turned the Vorderburg into apartments and the carriage house and sheep stables into a tourist hotel, and then he built himself a split-level on the edge of town.

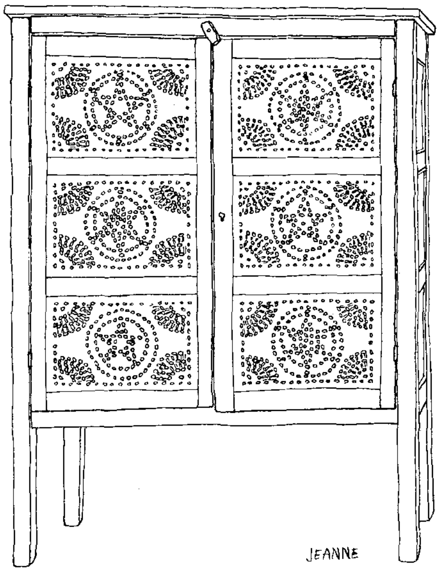
Rüdiger Graf von Schlitz genannt von Görtz does not really like Schlitz. He likes the South of France, where he has a villa, and he likes Munich, where he was living when the old Count called him home to take over his share of the family property. He is a tall, wheezy person who wanders around the Vorderburg parking lot looking a bit distracted, as if his mind were back in Saint-Tropez and he were somehow trying to find a way to join it. It is hard to imagine the young Count striding over the Eisenberg with a wurst and a loaf of pumpernickel in his knapsack. Schlitzers say that Rüdiger's inheritance was an old man's revenge on a son who preferred his life away from home, and Rüdiger agrees that it was not friendly of his father to make him king of a castle he could not rule.

Rüdiger Graf Görtz describes himself as a businessman. He says that when he came home in 1971 he discovered himself paterfamilias of fifty Schlitz families, all of them explicit about their claims to his protection. Some of them went to work in his new hotel. A few still worked at the sawmill. But there were no jobs for most of them without him, and Rüdiger—who by leasing hunting rights to the Eisenberg and cutting wood with the discretion appropriate to his title was earning about one per cent of the market value of the mountain—says that he had trouble enough supporting himself, let alone fifty families and a sixteenth-century castle with heating problems. Rüdiger had his eye on tax shelters in West Berlin. He needed cash, and so he offered the Eisenberg to the State of Hessen, figuring that Hessen, having already relieved his family of one mountain, might be persuaded to take the Eisenberg off his hands. The state said no, but it took two years to decide, and by then the word was out that Schlitz's mountain was on the market. Early in 1976, an agent arrived from Bavaria representing a couple of clients who, he said, were in the business of buying forests. Rüdiger sold them about four thousand acres of the Eisenberg, at ninety pfennig a square metre for the oak forest at the foot of the mountain and for the beech forest that runs the length of the mountain and along its crest, and at seventy pfennig a square metre for the pine and fir. The Mayor found out about the sale when somebody dropped off transfer papers at the *Rathaus*. He told Schlitzers that eleven million marks—which was worth four million dollars at the time and is roughly what the Count got for the forests—was a bad price, way below the mountain's value. He might have told the Count, too, but the Count was already out of town.

THE North Atlantic Treaty Organization is said to have more than six hundred thousand acres of West Germany. A 1954 Status of Forces agreement between West Germany and France, Britain, and the United States gives NATO the use of West German territory, and the Allies themselves still have the right to own territory if they decide they need it. Germany has peace, but one of the ironies of that peace is that West Germany is something of a provisional entity, keeping its claim to a united Germany open, and probably will be for as long as the de-facto occupation of the country is a Cold War convenience or —according to your point of view—a protection. There are appeals before West Germany's Constitutional Court right now that challenge the constitutionality of missile deployment in what, for practical purposes, is still the American Sector, but the West German constitution is in a way provisional itself. American military operations in West Germany are sovereign operations, whatever the courts decide or the Bundestag resolves. This makes America—and, through it, NATO—a steady customer for West German real estate, and a fairly reliable one. A class of middlemen—dealers and speculators and promoters—has come of age in West Germany since the 1954 agreement set down the terms for the de-facto occupation of the country. People with friends in NATO or in the German High Command attached to NATO or in West Germany's Defense Ministry get their tips about NATO's plans—about where the Americans are going to start putting two hundred and four new missiles this month, say, or where twenty or thirty thousand American soldiers are going to be restationed—and they buy property to sell to the Allies at a healthy profit. In France, they would be the *promoteurs* who make their money selling cheap boutique space four or five stories underneath Les Halles. In Spain, they would be the *empresarios* who hustle Costa del Sol condominiums to Japanese businessmen. In West Germany, they are the camp followers of the military-industrial complex. In 1976, two of them bought Eisenberg land from Rüdiger Graf Görtz and offered it to the Defense Ministry in Bonn, which eventually passed their offer on to the Americans. Their names were Josef Hörhammer and Hans Zahn, and for a while that was all most Schlitzers knew about them, besides the fact that they were both Bavarians (Hörhammer, who bought sixteen hundred acres, comes from Deggendorf, and Zahn, who bought about twenty-five hundred acres, comes from Starnberg, near Munich), and men of obvious influence and wealth.

Josef Hörhammer rarely came back to Schlitz after he had bought his piece of the mountain. Hans Zahn, on the other hand, seemed to like Schlitz. He moved his wife and his two sons to the Eisenberg and waited there for the Americans to buy. Schlitzers got used to seeing him on the mountain—a large Bavarian in a loden coat and feathered cap crashing through brush on his bulldozer or dragging tree trunks on his skidder, enjoying the life of a lumberman. He was not welcoming. The Mayor, who has dealt with him now for seven years, says that he is "furiously shy"—meaning that strangers make him mad and that strangers on his property make him madder. People in Schlitz tend to regard that shyness as something willful and high-handed, something predictably Bavarian. No one in town was surprised when Zahn built himself a big white house on the mountain without applying for a housing permit, and then claimed that it was not a house at all but a machine shop for his logging tools. No one was surprised when he stocked a deer park, or when he added a strip of fluorescent driveway to the Eisenberg so that his boys could race their motorcycles at night or take turns at the family Maserati. The town got to know Frau Zahn, who came down sometimes to do the marketing, and then it got to know Frau Zahn's mother and father, who arrived one day and moved into a little house in one of the Schlitzerland villages. Frau Zahn's father organized an oompah band and, in what Schlitzers considered a fairly ecumenical spirit for a Catholic, offered his services to Klaus Steckenreuter, the Lutheran minister, as conductor of the church orchestra. But Zahn himself seemed to hate to leave the mountain except when he was leaving Schlitzerland. Friends would come in the fall to hunt on the Eisenberg with him. The Vorderburg parking lot would fill with Mercedes 500 SEs with Bavarian plates, and Schlitzers stopping by the hotel for dinner or schnapps would prowl the lot trying to figure out whom the cars belonged to. Once, they say, Franz Josef Strauss, the head of the Christian Social Union, came from Bavaria to shoot wild sheep at the Zahns', and it was the rumor of Strauss's visit that seemed to connect the new owners of the mountain to the German right and to plans that were not necessarily to the town's advantage. Bürgermeister Klee says that all he knew for sure was that Zahn and Hörhammer were political friends of Franz Josef Strauss. They may have been involved in one of Strauss's campaigns, or in one of his occasional attempts to turn his Bavarian party into a national party, a voice of the "true" German right, and give it more power in its coalition with the Christian Democrats. These friends of the Christian Social Union were buying land, and with it influence, all over Germany—weighing in, as it were, with their money. Hans Zahn had bought or was buying land in the Moselle, land near Hamburg, land near Lake Constance, as well as land in Austria, near the Yugoslav border. The land he bought was almost always land where there was talk of new military installations.

JÖRG BREHM, at Schlitz's limnological station, says he began to notice changes on the Eisenberg in 1977. That was the year Zahn and Hörhammer started stripping the mountain—first the oaks, then the beech—with no regard for what Brehm, who is a passionate ecologist, considers "a perfect little ecosystem," a landscape whose richness and variety would take most mountains a couple of hundred square miles to duplicate. It is seventeen years since Brehm saw the Eisenberg for the first time. He wanted to know what happened to amino acids in running water, and he particularly liked the water that ran from the Eisenberg through Schlitz and on past his office, near the castle park. The limnological station was his first job, and he kept it. He married a local girl whose parents were Sudeten refugees, and started raising a family. Now he calls the Eisenberg "part of my home." Schlitzers are used to seeing him on the mountain, dressed for a climb in his old Raichle boots and torn corduroy hiking pants and down vest, squinting into brooks and marshes with pale-blue North German eyes as if he were a Viking who had strayed inland and was trying to find the sea. In Oberhessen, people tend to be small and dark, and Jörg Brehm—with a red beard and a big Saxon barrel chest—is something exotic there. He probably knows the mountain better than anyone else, and he can talk for hours praising it—the way the beech rises on the south slope, the way the alder, thriving in the wet ground, traces the path of every rivulet, the way the woodpeckers poke nesting holes for stock doves and owls in the old trees, knocking leaves into the water for the flea crabs' food, the way the rotting wood smells thick and sweet, nourishing larvae from beetles that have not been seen in the rest of Germany for fifty years. The Eisenberg is as familiar, as satisfying to Brehm as a kitchen garden. He can sniff the air of one of its old fish ponds and tell you what odd microscopic life is generating underwater. He can turn some soil with the toe of his boot and release the rich smell of mushrooms whose roots glow yellow in the dark. He can look at a pile of rocks from fifty feet and head for the one where a salamander is hiding. He knows the way to big, hidden meadows where the first Schlitzerlanders had their villages, and he can tell by the tone and texture of the soil and the plants that grow there where those Schlitzerlanders chucked their garbage, and where they piled their dead when plague and the Thirty Years' War were driving them off the mountain to the safety of fortified valley towns. Jörg Brehm is the sort of person foreigners sometimes imagine when they talk about a German romantic. Nature gives him a relentless eloquence. He talks about *Naturverjüngung*—nature regenerating and rejuvenating—and about primal nature and chthonic nature and nature as joy and nature as harmony. He does not approve of anyone who interferes with that harmony, the way the old Count interfered when he stocked a deer park on the Eisenberg, or the way Josef Hörhammer interfered when he started chopping down leaf trees that by Brehm's reckoning had stood on the Eisenberg for more than a hundred and fifty years. Brehm got angry "in my way"—which means he disappeared into the library at his office and put together a brief for the Eisenberg and sent it to the Minister of Forests in Hessen, asking him to declare some five hundred acres of virgin forest on the mountain a nature preserve.

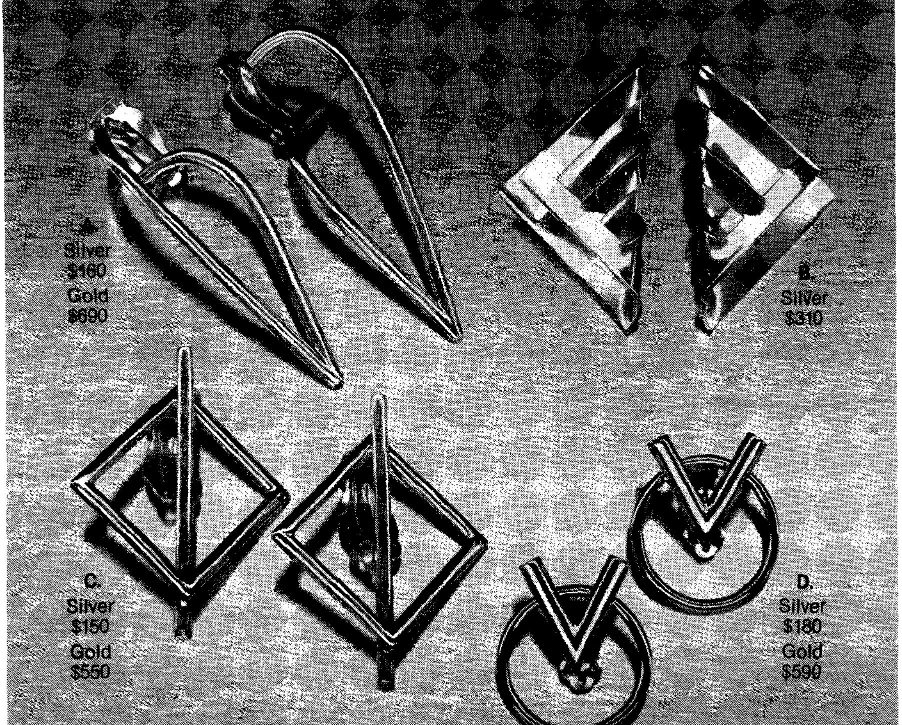


Forests are precious in Germany. They belong to a wilderness that is disappearing to the roads and factories of the *Wirtschaftswunder* and to war games and to the acid rain that has already ravaged a third of the woods in the country, and they are symbols out of the mythology of a mighty fatherland filled with *Übermenschen*—symbols to manipulate. The art of the Third Reich was about mountains and woods. Leni Riefenstahl's pure German woman who tied her yellow braids around her head and climbed through forests to breathe the air of an equation of alp and Aryan made for powerful populist propaganda in the nineteen-thirties. Nature was free in Depression Germany, and food and coal and a winter coat were not. There has always been a nature mystique in Germany—a belief in life forces and remorseless processes that will triumph over society, with its weakness for intellectuals and ideologies and its decadent notions of justice and a common good. Nature in Germany is an enthusiasm that often has less to do with land than with German land. It did not take long for the Wandervogel that Walter Benjamin and his school friends joined so innocently in 1910 to turn into the Hitler Youth, and it still does not take very long for *Boden*—soil—to begin to sound like *Blut und Boden*.

Jörg Brehm is suspicious of groups

that make a cult of German soil. He is an enthusiast, but a loner in his enthusiasm. He did not, for instance, join the Greens, although the Greens are certainly an ecological party, well organized in Hessen, with seven seats in the Hessen parliament, and they particularly wanted to keep the Army off the mountain Brehm loves. The Greens' appeal in West Germany is enormous—it is hard to resist a delegation that drives to the Bundestag in a Volkswagen bus with its dogs and its babies and keeps flowerpots on its desks and passes out dried apricots and pumpkin seeds and stores its dossiers in rucksacks—and they add a cheerful, pagan tone to the dour proceedings in Bonn. Their "rules" about popular democracy are the only rules they seem to acknowledge. Colleagues in the state parliament say that the Greens stayed up so late at night arguing among themselves about the fate of the Eisenberg that by morning they were always too tired to argue properly with anyone else. They seem to have decided early that expertise is a kind of terrorism, encouraging the arrogance of leaders and the abuses of leadership. They do not say much about the terrorism of ignorance, or about the arrogance and abuses of masses, despite the evidence of their own German past. Practicing Party democracy, they helped put their best politician, Petra Kelly, into a rest home and they insulted two of their most useful and distinguished converts—Otto Schily, the civil-rights lawyer who planned the defense of Ulrike Meinhof; and Gerd Bastian, the infantry general who became a leader of the disarmament movement. They believe that popularity and information give people like Kelly and Schily and Bastian an authority that is against Green principles. People outside Germany, taking long hair and high spirits for ideology, tend to think of the Greens as a party of the left, but left and right are not really words that apply to the Greens' peculiarly German sort of populism or to the appeal that put them into the Bundestag and six of West Germany's state parliaments. That appeal has to do with nationalism, with a way finally to be "German" again, with Germanness that is defined by boundaries of land and language and not necessarily of culture or historical conscience, or even history. It has nothing to do with "politics" because it has nothing to do with history. It is a way of being free of history—a German unification no

HANS APPENZELLER



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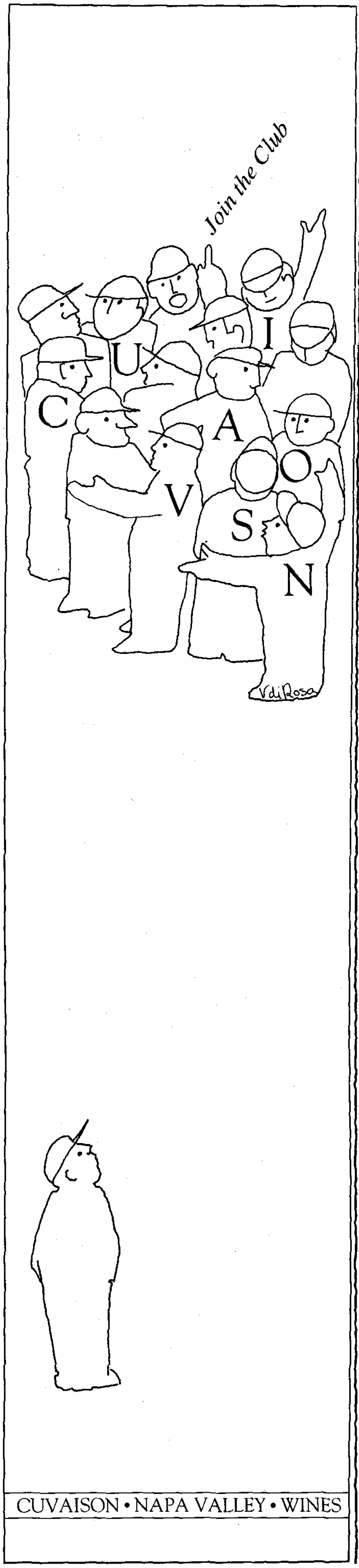

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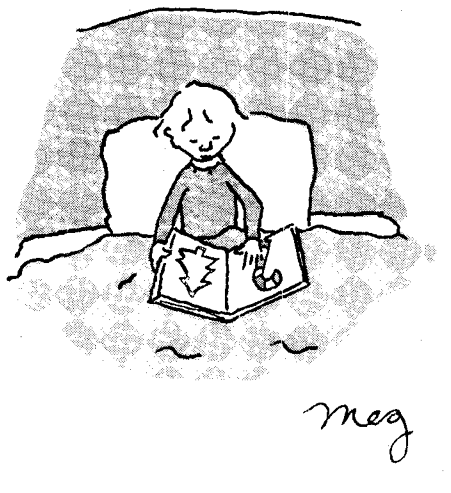
one before the Greens had imagined. It is why they can be as much at home with the dairy farmers of Schleswig-Holstein as they are with the squatters in Kreuzberg or the Eisenberg ecologists or the Christians for a Nuclear Freeze. The fact that the same Green who started a debate to save the Eisenberg in the Hessen parliament led a friendship delegation to Colonel Qaddafi distresses liberals in the state, but a lot of liberals vote for the Greens now, hoping they will shake up Germany where Germany needs shaking up—it was pressure from the Greens that pushed the Social Democrats into passing a resolution last month against the new missile deployment—and then conveniently disappear. People say that the Greens are mellowing, anyway. When a group of pedophiles claiming to be Greens occupied Green Party headquarters in Bonn in the company of several schoolchildren, the Greens broke what amounted to a covenant against authority and called the police.

The Greens got interested in the Eisenberg a couple of years ago, when a Schlitzer by the name of Hans Hibinger asked for help. Hibinger is the workers' council representative at a packaging plant in Lauterbach and the trade-union representative in Schlitz, and he hates the capitalist rich with an intensity that seems to have taken over his life. In 1971, Hibinger bought what he calls "my Eisenberg property"—about two-thirds of an acre of meadowland with three little fish ponds and a toolshed. It is one of five private plots on the south slope of the mountain, where Hans Zahn has beech forests, and when Zahn silted up an irrigation ditch that ran between their land Hibinger decided to sue, and told the Greens about it. Hibinger is forty-one and what he calls an "original Schlitzer." His mother worked for a Schlitz count, and so did her mother and her mother's mother, and Hibinger himself had his education, as he puts it, in the old Count's brewery. Hibinger was determined to make something of himself. He saved his money, and eventually he used it to take over a family restaurant on the ground floor of his father's fine old half-timbered house on the *Marktplatz*. The restaurant lasted seven years, and folded. It left Hibinger furtive and resentful—full of schemes to save his pride. He had got on well enough with the old Count, but when Zahn bought his twenty-five hundred acres of the Eisenberg, Hibinger began to do some "research" on the rich Bavarian who was now, in a manner of speaking, his neighbor.

There were a lot of military maneuvers on the Eisenberg by the time Zahn and Hörhammer took over. The Americans were testing tanks, and NATO supposedly wanted to know how long it would take those tanks to cross the mountain if the Russians came over from Thuringia, and what adjustments to make for the terrain, and how many atomic howitzers to order at the arms commissary outside Munich. The tanks were digging up meadowland and swampland, so that water that had been trapped in the wet soil spilled out and killed the plants around it. They were making deep furrows on the mountain paths, collapsing the banks of streams, flattening the young hazelnut trees. The American Army always paid for its damages. American engineers would come out and make the repairs they could, and then German Defense Ministry accountants would arrive to calculate what the rest would cost. In 1981, there were important maneuvers called REFORGER '81, and Hibinger claims that after those maneuvers Zahn sent the Defense Ministry a big bill—and was reimbursed—for damages he had invented. Hibinger conferred with the Greens in Wiesbaden. Then he and the Greens moved to have Zahn charged with fraud against the state.

Zahn and Hörhammer were notably cavalier as foresters. They cut down trees so fast that they were earning five or six marks a square metre on land that had cost them less than one, and Hörhammer was selling his oak for as much as fifteen thousand marks a trunk. The forest was theirs, and as far as they were concerned they were under no obligation to spare it or share it. They painted the boom gates on the roads into their property blue and white—the royal colors of Bavaria—



and started to keep them closed. When Schlitzers wanted their wood that fall, Bürgermeister Klee had to present Zahn with an official list of the villagers—how much wood, say, a farmer in the valley figured he would need to keep his *Kachelofen* hot through a bad winter, how much wood a village mother would need to cook for her children—before Zahn gave in and supplied it. The Mayor says that Zahn chose his poorest wood for the town, and that he dumped it on hills and cliffs so that old farmers who went to collect it couldn't reach it and had to go home empty-handed.

The State of Hessen has foresters on the Eisenberg. One forester was assigned to Zahn and one to Hörhammer, and these foresters were supposed to supervise whatever work went on, according to Hessen law and their own sense, the way a game warden is supposed to supervise hunting. Zahn's forester complained, and Zahn ignored him, and he complained again, and Zahn threw him off the mountain and replaced him with a private forester, who was more agreeable. Hörhammer's forester—he lives in Schlitz and plays soccer with Willi Schäfer at the Sports Club—also complained, but Josef Hörhammer was back in Bavaria by then and didn't seem to care. According to Bürgermeister Klee—who had been making official complaints about the plundering of the forest—the state didn't seem to care, either. It was Hörhammer's forester who first guessed that the Army's interest in the Eisenberg went beyond the occasional use of the mountain for maneuvers. American purchasing officers started looking over the Eisenberg in August of 1982, and the forester saw them. In December, at a forestry seminar in Schlitz, a man from the Forest Ministry asked Hörhammer's forester what was happening on the mountain. Word had it that troops, and maybe even missiles, were coming to the Eisenberg, and once the forester heard that, he went to the Social Democrats in Schlitz and told them what he himself had seen.

On December 9th, Bürgermeister Klee wrote a letter to Alfred Dregger, a Christian Democrat who is deputy chairman of his party and majority leader, so to speak, of the Bundestag. Dregger comes from Fulda. He is the undisputed ruler of the Fulda Gap, and he runs his part of Germany as what his friends describe as a family and his enemies as a political protection racket. The town of Fulda is a

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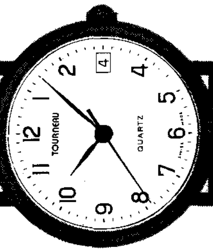
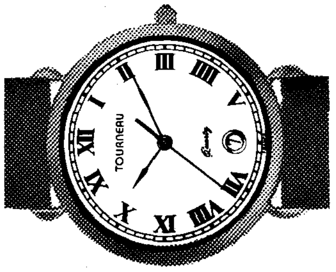
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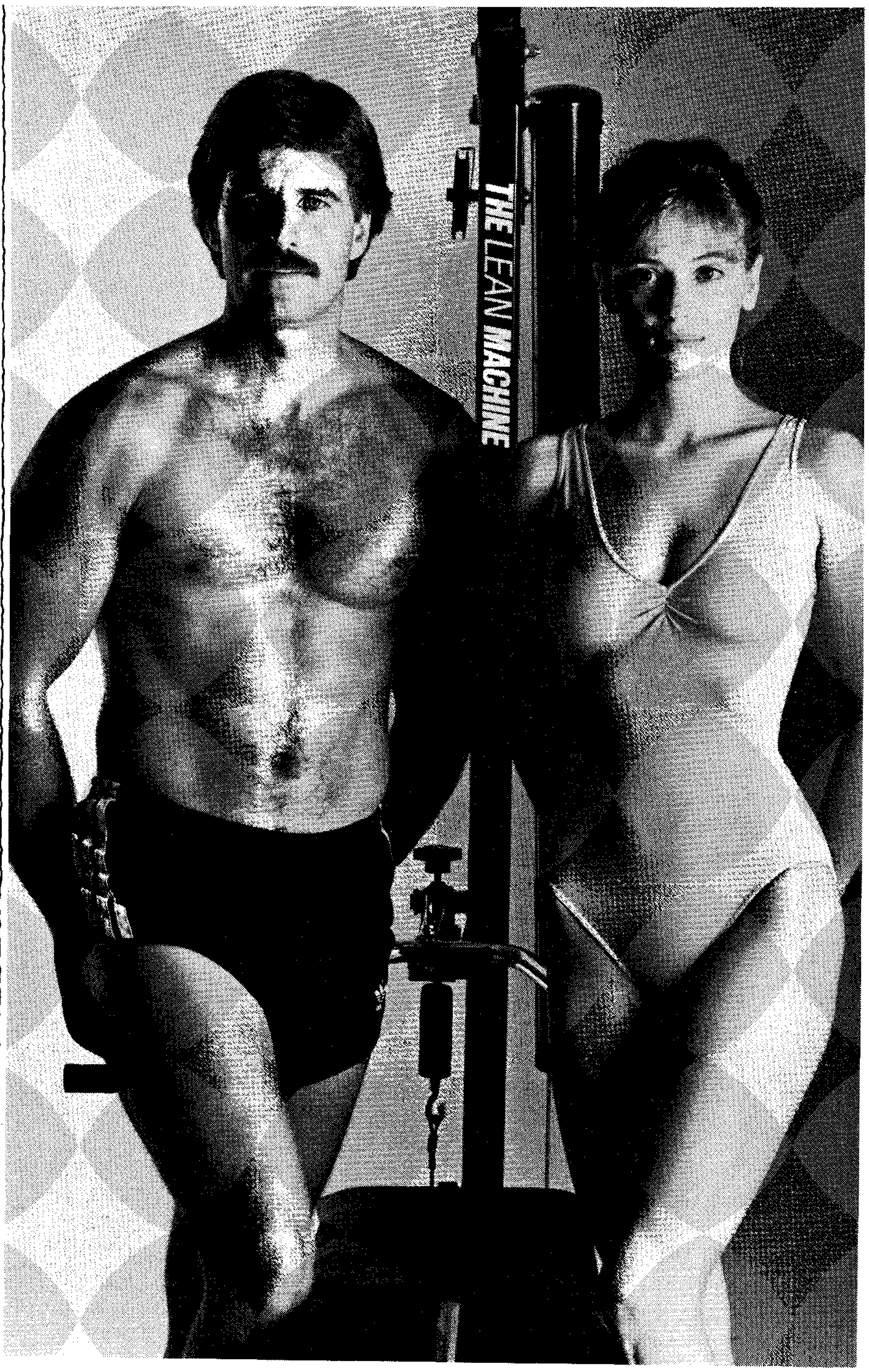
conservative town. St. Boniface converted some of the Frankish tribes to Christianity near Fulda in 719, and it is fervently Catholic. (People call it the Vatican of Hessen.) The most important men in Fulda are the Catholic bishop and his friend Alfred Dregger. Dregger is closer in his political style to Catholic politicians from the south than he is to northern Catholics, like himself, who are Christian Democrats. He likes to have his picture taken with the tanks and the troops he says are going to save the Fulda Gap from the Communists. He likes to stand at the Wall reading statements about the defense of German democracy. He was as likely as anyone in the country—anyone, that is, outside the military—to know what was planned for the Eisenberg, and, in fact, he wrote right back to Bürgermeister Klee and promised him that all the Americans' new missiles were going somewhere else. On the other hand, he said, the Americans were certainly looking at the mountain. Someone *had* offered the mountain to the Defense Ministry. The Ministry had passed the offer along. The Americans were interested.

On February 25th, the chief of staff for the American commander in Heidelberg wrote a letter to Schlitz's dentist, Heiner Müller (Müller was spokesman for the Eisenberg Action Community), and confirmed that the Americans had been offered about twenty-two hundred acres of the Eisenberg and were "evaluating the property offer to determine whether there is a defense requirement for the land." His letter arrived the week of the meeting that brought six hundred Schlitzers together at the community center to talk about the mountain. Their agenda was "What does the restationing on the Eisenberg mean for Schlitz?" And the speakers they invited were Jörg Brehm, representing the Max Planck limnologists; Peter Krahulec, a teacher from the technical college in Fulda, representing the peace movement; and Klaus Steckenreuter, representing the Lutheran ministers in Schlitzerland. They had also invited someone from the Hessen Forest Ministry, but he backed out at the last minute, saying that the meeting was "too political" to attend. That night, Schlitz decided to save the Eisenberg from the Americans.

Henry Kissinger once said that the Europeans' secret dream is that the Third World War will be fought over their heads—meaning that all that Europe will see of the war will be intercontinental ballistic missiles whizzing through the sky on their way from the Soviet Union to the United States and from the United States to the Soviet Union. It may be that the secret dream of the Americans and the Russians is that the Third World War will be fought on a battlefield, like Europe, where the antagonists can match their strengths and test their missiles as the observers, so to speak, but not the victims of their own conflict. The facts of nuclear war—radiation, a nuclear winter, a dying species, a dead landscape—are beside the point of secret dreams and, it seems, of the policies that secret dreams inspire. Those policies—with their language of "first strike" and "launch on warning" and "megaton parity"—have a kind of pure logic, the logic of mad poems. The little nuclear wars that Ronald Reagan started hypothesizing in the fall of 1981 are one of those pure, mad poems. There are said to be a hundred and forty-one nuclear warheads at eighteen American bases and depots in the Fulda Gap already, so Schlitzers are not much interested in arguments about whether America is putting itself more at risk or less at risk by deploying five hundred and seventy-two Pershing 2 and cruise missiles in Western Europe over the next few years. They find the arguments abstract. First, they read that America is going to recouple its risks with *their* risks and has therefore decided to send them bombs. They read that if the Russians fire, say, an SS-20 missile at Schlitz to clear the way for a tank invasion through the Fulda Gap, and the Americans fire a short-range missile at Schlitz to stop the Russians from coming, then the Russians will destroy the United States—and this is what "recoupling risks" means, because the Russians consider any missile sent by America a missile sent *from* America. Or they read that America is taking away its "umbrella" from Europe. They read that by sending theatre-nuclear-war weapons ("theatre nuclear war" is the current euphemism for the destruction of Europe) to West Germany America is endorsing a double standard of protection among allies—that in a war the rest of NATO will suffer and die for the United States. And in the end neither argument moves the Schlitzers, because they know that if a Pershing 2 missile takes six minutes from launch to target and an SS-20 not much longer and both sides are talking about launch on warning, then the only advantage to Schlitzers of their friends' striking first will be the grim satisfaction of dying second themselves.

Watching the missile deployment this month—wondering whether America is really risking three million lives in Chicago with every Pershing 2 it puts in Neu-Ulm—Germans have become obsessed with fears of war and fantasies of salvation. It may be that they know from experience how easy it is to start wars, or it may be, as Alain Clément, of *Le Monde*, once said, that they have no faith in the restraint of others, having had so little of their own. But the fact is that all Germans seem to have those fears and those fantasies. East Germans are terrified because the Russians are moving more and more of their tactical nuclear weapons—SS-21s and SS-22s and SS-23s—into East Germany and Czechoslovakia and Poland every day. The Russians started deploying SS-20s along their western border in 1977 and have not stopped, and their logic seems just as odd in Schlitz as America's logic, since the Russians could already incinerate Schlitzerland with any one of their SS-4 missiles, whether or not that SS-4 happened to provoke a colonel in Fulda, say, to use the American atomic artillery in the neighborhood. That artillery already has seven times the power of the bomb that wiped out Hiroshima. Schlitzers worry that someone will use it to start a chain of radiation and fire. They feel gratuitously exposed by America, because America admits that a lot of its tactical nuclear weapons are obsolete. And they wonder whether those weapons are, in fact, at the disposition of some colonel in Fulda. They wonder whether those weapons have anything at all to do with the "permissive action link" they always read about in the paper—the fail-safe link with the White House that is supposed to prevent a nuclear disaster. They are assured and reassured by "experts," but they do not really know what to make of American experts who talk about nuclear war in the Fulda Gap and play war games accordingly, and at the same time plan to restation as many as twenty or thirty thousand of their own troops in the Gap, in the line of fire, in case the war turns out to be a "normal" war and requires a lot of soldiers in place, ready to move. The truth is that there is no agreement anymore among American commanders as to what kind of war a war



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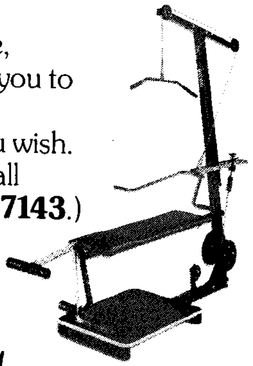

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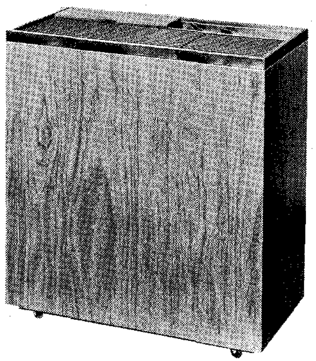

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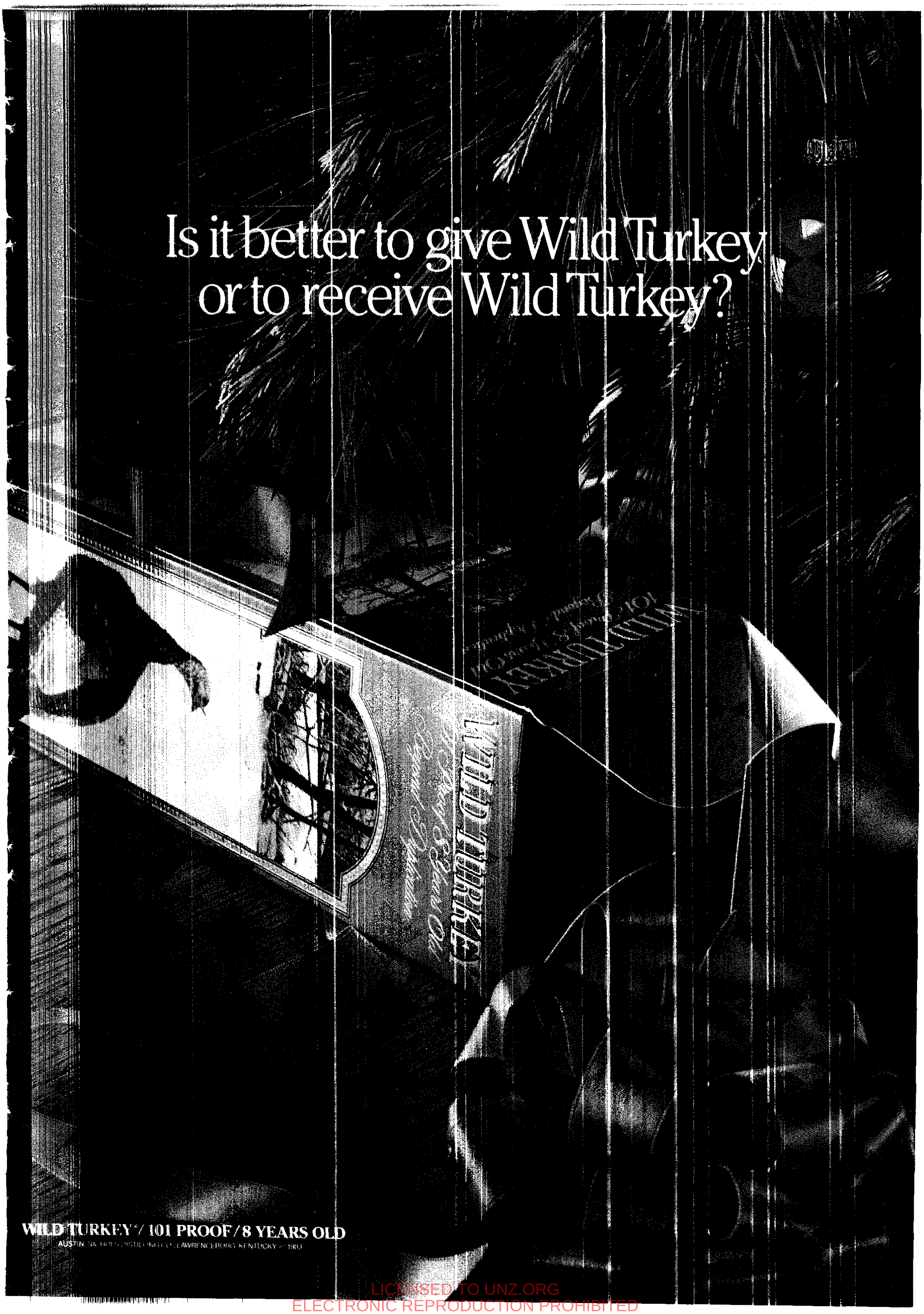
in Germany would be. The only thing those commanders do seem to agree on is that the deployment going on around them now has to do with politics, and not with any military sense or strategy or advantage. They know their arsenals, and they are frightened. But some of them predict a nuclear war, and so they aim their bombs and ask that American soldiers be dispersed. Some of them predict conventional war, and *they* ask that American soldiers be concentrated. Those commanders are usually talking about the same place.

A couple of years ago, CBS made a series of documentaries about the defense of the United States. One of the documentaries was called "The Nuclear Battlefield," and it involved a war game in the course of which the village of Hattenbach, in the Fulda Gap, was hit by one of NATO's ten-kiloton nuclear warheads to stop an invasion by Soviet tanks heading across the Gap from Thuringia. Hattenbach was Ground Zero, the movie said. Hattenbach, eleven miles north of Schlitz, was the place where the Third World War was going to start. Everybody in Schlitz knew something about the movie. Some Schlitzers had seen it two years ago, when a Hattenbach schoolteacher named Brunhilde Miehe borrowed a cassette from a social worker in the peace movement and arranged a screening in the village tavern. One of the Schlitzers who saw the movie then was Klaus Steckenreuter, the Lutheran minister who made a speech—"God, Nature, and the Master Restationing Plan"—at the Schlitz community center on the night the town decided to save the Eisenberg. Pfarrer Steckenreuter comes from a village near Schlitz. His father was a schoolteacher and then a school principal, so people in Schlitzerland knew him as a boy. He is forty-six now, and like many German ministers of his generation he is something of a pacifist, close to the tradition of a *Bekennende Kirche*—a "confessing church" that will testify to injustice—and he thinks a lot about the *Bekennende* ministers who "confessed" their faith to the Nazis and were martyred for it. Pfarrer Steckenreuter knew the Hattenbach minister, Karl-Werner Brauer. Pfarrer Brauer is something of a pacifist, too, and Steckenreuter says he understood his friend's anguish about "The Nuclear Battlefield"—his commitment to show it and his desire not to show it, because the boys and girls in his confirmation class would see themselves in the movie, ten pretty children walking home from church on a snowy afternoon while a voice in the background said that they would all be burned alive at seven thousand degrees Fahrenheit when the bomb fell. Hattenbach is a symbol now for the German peace movement. Brunhilde Miehe guesses that she has shown the movie a hundred times. But Hattenbach itself turned against Pfarrer Brauer after the minister told villagers to see the movie and think about the movie and talk about the movie, even in church. They called him a Communist, an "agent of the East." Some of the church elders wanted to fire him for bringing politics into his sermons, for disturbing Hattenbach's children with his talk about bombs, for associating with people like the social worker from the peace movement who came from Berlin and had known "terrorists" like Rudi Dutschke and Daniel Cohn-Bendit.

Pfarrer Steckenreuter says that, thinking about Hattenbach and what happened in Hattenbach, he understood that silence about the past and silence about the future were the same silence. He wondered how much more silence to expect from villagers of forty or fifty who kept pictures of their fathers in S.S. uniforms on the living-room wall and referred to them as "fallen soldiers." Some villagers were S.S. officers themselves once; they have a reunion every year in Bad Hersfeld and talk about the good old days. Pfarrer Brauer got up in church this fall—it was the Sunday after their reunion—and said it was obscene for torturers and murderers to be celebrating at reunions. One elder of the church walked out, and another elder—a Hattenbach farmer's wife—called the pastor "intolerant of those old grandfathers who only want to get together in their uniforms and reminisce, and who do no harm to anyone."

Last winter, Pfarrer Steckenreuter phoned Pfarrer Brauer for advice about the Eisenberg. He wanted to talk to people like Brauer who knew the kinds of experiences he might have organizing his villages, and who could be honest with him about failure—people who understood this tendency of German country men and women to push their fears out of consciousness, to defend themselves against reality with such aggressive complacency. He wanted to tell the people of Schlitz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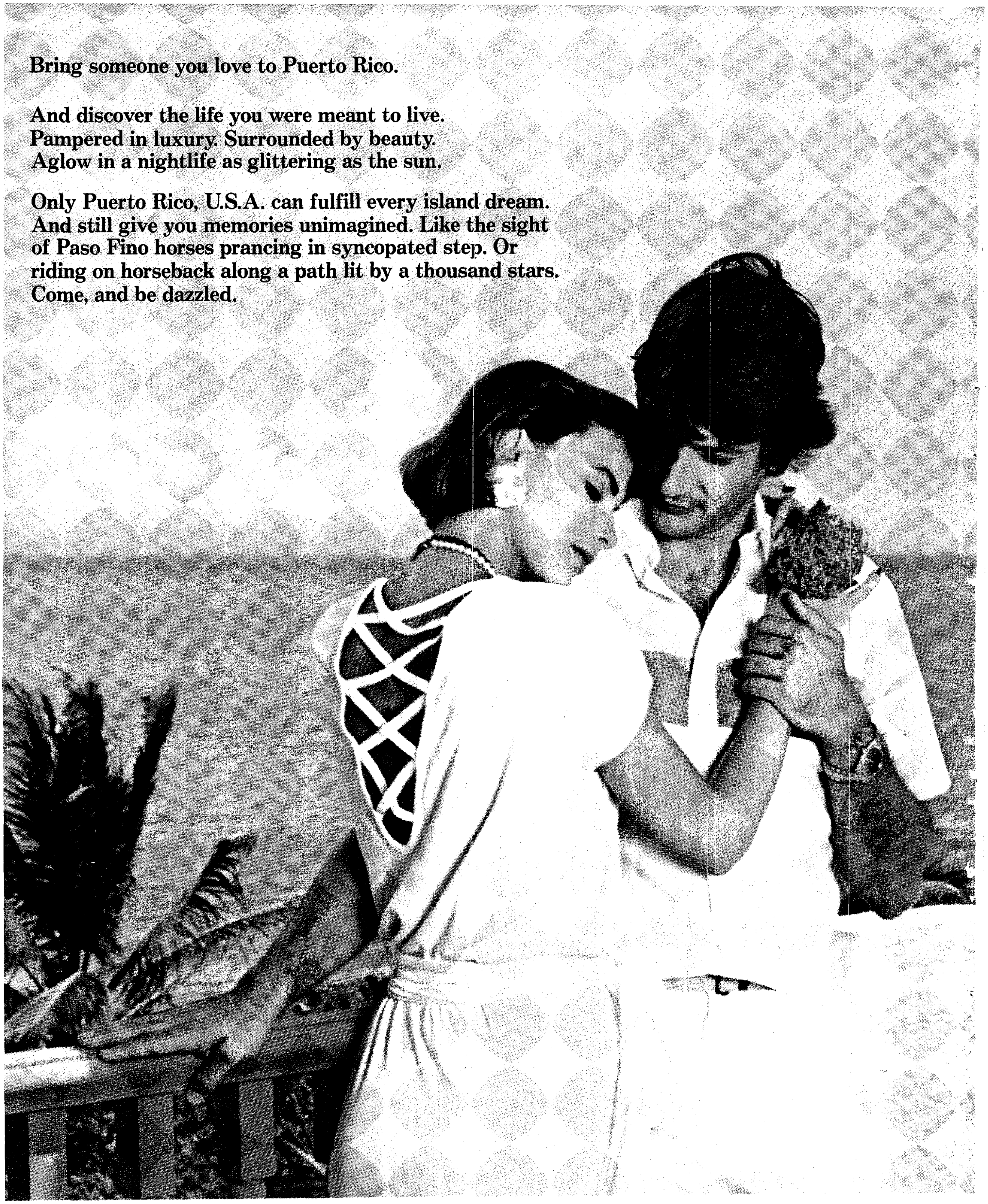

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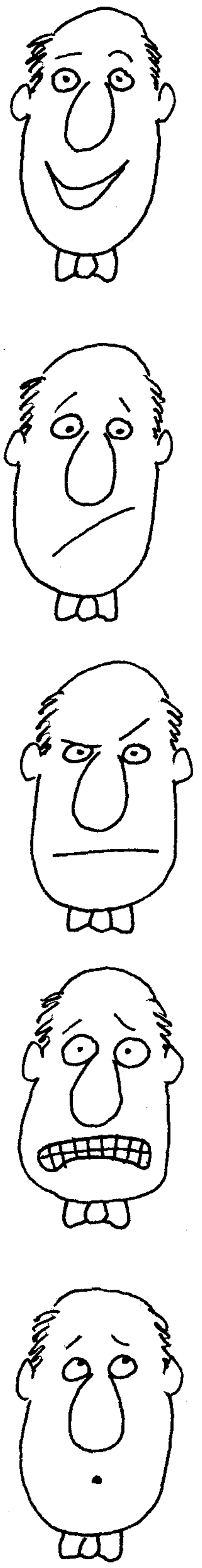
that their silence would be a kind of guilt. He wanted them to connect the Eisenberg with the war they accepted in silence forty years ago and with the war he fears will come if people like them are silent now. He got his parish youth group together. The boys and girls from Schlitz talked over their problem with the boys and girls in Hattenbach, and then they started meeting every week. They wrote letters. They wrote about their "Christian feelings" for the Eisenberg and they sent their letters to the families of Schlitzerland and knocked on doors and asked those families to talk to them about the Eisenberg. Mainly, they worked on strategies of persuasion. They discovered that no one listened if they started out talking about free-world problems and arms-control problems and called them Schlitz's problems. Schlitzers thought that their problem was the Eisenberg. They did not spend time worrying about soldiers on other people's mountains. What they wanted from their minister was a kind of theological sanction for sending the Americans somewhere else. What Pfarrer Steckenreuter wanted from them was a chance to begin—a chance to encourage them in their first step out of an almost endemic resignation. The Schlitzers trust their minister. There is something comfortable about him. He has nice brown eyes and a toothy smile, and he is no gaunt or ascetic, like his friend Brauer, who has a Mephisto beard and comes to meetings in corduroy jeans and a white crew-neck sweater, without a shirt. Pfarrer Steckenreuter is a little overweight, and he wears dark suits off the rack, and white shirts that Frau Steckenreuter usually forgets to starch. He is trying to reconcile his pastoral patience with his pastoral conscience. He likes to quote the Social Democrats who broke with Helmut Schmidt at the beginning of the debate about missiles saying, "We cannot govern without the Sermon on the Mount." That, in a way, is what he was trying to tell the Schlitzerland villages that are his community—that private morality and public morality must be joined.

Pfarrer Steckenreuter knew the Zahns—because of Frau Zahn's father and his oompah band and his church orchestra—and once Frau Zahn tried to persuade him that her husband had never really offered the mountain to the Americans, that he would never sell to the Americans unless, as Frau Zahn put it, "they took the mountain from him." Pfarrer Steckenreuter says that he was not much interested in whether Zahn tried to sell the mountain himself or hired an agent to sell it or—which he doubts—whether the Americans tried to take it away. He says that it will not do the people in Schlitz any good to know who made the first phone call or signed the first letter—that the issue is not Hans Zahn's evasions but bombs and wars and the fragile consciousness of German people. He does not think Germans "see themselves right," as he puts it. He says that Germany's curtains are not iron curtains but ghost curtains. First, there was the ghost of the Russian enemy. Russians were bad, and their weapons were bad, and this meant that Americans were good and American weapons were good. Now the ghost is American. Americans are bad, their weapons are bad, and so the Russians and their weapons are, if not precisely good, then unimportant to the argument. Pfarrer Steckenreuter agrees with the Mayor about enemies. He says that the Germans are still victims of their savage history—that they are weak and dangerous at the same time. None of the Schlitzers went to Zahn or Hörhammer and talked to them about the Eisenberg. None of them urged the Zahns to come to their meeting last February, or to a meeting that Bürgermeister Klee called in March—it was the annual town meeting—to continue the discussion. Pfarrer Steckenreuter wonders why he himself didn't drive to the mountain and try to persuade the Zahns to come down to the community center. He says that with no one talking to Zahn, with no one explaining, or even arguing, Zahn was bound to react badly to the thought that six hundred people were sitting around insulting him and accusing him of treachery and greed. In any event, Zahn reacted by insulting them. He closed the forest. He locked his blue-and-white gates against the town.

Some Schlitzers think that it was up to the Americans to come to their meetings and explain why they wanted to put ten or twelve thousand soldiers or, as rumor had it by March, eight atomic tanks in a town that was just beginning to prosper as a tourist town,



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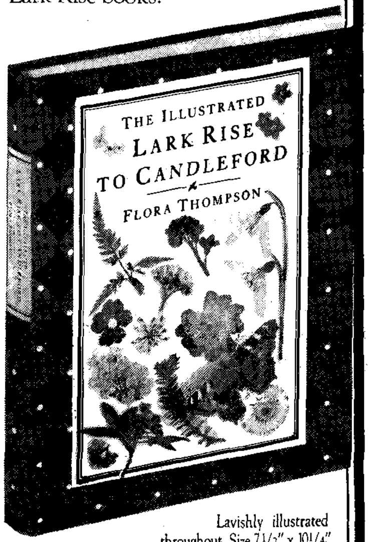

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a town for families who liked to walk and fish and admire scenery—which meant, really, admire the Eisenberg. Heiner Müller says that he invited American officers from Heidelberg to every meeting of the Eisenberg Action Community but that not one officer ever came, or even replied to his invitations. Müller knows that there are Americans who believe that Pershing 2 missiles are important or that restationing troops is important. He assumes that they are reasonable people who could have discussed the Eisenberg reasonably, and maybe have tempered some of the bitterness that Schlitzers felt when Peter Krahulec, from the Fulda peace movement, showed them an American game called The First Battle of the Next War, which was all about the Fulda Gap and about choosing sides and bombs and strategies and "losing" towns like Schlitz when your turn came. Schlitzers heard that night about a valley in Nevada where soldiers played war games in papier-mâché villages built to look like Schlitz and Hattenbach and the other Oberhessen towns. They heard about generals in Heidelberg who referred to the Fulda Gap as "the killing ground." They began to ask their speakers why the Russians and the Americans were making "little nuclear things," as the Mayor put it, and aiming them at towns like Schlitz instead of at each other.

WHEN visitors arrive at Heiner Müller's house, Müller goes to the bookshelf in his living room and takes down a big blue loose-leaf notebook that holds the clippings and the correspondence of the Eisenberg Action Community. Everybody in Schlitz seems to have one of those loose-leaf notebooks—Willi Schäfer has one, Jörg Brehm and Klaus Steckenreuter have one, Siegfried Klee has two and is starting on a third, and Hans Hibinger has a notebook entirely devoted to his lawsuits against Hans Zahn. Schlitzers like to refer to their notebooks when they talk about the Eisenberg. They look at the pages of daily clippings from the *Schlitzer Bote* and at the posters and stickers that the Mayor paid for out of the *Rathaus* budget, the manifestos that Hibinger copied at his packaging plant, the lists that Willi Schäfer compiled, calling ten thousand people on the *Rathaus* telephone—as if Schlitz's memory were as tentative as Schlitz's courage and could disappear without a pile of bulging notebooks to validate it and give it substance. Heiner Müller's notebook is the most personal of the notebooks. Schlitz's year as an "action community" has been a kind of bildungsroman for him—maybe because he is neither a pacifist nor a leftist nor a Green nor a mystic of the German soil. He is a member in good standing of West Germany's economic miracle, a conscientious consumer who still looks a little awkward sitting on his olive Habitat couch in his coördinated olive slacks and sweater—as if everything in his life matched except Heiner Müller himself. This awkwardness is his charm. The town likes him, even though by Schlitz standards he is a foreigner. He has a reputation for fair-mindedness and respectability, and it made him the obvious spokesman when the town organized. Müller says that at first he thought that Germans themselves were responsible for what seemed like an "official silence" about the Eisenberg. He says that Germans thrive on secrecy, that secrets are marks of status in the Federal Republic, whereas Americans are known in Germany as people who never keep secrets, as garrulous, democratic people with no instinct at all for silence—and that even Schlitzers who claim to hate Americans could not really understand why the officers in Heidelberg told Herr Müller to stop writing to them. It was this secrecy, Müller says, that got him thinking about Americans and then worrying about Americans, and convinced him that Ronald Reagan, with his talk about limited nuclear wars and evil Russians, was up to something too simpleminded to be reliable—something that threatened the forty years of "nearly peace" that people on both sides of the border between East and West Germany had managed to endure.

The questions that were raised in Schlitz this year were the questions Heiner Müller raised to himself—questions, as Pfarrer Steckenreuter likes to say, about enemies, questions about being German and about the other Germans across the Wall in Thuringia, questions about the *Volk*, about how to turn this longing for a German *Volk* into something honorable and progressive, about longing free from corruption. Müller says that this was the year he "learned." He learned that if one Schlitzer put a "SAVE THE EISENBERG" sticker on his car window, three more Schlitzers would put stickers on their car windows, but that it took a lot of talking to get that first sticker on the first car.

ON March 27th, the Sunday before Easter, five thousand people from all over the Fulda Gap marched to a meadow on the Eisenberg and planted a little oak with two branches, telling reporters who had come from Hessen television and the big Hessen newspapers that they were planting a "peace oak," for a peaceful mountain. They had wanted to demonstrate on one of Zahn's meadows, but Zahn was furious about the demonstration, and he put a notice in the *Schlitzer Bote*—by way of an official no—warning the demonstrators off his property. They used someone else's meadow instead. Their peace oak disappeared—Jörg Brehm says that the next time he was on the Eisenberg the tree was gone—but their fight to save the mountain had started. People from the peace movement in Fulda got busy organizing. They led an Easter march to Schlitz, and the Mayor met them in the *Marktplatz*, at the old fountain with St. George in the middle—Schlitzers think of St. George as the saint of linen weavers—and made a speech telling the merchants at the *Marktplatz* that eight tanks crashing through the *Platz* would surely do more to ruin their trade than all the peace people in Oberhessen. Then they had a big meeting in Lauterbach, and fifteen hundred Schlitzers came dressed in sacks and smeared with ashes, because they had been advised to "do something spectacular," and rather than shave their heads (which was the suggestion) they compromised with sackcloth, like the people of Nineveh. Pfarrer Steckenreuter's youth group cut the sacks. Willi Schäfer got a cowboy hat and put a little Eisenberg sticker on the brim and wore it. Heiner Müller's committee was meeting every week, Pfarrer Steckenreuter was anxiously entertaining *Stern* in his front parlor, and the town council called a special session and took over the great hall at the Vorderburg, where twenty-one councilmen who had been notably quiet on the subject of the Eisenberg before the Schlitz elections—they were just over—started fighting about which councilman was doing most to save the mountain. They were country politicians, but their instincts were shrewd: suddenly the Eisenberg was the most famous mountain in Germany. Müller thinks it was the sackcloth and ashes that started the attention. Schlitzers in sacks were in the paper every day. People picking up the *Frankfurter Rundschau* saw them. People reading *Der Spiegel* and *Stern* saw them. People watching the nightly news in Hamburg and Düsseldorf and Berlin saw them. On Hessen Day, which is a state holiday, the Eisenberg Action Community put out a petition to save the Eisenberg, and nearly ten thousand people signed. A crew from West German Television came down from Cologne that Hessen Day. They spent two weeks filming, and they followed Pfarrer Steckenreuter on his pastoral rounds and on his peace rounds. They filmed the mysterious manhole covers near the Fulda Bridge, they filmed nuclear depots at the border, they filmed a wedding at Pfarrer Steckenreuter's church, and they would have gone on filming, except that their producer, in Cologne, called to say that the footage they were sending home would never make it past the network officials and onto the air. He turned out to be right.

May Day was Union Day in Schlitz. The trade unions took over the community center and ran "The Nuclear Battlefield" non-stop for seven hours. June 8th was the first day of the Kirchentag—the biennial convocation of the Lutheran Church in Germany. Pfarrer Steckenreuter drove to Hannover, where two hundred and fifty thousand West German Lutherans were meeting, and he took over Stand 511 at the Kirchentag Fairgrounds, and passed out flyers, and collected more signatures. July 9th was the Schlitz Folk Festival Day. Twenty thousand people came to that and saw the Schlitzers dance in their sackcloth. Then, in August, Jörg Brehm and his hiking club—which is the only organization Brehm belongs to—made a kind of Calvary to the mountain, carrying a long wooden rocket along the highroad out from Schlitz and setting it in the ground near the foot of the mountain. They scattered stones—"stones of sorrow"—around the rocket. Every Schlitzer who took that road was supposed to add a stone to the pile, and thousands did, until vandals came one night with a power saw and cut the rocket in half.

No one in Schlitz knows exactly why or when the Americans decided not to buy their mountain. By September, people were in the streets all over

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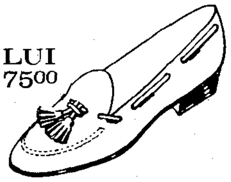

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Germany protesting the missile deployment that is just starting, and, given the energy of their protests, it may have been simple common sense for the Americans to try to deflect that energy and seize a chance to look generous and responsive. Four new supermarkets had moved to Schlitz in anticipation of a base on the Eisenberg, and Bürgermeister Klee took it as a sign that, around September, the manager of one of those supermarkets began to talk about moving on. By September, too, Josef Hörhammer had sold a parcel of his land—it was land on the east face of the mountain—to a friend from Deggendorf who started appearing at the Vorderburg, weekends, in a green Mercedes, with an architect's model for what looked like a big mountain house lying on the back seat. It was about that time that Zahn and Hörhammer wrote to the Minister of Forests and asked him to buy the rest of their Eisenberg land. They wanted six marks a square metre, the Minister says, which was more than six times what they had paid. The Minister said no. He had just put five hundred acres of the Eisenberg—the virgin forest that Jörg Brehm had petitioned for in 1977—under the protection of the state, and this meant that some of the mountain, at least, was now a nature preserve and could not be used.

There were elections in Hessen on September 25th. People were voting for a new state parliament, and every big politician in Hessen wanted the credit for saving the Eisenberg. Holger Börner, the Minister-President of Hessen and an old Social Democrat, had been helping the Schlitzers. The Social Democrats had run Hessen since 1949, and now Alfred Dregger's Christian Democrats were looking for ways to take it over. Dregger decided to change his mind about the mountain. He put pressure on the Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, and Kohl put pressure on the Americans, who were counting on Kohl and his coalition to approve the new deployment and spare them the political embarrassment of having to "pull priority," as one of the Heidelberg commanders put it, on an unwilling country. The final missile debate was coming up in Bonn. Kohl needed favors, and the Americans owed him favors—especially in places like Hessen, where so many American soldiers are based. On September 2nd, Dregger heard from the Minister of Defense that the Eisenberg would not be bought for military use, and on September 6th he saw to it that the Minister's statement was in the *Schlitzer Bote* and the other Oberhessen papers—by way of an election ad for the Christian Democrats.

The Social Democrats kept Hessen after all. The Christian Democrats voted to approve the missiles. And late last month in Bonn the Green deputies presented Helmut Kohl with an origami funeral wreath made by schoolchildren in Hiroshima. Schlitz itself, after an Eisenberg celebration, is back to normal. Hans Hibinger is suing Zahn again; this time, he wants five thousand marks for water damage to his meadow. Bürgermeister Klee wonders if Ronald Reagan knows how beautiful the Eisenberg's meadows are. He says that "the taste of America is bitter now in Schlitz." He is happy the Eisenberg was spared, but he still cannot cross the bridge to Fulda without thinking about three atomic demolition mines planted there, making his town a target. Pfarrer Steckenreuter is hard at work marrying people and burying people—there were a lot of funerals this fall—and writing Sunday sermons after a year in which he had seen his speeches printed in the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, and even heard one broadcast over Radio Free Europe. He says that many Schlitzers were relieved in September, and talked about a victory, but that he never felt a victory. He felt "the stone weighing in my heart change places," but the stone, he says, did not fall out. Changing places is like changing mountains, and Pfarrer Steckenreuter wonders if many Schlitzers will care when someone else's mountain gets a tank depot or a Pershing launcher. He wonders, now that the mountain is safe, how many Schlitzers will remember "The Nuclear Battlefield" or the Fulda Gap game or their own terror—and understand that the Eisenberg is "only a chip in a mosaic that is *their* earth."

OBERHESSEN was always the backward part of Hessen, the reactionary part, the part that sent an old S.S. captain to the Bundestag as a Free Democrat at the same time students in Frankfurt and the rest of south Hessen were stringing love beads and playing Bob Dylan and hanging prison photographs of Ulrike Meinhof on their walls. It is still a heavy, closed world, and a poor world. There is no real industry so close to the frontier, no real investment. The people with money to spend are the American soldiers and—because of the state's subsidies to towns like Schlitz—the German tourists, who come for the castles and for a countryside that still manages to look bucolic despite the coded signs at every crossing. There are ten little hotels and guesthouses in Schlitz now. The Mayor figures that thousands of people passed through Schlitz last year, but this contact with the world is new. Old people in Oberhessen got to know strangers only when soldiers came through or when they were soldiers themselves, heading out.

"I remember my father coming back from France," Willi Schäfer said last month when he was talking about the problem of enemies. "My father was pulled out of the castle in '39 to march against France, and years later, before he died, he said to me— It was like a secret. He said, 'You know? France? I never saw an enemy there.' People my father's age, people my age—we never travelled, so we had enemies. But kids today travel. They hitchhike and they take part in the world, and when they come home they are a peace movement. They think about other Germans, Germans in the East, but they don't think enemies. They think, They're only Germans who'll be dead just like us if this craziness goes on. People in Schlitz say they were 'politicized' by the Eisenberg, but I don't know. They're not a peace movement yet. They haven't engaged themselves. Hattenbach is twenty minutes away, but a lot of them saw the Hattenbach movie and started worrying about Hattenbach only because the Eisenberg was involved and they were worrying about bombs on *their* mountain—bombs or troops or tanks that would make Schlitz a target. The story goes on. So many weapons. So much pain. I walk on the Eisenberg and look around—and the truth is I see no enemies anywhere."

—JANE KRAMER

•

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[*From the San Antonio Express-News*]

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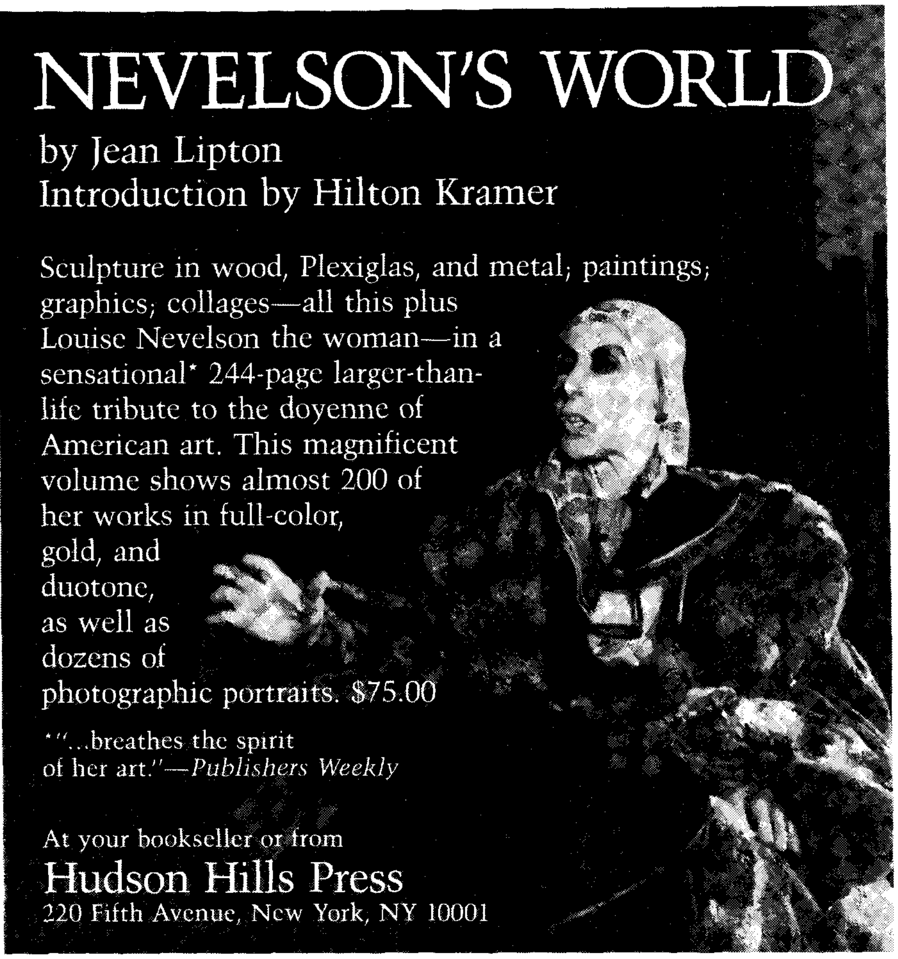
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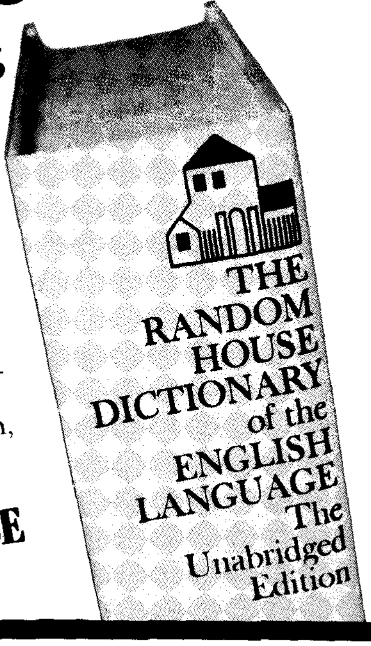


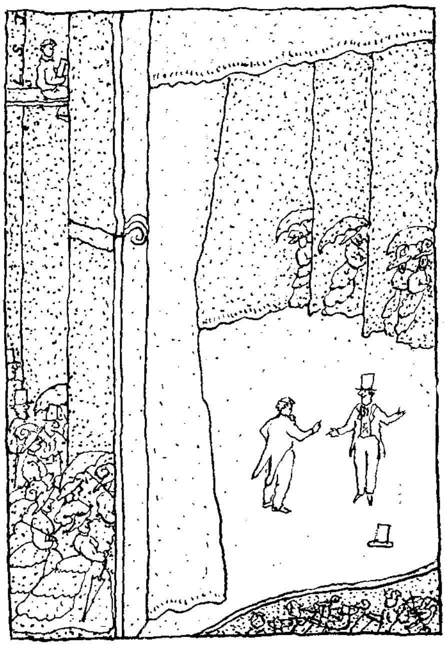
THE THEATRE

Civilization on the Rocks

THE time of Shaw's "Heartbreak House," now playing at the Circle in the Square, is September, 1914; the setting is the agreeably shiplike house of the elderly, eccentric Captain Shotover, beached in the green fastness of the Sussex countryside. In his preface to the published version of the play, Shaw claims to have written it before the outbreak of the First World War, in 1914, and to have put it aside because "truth telling is not compatible with the defence of the realm." He explained, "I had to withhold 'Heartbreak House' from the footlights during the war; for the Germans might on any night have turned the last act from play into earnest, and even then might not have waited for their cues." The play was given its first performance by the Theatre Guild, here in New York, in November, 1920, and it opened in London in October of the following year. In spite of Shaw's statement concerning the date of composition, the editors of the Bodley Head edition of his collected plays assert that he began to write "Heartbreak House" in March, 1916, and completed it in May, 1917. It was by no means unlike Shaw to have fudged the dates in this fashion; he shared with most writers (with most human beings?) a desire to be seen as more prescient than he actually was. In the third year of the war, European civilization appeared to Shaw to be on the rocks, but it had been heading there for a long time; Shaw himself was sixty in 1916 and had spent much of his life observing the follies of that civilization and urging his contemporaries to reform by championing, as he did, Socialism, vegetarianism, Ibsenism, sunbathing in the nude, woollen clothing, and total abstinence from tobacco and alcohol. The remedies were less pertinent than he had hoped; as a clown and a gadfly he had made many people laugh, but as a reformer he had proved a conspicuous failure.

"Heartbreak House" is a comedy of despair. Shaw gave it the subtitle "A Fantasia in the Russian Manner on English Themes," in order to salute his younger colleague Chekhov as the source of the dramatic method of the play, and to hint at the sources of the play's sociology as well. For the life of the foxhunting gentry in the British Isles early in the century bore a startling resemblance to that of the doomed landowners in far-off Russia, listening for the sound of axes in their orchards. To find the possible originals of Captain Shotover and his family, one needn't look beyond some relatives of Shaw's wife, the Anglo-Irish heiress Charlotte Payne-Townshend. She was a cousin of Edith Oenone Somerville, who lived at Drishane, a great house in the west of Ireland, and who wrote, with *her* cousin, Violet F. Martin, a series of hilarious short stories that were published in book form as "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." (Two popular sequels followed.) Miss Somerville's father was a gentle, ruminative man, "no more use about the house than a feather," and three of her brothers went to sea; one of them returned to Drishane, as a captain, to pursue spiritualism—if not, like Captain Shotover, to pursue "the seventh degree of concentration." At first, Miss Somerville looked down snubbingly upon Shaw as a former Dublin clerk who had much bettered himself by marrying into the Townshends. Though she came to know his true worth, her early attitude may have urged Shaw into a characteristically puckish feat: to make the Shotovers a symbol of English decay and yet to base them upon the Anglo-Irish Somervilles.

The present production of "Heartbreak House" is an excellent one, and is likely to become even better with time, for the miserably elongated acting space of the Circle in the Square—a space that one flatters by calling it a stage—is hard to get used to performing in as a company. This is especially true when the cast is large and is diverse in training and temperament. There are nine roles in "Heartbreak House" (Shaw wrote it to include ten; a comic philosopher burglar has been expunged for the sake of saving time) and several styles of acting on display. Rex Harrison is a superlative Captain Shotover; wearing an immense beard, grown for the occasion, and padding about in slippers and nightclothes, he makes a thoroughly convincing ancient seer and commentator, speaking with a hard-earned but not in the least embittered equanimity of disillusionment. When the question of happiness arises, he says, "I tell you happiness is no good. You can be happy when you are only half alive. I am happier now I am half dead than ever I was in my prime. But there is no blessing on my happiness." Upon which young Ellie Dunn, played with a radiant self-assurance by Amy Irving, bursts out, "Life with a blessing! That is what I want." When pressed to explain what she means by "blessing," she confesses that she doesn't know—"but I know it means something." The extended conversation in Act II between Shotover and Ellie is enchanting; the Captain speaks of the pleasure of drinking rum in old age with a beauty of language that puts one in mind of Prospero—Shaw the teetotaller singing the praises of alcohol, which he spent a lifetime refusing to touch, as the chaste Shaw sang the praises of women, whom he spent a lifetime refusing to make love to except on paper!



Rosemary Harris and Dana Ivey provide the last ounce of theatrical nourishment from their roles as the two Shotover daughters. Miss Harris is the perennially successful temptress of men Hesione Hushabye (is her first name a sly echo of the middle name of Miss Somerville, who despised men?), and Miss Ivey is the shrilly aggressive Lady Utterword. Stephen McHattie plays the graceful, mindless bounder Hector Hushabye; Philip Bosco plays Boss Mangan, a business magnate given to breaking down and sobbing like a child; and William Prince and Bill Moor play, respectively, the bumbling idealist Mazzini Dunn and Randall Utterword, who, with all England threatening to go up in flames, seeks to raise his companions' spirits by bringing out a flute and attempting with consummate ineptitude the first few bars of "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Not for the first time, Marjorie Bradley Kellogg has contrived to design a setting of exceptional charm within the Circle's bowling-alley-like bleakness; I would be content to move into Captain Shotover's handsome panelled drawing room tomorrow. The appropriate period costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Paul Gallo, and the direction is by Anthony Page.

Michael Frayn, author of "Noises Off," at the Brooks Atkinson, is obviously one of the small handful of geniuses who leap up out of the ruck of ordinary writers, such as Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, and insist upon making a real mark for themselves in the world. The latest manifestation of Frayn's astounding talent is a farce so complex in plot and so rapid in execution that Einstein himself would have blanched at the difficulty of following its innumerable anfractuosities. A third-rate acting company is preparing a third-rate sex comedy for its opening in a third-rate provincial English city. What I found myself laughing at from start to finish in "Noises Off" is already a blur in my gag-battered mind, but I recall that the set, by Michael Annals, has eight doorways, a couple of windows, and a steep flight of stairs, and that a notably acrobatic cast spends the evening racing through the apertures and up and down the stairs. I recall as well that among the props, nearly always in constant motion, are several plates of sardines, a bottle of whiskey, a telephone, a TV set, some bouquets of dingy flowers, a cactus plant, and a British Airways flight bag; from this list alone you may be able to deduce that what we are in the presence of here is the "King Lear" of farces, or perhaps I should say the "Tristan und Isolde" of laff riots.

Turning from the play itself to the production, I feel obliged to report that the cast, despite its energy, is unable to do justice to the intricacy of the author's intentions. Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale know how to play farce, but it appears that Dorothy Loudon does not; she is satisfied to mug her way through a role that from time to time ought to reveal a certain degree of human emotion in respect to ambition and failure. Some of the other roles are written to reveal similar emotions and are similarly scamped. For their cheerfulness and fortitude on their way from one pratfall to the next, let me salute Brian Murray, Victor Garber, Linda Thorson, Deborah Rush, Jim Piddock, and Amy Wright. Let me also congratulate Mr. Annals upon his costumes and Martin Aronstein upon his lighting. The direction is by Michael Blakemore, no doubt with the assistance of three Apple computers, two Casio stopwatches, and a partridge in a pear tree. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Mother's Boy

Julia Kearsley's "Wednesday," an English import on view at the Hudson Guild through December 18th, is a melodrama about a Lancashire woman who insists on keeping her grown son, a dangerous idiot, at home with her, and who in the course of the action tries and fails to persuade a widower she knows to rent a room in her house. The son's only positive attribute is the eerie ability to name the day of the week of any date in history. The widower, we discover, once inadvertently saved him from drowning. Visiting the premises is the woman's cynical daughter, still in her late teens, who has moved out and is now uncomfortably on her own.

I must confess right off that I am not your ideal audience for dangerous idiots and indomitable mothers—or, for that matter, for claptrap melodramas, whatever their country of origin. Nevertheless, Geraldine Fitzgerald, as director, has given the play a far better production than it deserves. And though the characters are a dime a dozen, the (indomitable) actors keep us in the theatre past the intermission. As the mother, Sada Thompson gives a powerful performance of much emotional variety. John Bowman, whose credits include the title role in "The Elephant Man" (now, *there* was a part!), is appropriately sly and repulsive as the son. How Mia Dillon ever made sense of the sketchy, synthetic, wanton daughter I cannot imagine, but she does; and John Cunningham, a very able actor, is very good as the widower. The Lancashire accents are insecure.

—Edith Oliver

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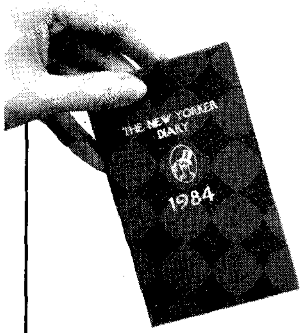

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THE ART WORLD

"Jazz," Etc.

WHATEVER the purpose of art may be, it has little to do with the purposes of commercially published art books. Some seek to instruct us about art—although, as any artist and most art historians will tell you, the experience of visual art cannot be conveyed in words. What is conveyed in art writing is something else, which may or may not be useful when we come to look at the real thing. Other art books (the majority, I would say) subordinate instruction to illustration—photographic illustration, that is, which differs from original art in almost every respect. These books feed our boundless appetite for images and often give considerable pleasure, which is fine so long as we understand that what we are looking at bears about the same relation to works of art as the shadows in Plato's cave bore to the objects outside. Vast numbers of art books of both kinds were published this year, as usual, and those that pleased me most are listed here.

AT the top of the list is a book that falls into the rarest category of all—a book that *is* a work of art. Nobody ever came closer to achieving this ideal than Henri Matisse, who illustrated several *livres de luxe* in France in the nineteen-thirties and forties. His "Jazz," published in a limited edition by Tériade in 1947, has now been reprinted by George Braziller ($90), and the new edition, though several rungs below the original in quality, makes a very beautiful book.

Matisse was seventy-four when he started work on "Jazz." Two major operations had left him an invalid, confined much of the time to his bed, in a villa on the outskirts of Vence, where he had taken refuge from the aerial bombardment that preceded the Allied landings in Southern France. Within a year, both his wife and his daughter were imprisoned by the Germans, for aiding the Resistance. Under these bleak circumstances, he somehow produced a series of cut-paper collages whose sheer, soaring exuberance takes your breath away. Matisse had first used the technique of paper-cutting more than a decade earlier, when he laid out the elements of his huge mural "Dance," for the Barnes Foundation. He turned again to "drawing with scissors," as he called it, in the forties, when his illness prevented him from standing at an easel for more than brief periods. This time, he had an assistant cover sheets of paper with brilliant Linel paints—colors so intense that Matisse told Tériade he needed dark glasses just to look at them. The images that appear in the twenty cut-paper collages for "Jazz" were derived, as he wrote, "from crystallizations of memories of circuses, folktales, and voyages," but these sources were merely incidental to a virtuoso chromatic performance. A lifetime dedicated to simplifying painting and liberating color lay behind these flowing forms, knife-edged contrasts, and clear, resonating hues.

How to transform this miracle to the printed page was another matter. Tériade's solution, after several false starts, was the old French method of *pochoir*, or stencil printing, in which metal stencils were cut to conform to the artist's designs, and colors—in this case, the same Linel paints used by Matisse for his collages—were laid down by the printer with large brushes. Matisse had also provided a text, in the form of notes and observations on a variety of subjects in his own, very large handwriting. Each of the twenty color pages or spreads is separated by several pages of black-on-white script, whose function, according to Matisse, was "purely visual," serving "only to accompany my colors, just as asters help in the composition of a bouquet of more important flowers." (The verbal interest, in fact, is minimal.) The alternation of black-and-white pages and dazzling color spreads sets up a lively, rhythmic counterpoint, which is what the artist must have had in mind when he changed the title of the series from "Circus" (one early collage includes the word "*cirque*") to "Jazz." The book, which was issued in an edition of two hundred and fifty copies (plus a hundred "albums" of the prints, without the notes), had an immense and lasting effect on several generations of artists and designers, not to mention Matisse himself. The same alternation of bright color and black-and-white elements runs through all his work on the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, in Vence, which he completed in 1951; the great cut-paper compositions that were his last works have imagery similar to the simplified, near-abstract "signs" in "Jazz."

The Braziller edition comes as close to the original as commercial offset lithography can manage. The West German printing firm of Ernst Wartelsteiner checked each plate repeatedly against a copy of the Tériade edition. No inks can duplicate exactly the Linel paint colors, of course, and some of the blues in the new edition are visibly paler and thinner in tone than those of the original. Riva Castleman, the Museum of Modern Art's curator of prints and illustrated books, who wrote the introduction to the Braziller edition, believes nevertheless that the *experience* of color in the new book is very close to what Matisse intended. I agree with her. Great care was taken to find

"Amuse! Entertain! Inform!"

a paper that matched that of the Tériade edition in tone and texture. The book's only serious flaw, however, is that the black-and-white handwriting shows through the color plates in certain areas when the pages are pressed flat. "Jazz" has been handsomely bound, by the Munich firm of R. Oldenbourg, in such a way that Matisse's double-page spreads are presented without a break, or "gutter," down the middle. (Tériade's edition, being unbound, avoided this problem.) Braziller has also done a special edition, unbound and boxed, for the Museum of Modern Art ($95 to members, $150 to non-members), using the same plates and paper. Both versions are virtually the same size as the original (the pages are fractionally smaller, to lessen the risk of their being passed off as Tériade's). Since a copy of the Tériade edition, if it appeared on the market today, would bring at least forty thousand dollars, both are bargains.

COLOR was the fundamental element in painting for Cézanne, as it was for Matisse, and in "Cézanne Watercolors" (Abrams; $65) the German art historian Götz Adriani presents a generous selection of the Aix master's work in that essentially color-oriented medium. "Cézanne recognized early on that his concepts and their specific application were nowhere so apparent as in watercolors, where anyone can trace, step by step, the transformation of a sensory experience into formal, pictorial expression," Adriani writes. The retrospective exhibition of seventy-nine Cézanne watercolors at the Galerie Bernheim-Jeune, in Paris, in 1907, the year after his death, had a prodigious influence on any number of younger painters, including Matisse. For Picasso and Braque, it was one of the major factors in their development of Cubism.

"Monet," by Robert Gordon and Andrew Forge (Abrams; $67.50 until January 1st, $75 thereafter), is considerably more than the annual blockbuster on French Impressionism. Forge's biographical text makes use of previously unpublished material, much of which was turned up by Gordon during more than ten years of research for the book. This is art history at its best. It is clear, incisive, and passionately committed to the view that, as Forge puts it, "everything of any weight that has been achieved in painting during the last hundred years has been in some way shaped by Monet."

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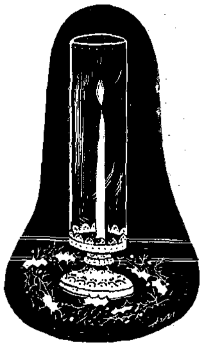
the pleasing, non-blockbuster format of "Raphael," by Roger Jones and Nicholas Penny (Yale; $35)? This serviceable, up-to-date monograph in the no-nonsense British manner—the authors are British art historians—strikes a nice balance between instruction and illustration. Raphael's faultless compositional harmonies are not much in favor these days, but what a bracing exercise it is to imagine a period in which they were!

Part of the allure of "Renaissance Painting in Manuscripts" (Hudson Hills; $50) is that the pictures it reproduces were intended to be viewed just this way, by a single person holding a book. The manuscripts in question belong to the British Library, and they are currently on tour in an exhibition that comes to the Morgan Library on January 20th. The Flemish, French, and Italian artists who painted these exquisitely detailed landscapes and interiors were very sharp observers. Men and women of the various social orders come to life in these pictures more vividly, in some ways, than they do in the great Renaissance frescoes and panel paintings, and the same thing can be said of a seemingly limitless congeries of birds, beasts, flowers, and insects, both real and fanciful.



"Nevelson's World," by Jean Lipman (Hudson Hills; $75), is a world that has almost nothing in common with that of the Renaissance manuscript. Here all is grandiose, portentous, and silent. I have always thought that Louise Nevelson's sculptured walls and "environments" were like stage sets for dramas that do not take place. They have a powerful presence but no life. This outsize, reverential book gives me the same feeling. The reproductions (most of them, like the sculptures, are in black-and-white), the photographs of Nevelson at different stages of her long career, the quotations from her often oracular utterances, and the expanses of empty white space on each page conspire to produce the atmosphere of a mausoleum—which, to paraphrase Gertrude Stein, is all right if you are dead; if not, not.

Now that neo-expressionism is all the rage, we seem to be in for a spate of art books dealing with German Expressionism in its earlier phase, before and after the First World War—paleo-expressionism, perhaps. "Expressionists and Expressionism," by Wolf-Dieter Dube (Skira/Rizzoli; $75), is the best and by far the most lavish of these recent surveys. It is also a very well-designed book, with large, clear type and intelligently placed reproductions. Frank Stella said last winter that he found German Expressionism "one of the least significant major developments of the twentieth century." I tend to agree with him, but I suspect that this is an irresponsible point of view.

"Portraits: 5,000 Years," by John Walker (Abrams; $55), is a book I did not expect to like but found beguiling. There is an endless fascination in the drawn or painted or sculpted human face: an image that, if successful, always contains two people—the subject and the artist—and that we look at in a way we can never look at a living person. The text, by the former director of the National Gallery, is smoothly informative. The portraits he has chosen are all from Western art (no Far Eastern, African, or pre-Columbian American examples), and they range from Queen Nefertiti (c. 1372-1355 B.C.), artist unknown, to Cal Todd, American ranch foreman (1981), by Harry Jackson.

"The Drawing of America," by Marshall B. Davidson (Abrams; $49.50), is not really an art book, inasmuch as many of the drawings were done by non-artists, but it is an immensely diverting picture history of the United States. One of the earliest drawings depicts Amerigo Vespucci landing in the New World, to the great discomfiture of a copious nude female (America), who has been asleep in a hammock. Davidson's text is lively, entertaining, and full of odd bits of information—such as the fact that in 1850 New York City's death rate was twice as high as London's.

"Mouton Rothschild: Paintings for the Labels, 1945-1981" (New York Graphic Society; $35 cloth, $15 paper) is not really an art book, either, even though well-known artists were enlisted to design many of the wine labels on view, and even though the wine itself, in several of these years, achieved masterpiece status. Château Mouton Rothschild was the first of the great wine growers to bottle its entire vintage *au château*, instead of sending it out in barrels for wine merchants to bottle. That was in

1924, and to commemorate the step Baron Philippe de Rothschild commissioned a special label from the designer Jean Carlu. In 1945, to celebrate the Allied victory in the Second World War, the Baron commissioned another artist, Philippe Jullian, to design a special label, and from then on most of the château's vintages have appeared with an artist's handiwork on the bottle. No aesthetic breakthroughs have come about in this manner; Braque, Masson, Henry Moore, Miró, Chagall, Motherwell, and other big names have been content to toss off lighthearted sketches in the spirit of the occasion, and have taken their recompense not in cash but in cases of wine. The reader may savor this book in the same spirit, or, if he can afford it, spirits.

I have saved for last the most thoroughly satisfying book on an architectural subject to come my way in a long time: "Jefferson's Monticello," by William Howard Adams (Abbeville; $49.50). The author, a Jefferson scholar, organized the Bicentennial exhibition called "The Eye of Thomas Jefferson" at the National Gallery. What he has given us here, in graceful prose and stunning photographs, is a life of Jefferson in relation to what may still be the finest house in America. Monticello is, as Adams says, "the quintessential example of the autobiographical house." A great many complex and contradictory aspects of Jefferson's mind went into its design, and that may help to explain why visitors today are so moved by the experience of being there. In an epilogue, Adams tells what happened to the house in the years from 1831, when it was sold—with its five hundred and fifty-two acres—to James Barclay, a druggist from Staunton, Virginia, for seventy-five hundred dollars, up to 1926, when it became a public monument. —CALVIN TOMKINS

◆

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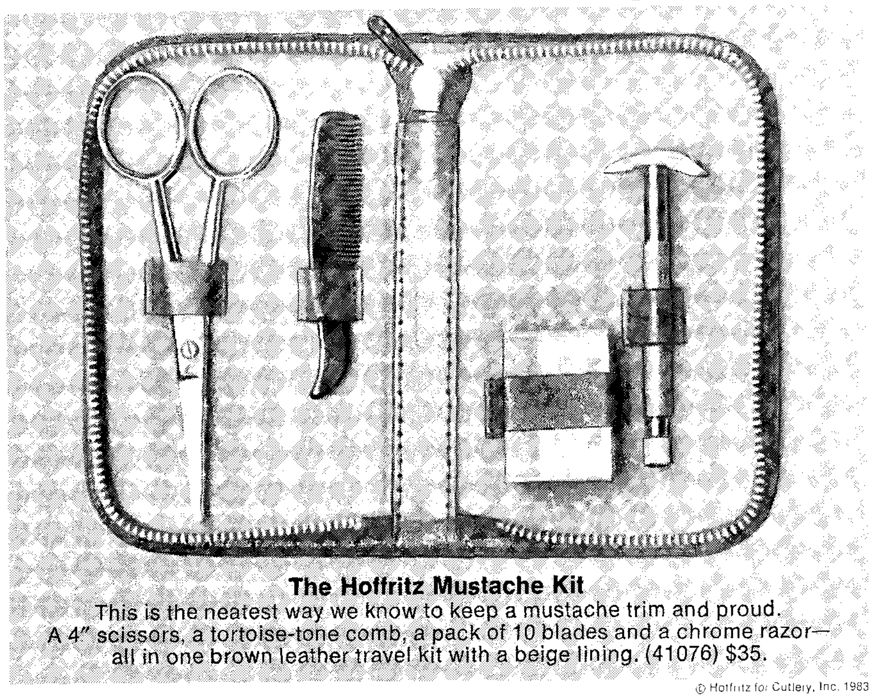
[*From the San Jose* (*Calif.*) *Mercury News*]

CORRECTION

Due to a production error, the methods for preparing three herb vinegars were switched in the Oct. 19 food section. The method accompanying the mint vinegar recipe is actually the second steeping for tarragon vinegar.

The first basil steeping under tarragon vinegar is actually the method for making basil vinegar.

The method accompanying the basil vinegar ingredients is the method for making mint vinegar.



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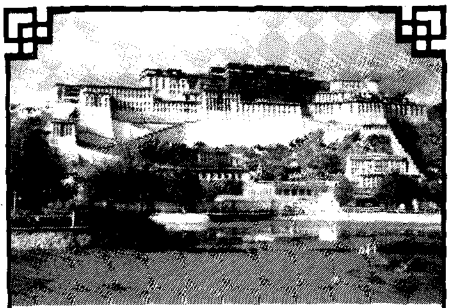

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MUSICAL EVENTS

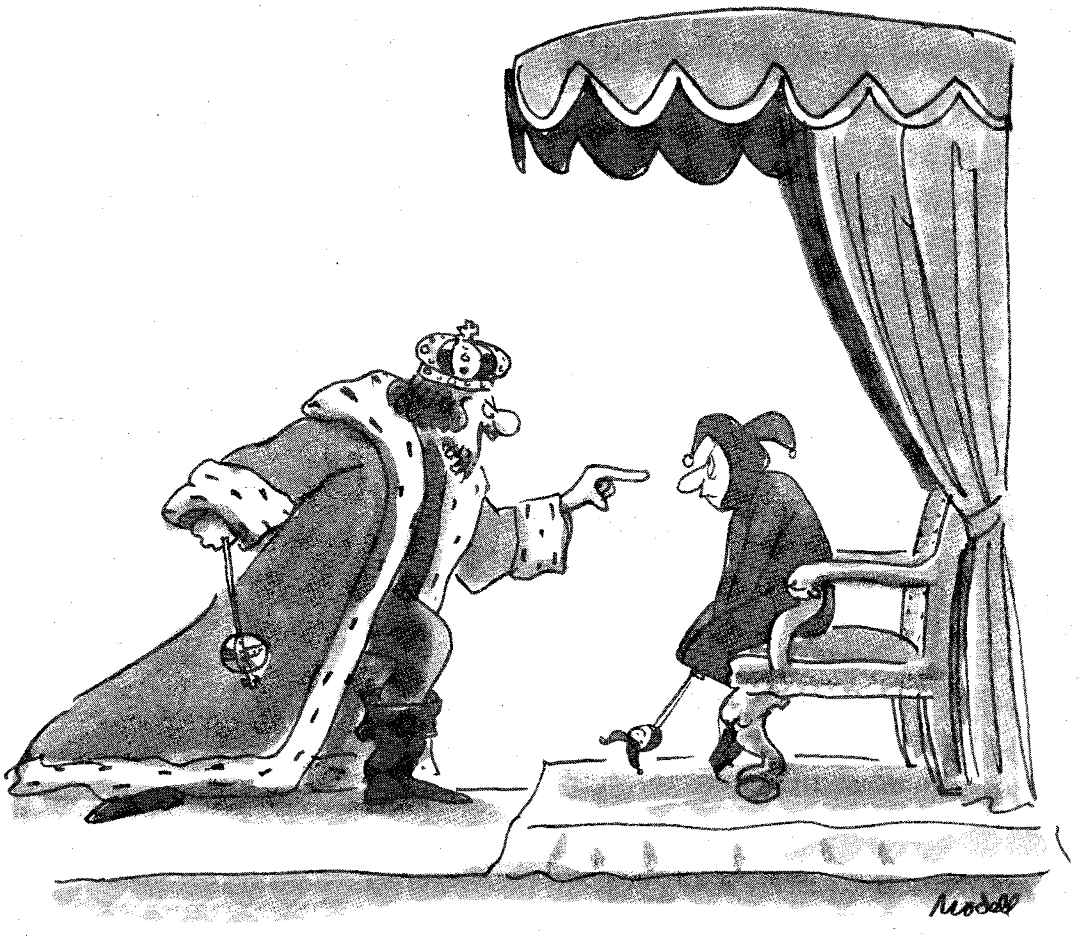
Musica per Dramma

AT a time when spirals of mounting cost and narrowing repertory coil ever more tightly around our big opera companies, and when the Met can put on something as childish and clumsy as its new production of "Ernani," the endeavors to create musical drama on a smaller scale—shows physically smaller but musically and dramatically adventurous, properly rehearsed, intelligent and imaginative in conception and in execution—become ever more important. Three such shows this season have been the Kentucky Opera's production of Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw" (1954), a full-length chamber opera for six singers and thirteen players, in the fourteen-hundred-seat Macauley Theatre, in Louisville; the Boston Shakespeare Company's production of Peter Maxwell Davies' "The Lighthouse" (1980), an eighty-five-minute chamber opera for three singers and twelve players, in the company's four-hundred-seat Boston theatre; and "La Tragédie de Carmen" (1981), Peter Brook's potted version of Bizet's "Carmen," a full-scale opéra comique reduced to eighty minutes for four singers, three actors, and fourteen players, which is running in the eleven-hundred-seat Vivian Beaumont Theatre at Lincoln Center.

In the latest number of *Opera*, devoted to summer festivals, "The Turn of the Screw" is the work most often reviewed: four new productions last summer, in Munich (a staging shared with Cologne), Aldeburgh, Batignano, and Santa Fe. Britten composed it—like "The Rape of Lucretia," "Albert Herring," "Death in Venice"—in part through dissatisfaction with regular opera-house conditions, but it has become a repertory piece with companies the world over. (The English National Opera brings its production to the San Antonio Festival in June.) It is time to drop the old remark that Puccini's "Turandot" (1926) is the most recent opera to have won wide public acceptance. "The Turn of the Screw," like "Peter Grimes," seems to draw full and enthusiastic houses wherever it is played. It did so in Louisville. Like all successful and satisfying operas, it "works" on many different levels. For listeners who know their Yeats, the emphatic refrain of the ghosts' colloquy, "The ceremony of innocence is drowned," must chime with what they read in the morning papers.

> Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

It is a heavy charge for Henry James's ghost story (and subtle psychological study), written for *Collier's*, to carry. But Britten's opera transcends its source, and its music explores responsibility, guilt, self-doubt, the conflict between erotic attraction and cool reason, and the struggle against evil in ways that listeners instinctively respond to. James wrote the Governess's story. During the opera, we feel with and through her but also share Peter Quint's confidence in his seductive powers, Miss Jessel's anguish and despair, the corrupted children's fascination with the evil, the Housekeeper's reluctance to admit that anything is wrong. Turning from emotion to analysis, we discern a strong, lucid musical structure: a prologue and two spans of eight scenes linked by a theme and fifteen variations. The theme is a twelve-note row—a chain of ascending fourths (or descending fifths) starting on A and sounding the two whole-tone scales—contained in a tonal framework. The first seven scenes (and their preceding variations) spell an A, B, C, D, E, F, G of music's fundamentals. The last variation and scene of Act I and the first of Act II are in A-flat; the tonality of succeeding variations and scenes traces a chromatic descent and return to A. But there is nothing schematic in

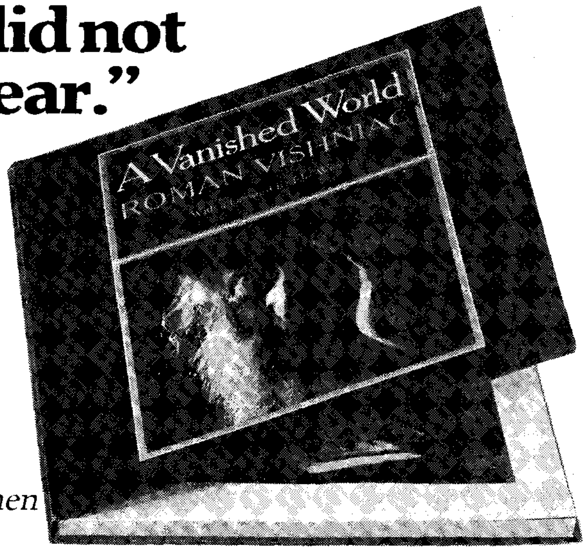


"See, things look a lot less funny sitting there, don't they?"

the working; the music flows as if impelled by the events of the narrative.

The Kentucky performance, conducted by Robert Bernhardt, directed by Nicholas Muni, and designed by Jeffrey Beecroft, was sensitive, accurate, and powerfully moving. The instrumentalists were eloquent. The musical and dramatic pacing was sure. Simply and effectively, the décor suggested country-house comfort and security that throw the horrors into relief. The cast—Glenn Siebert (a brilliantly precise Quint), Edith Davis (a brave, shining young Governess), Sam Jensen (an assured little Miles), Sharon Schuster-Craig (a vivid Miss Jessel), Carol Bober (the Housekeeper), and Ariel Rubstein (Flora)—was admirable. All the performances were detailed, and Mr. Muni's command of stage imagery was sure.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE," Davies' latest opera, first seen at the Edinburgh Festival, is an imaginative construction based on a real-life mystery. In 1900, a supply ship visiting the Flannan Isles lighthouse, in the Outer Hebrides, found the place deserted: everything in order, but no trace of the three keepers, and nothing to show what might have happened to them. The prologue is set in an Edinburgh courtroom—with flashbacks to the ship and to the steps leading to the lighthouse—where three officers (tenor, baritone, and bass), questioned by a solo horn at the back of the auditorium, give an uneasy, discordant account of their visit to the place. Then, in the lighthouse, its three keepers (the same singers) eat supper, play cards—a game of crib, but shot through with tarot resonances—and sing songs. Blazes, the baritone, in a ballad accompanied by fiddle, banjo, and bones, tells of a brutal Glasgow childhood; he bashed an old woman to death, and his father was hanged for the murder. Sandy, the tenor, accompanied by cello and out-of-tune piano, sings a sentimental ditty about his golden-haired, blue-eyed youthful love. Arthur, the bass, accompanied by winds and tambourine, sings a blood-and-thunder revivalist hymn. The fog rolls in. The sea rises. Arthur starts the foghorn, singing to himself, aloft in the lightroom, "The cry of the Beast across the sleeping world. One night, that cry will be answered, from the deep." Confinement and tedium have driven the men mad. Their songs have released repressed guilts, which pour to the surface. Blazes sees the old



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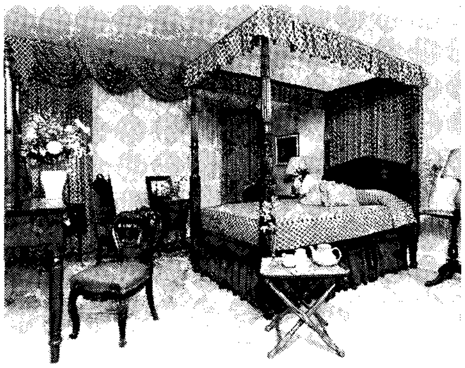

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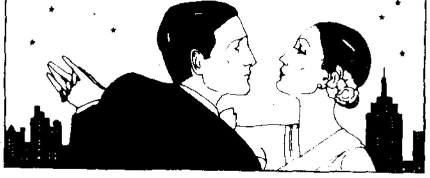

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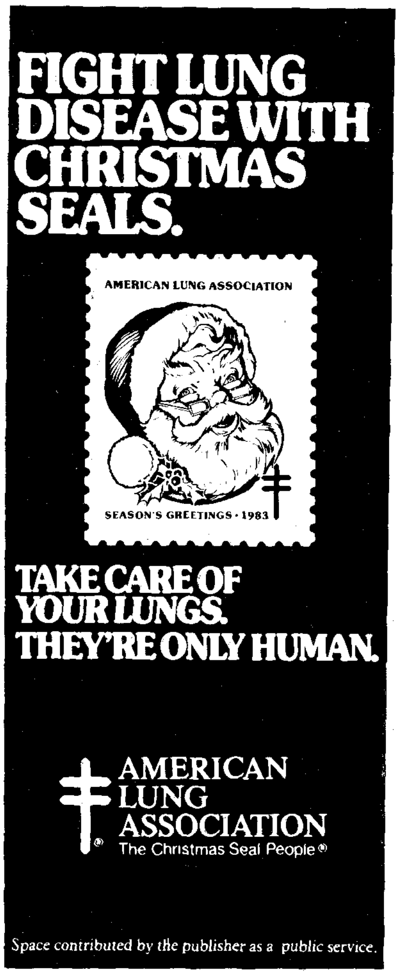
woman and his dead parents return to claim him. Sandy sees the golden-haired boy, long since dead, whom he loved and betrayed. Arthur returns from the lightroom crying that the Beast is called out from his grave deep below the tide. Hysteria seizes on the three of them, and as the lights of the approaching ship grow brighter and brighter, dazzling both them and the audience, they bellow a hymn of crazy defiance at the approaching Beast. A shattering climax—and then things are suddenly quiet again. The three officers are there: "We had to defend ourselves, God help us . . . They were crazed, run amok, unnatural, daemonic beasts . . . Explanations will be difficult." There is a coda, in a lighthouse now unmanned, its functioning made automatic. Three keepers, "obscure and phantasmal," sit at supper; the same conversation begins, but it is lost in an orchestral crescendo reiteration of the motif "The lighthouse is now automatic"—the statement that closes the prologue. (On the day of the opera's first performance, the real Flannan Isles light stopped working, and a helicopter had to take a crew out to restart it.)

"The Lighthouse" is a startling and shocking piece of theatre. It is melodramatic—and far more than that. Beneath the exciting narrative and the brilliant sound effects is a taut and shapely score, richly and carefully wrought. Peter Sellars, the director of the Boston production, remarks in a program note that the "most exhilarating and terrifying moments are driven by a Stravinskian precision and resource within a tightly organized structure." David Hoose, its conductor, remarks in another note that "we might most fruitfully approach it first as a piece of music." It was hard to make such a first approach, even though Mr. Sellars gave most of the stage to the orchestra and set the raised structure representing the lighthouse behind it: the surface of the drama proved too vivid. I went again, prepared now for the stunning effects of both the composer and the director, and determined, so far as possible, just to listen. What happened was that I, so to speak, saw with my ears, heard with my eyes. Davies is a most theatrical composer, Mr. Sellars a most musical director; and this was a production—like Mr. Sellars' of Handel's "Orlando," two years ago—in which every move, whether made by the singers or by the actors, whether made in stage or in musical space, played its part in creating a musical drama. (Only some stilted semaphoring in the mad scene seemed to me ill devised.) This is what opera should be, what both Verdi and Wagner strove for. It's rare to find it achieved on so consistently inspired a level. Director, conductor, lighting designer, a band of first-rate young players, and three subtle, skillful singers—Michael Brown (Sandy), Sanford Sylvan (Blazes), and Kenneth Bell (Arthur)—formed an alert, living ensemble. Lucky Bostonians, I felt, able to go again and again! The piece had a run of eighteen performances.

Luigi Dallapiccola, in a diary note on a "Rigoletto" in which the designer and the director had been prominent but less than sensitive to the score, quoted Busoni's remark (as a dictum that too many directors forget) "Only with a pure, substantial score can an opera outlast its brief existence on the stage and attain the rank of an artistic monument." "The Turn of the Screw" is such a score. First hearings and perusals of "The Lighthouse" suggest that it is another.

THE very first sentence I wrote in these pages was "The dramatic force of Bizet's 'Carmen,' an opéra comique done very often, and seldom very well, is most potently released in a small theatre, by a cast of actors who share the language of the audience." (My own first "Carmen"—Tyrone Guthrie's Sadler's Wells production, Anna Pollak its heroine—left an indelible mark.) I was reviewing the Met's 1972 production, planned by Goeran Gentele and executed by Bodo Igesz, and distinguished by a threefold attempt to make the piece fresh again: the spoken dialogue of the original was restored; passages of Bizet's music which had been cut before the première were reinstated; and the "Mérimée perspective," which has Don José at the center of the drama, was observed. In Peter Brook's version, at least one of the cut passages—Carmen's mocking reprise of José's "Je souffre de partir"—is reinstated, and the "Mérimée perspective" is observed. The theatre, by American opera-house standards, is small, and the singers don't push. But they sing in French, which makes the show an exotic, irrational entertainment, and the spoken dialogue is—except for a few phrases—omitted. The original "Carmen" was a drama partly spoken and partly sung. This is "Gems from 'Carmen' "—a string of musical highlights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with the ensembles and choruses either omitted or played as soundtrack to action. The music of the Smoke Chorus becomes the accompaniment to Carmen's lewd pantomime with a cigar, and that of the Quarrel Chorus to a catfight between Carmen and Micaëla. So far as I know, a large-scale structural analysis of "Carmen," of the kind that Mozart's, Wagner's, Verdi's, and Britten's operas receive, has not yet appeared. No doubt it will (and it should take into account the careful balancing of speech and song); the work is evidently an integrated masterpiece. The Brook reduction, however, with the music shuffled and reorchestrated for palm-court ensemble by Marius Constant, is no such thing. Forms, sonorities, contrasts, large relationships are scrapped. There's no reason a masterpiece should not be robbed, even with violence, in order to generate something wonderful and new. Brook's great "Orghast" successfully included a long stretch of Aeschylus' "The Persians." But "La Tragédie de Carmen" resembles the mini-operas, scaled-down versions of the real thing, that cadet companies take round to schools—only it was more carefully, more thoughtfully, more expertly performed. If all the care and all the publicity had been spent on a Brook production at the Beaumont of "The Lighthouse," "The Turn of the Screw," "Death in Venice" . . .

OPERA on a still smaller scale has been playing in the sixty-five-seat Vineyard Theatre, on East Twenty-sixth Street: Mozart's "Lo Sposo Deluso," accompanied by a trio of piano, violin, and cello, and Donizetti's "Il Giovedì Grasso," accompanied by a trio of piano, flute, and bassoon. More about them later.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Crime Log in the Sharpsburg* (*Pa.*) *Herald*]

O'Hara—Clarence Scheid, 1105 Saxonburg Blvd., told police someone went into his garden and carved obscenities into his zucchinis. The incident occurred Saturday.

•

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DANCING

A Balanchine Triptych

BALANCHINE used to deny that he wasn't interested in male dancers; when he said "They are very important as princes and attendants to the queen, but woman is the queen," it was, he insisted, because of the woman's greater technical capacity. A woman can do more; consequently she makes more demands on a choreographer. Balanchine reiterated the point three years ago in an interview in Paris. "It is easier to make dances for men—they jump, they turn. A woman is more complicated, that is the only reason they are a priority." Maybe so for other choreographers, but for Balanchine? One gathers from his ballets that Woman would have been queen in his universe whether he had been able to design a step or not. Pressed to explain what special pains he took with his ballerinas, he resorted, typically, to metaphor. "They are fragile like orchids. You have to know exactly how much sun, how much water, how much air and then take them inside before they wilt." A full-evening Balanchine ballet called "Flowers" is not unimaginable, nor is one called "Horses" or "Birds"—images more or less conspicuously floral or equine or avian are strewn throughout his repertory. In 1967, the three-part ballet called "Jewels" was made, and it is still unsurpassed as a Balanchine primer, incorporating in a single evening every important article of faith to which this choreographer subscribed and a burst of heresy, too, to remind us that he willingly reversed himself on occasion. Edward Villella was then as much a priority as the ballerinas who composed the original cast—Violette Verdy, Mimi Paul, Patricia McBride, and Suzanne Farrell—and so, in between "Emeralds" and "Diamonds," we have "Rubies," with a smashing male role, more than prince or attendant, at its center. The exception proves the rule about technical capacity; only a man who could do the things that Villella could do would have deflected Balanchine from his preoccupation with female dancers. Still, there the role stands, in lonely eminence, flanked by male roles that are virtual definitions of the consort and the cavalier. These men are not just links in the chain of jewels. They are active presences, courtiers of rank and sensibility, and they are the means by which Balanchine focusses our thoughts on the women and creates a setting for them. The men embody the choreographer's point of view; those who partner the ballerinas in "Emeralds" and in "Diamonds" are what Balanchine's male dancers often are—stand-ins for Balanchine himself. But the roles are so beautifully differentiated—lover and poet in "Emeralds," knight in "Diamonds"—that they can be interpreted as fully as the more richly developed jesterlike Villella role in "Rubies." And "Jewels" includes a fifth principal male role—that of a youth in "Emeralds" who dances between two young princesses in a pas de trois and whose choreography gives opportunity to any soloist of mettle. Designed as a company showcase and as an introduction to Balanchine, dressed in glittering costumes and scenery, christened with a real title hinting at a pretext if not a plot, "Jewels" remains New York City Ballet's most powerful box-office attraction after "The Nutcracker." The audience is told in three ballets a great deal about Balanchine and what he stands for; it is *not* told that he disdains male dancing—on the contrary.

"I'm temporarily short until A.T.&T. gets all straightened out."

As a popular hit, "Jewels" has had to withstand charges of expediency. Balanchine, newly settled at Lincoln Center and needing to lure an unaccustomed public, had contrived the theme of jewels to link three unrelated non-story ballets. Actually, couldn't you call any three Balanchine ballets "Jewels" (or "Flowers" or "Horses")? It's true that "Jewels" isn't about jewels. Although Claude Arpels is said to have originally suggested the mining and cutting of gems as a scenario to Balanchine, the geometric dazzle connecting classical ballet and precious stones could have occurred to anybody. (A less facile connection to Oriental carpets was made several years earlier in "The Figure in the Carpet.") Even as a metaphor, "Jewels" doesn't quite work. By 1967, Balanchine's style had evolved beyond the kaleidoscopic manipulation of strict classical forms for which he was chiefly known. He was less interested in the chiselled severity of footwork than in the weight and shape of the body as it posed or plunged in cubic space. "Rubies" and "Diamonds" both take their stylistic cues from the bravura of their stars, which was as much curvilinear as rectilinear, while "Emeralds" is a floating island, its softness of contour an anomaly in Balanchine's repertory then and now. Yet "jewel" imagery is not neglected; it depends on where you sit. From high in the house, the loops, strands, and pendants that emerge in the changing patterns of the corps may be distinctly seen in all three ballets. The weakest choreography

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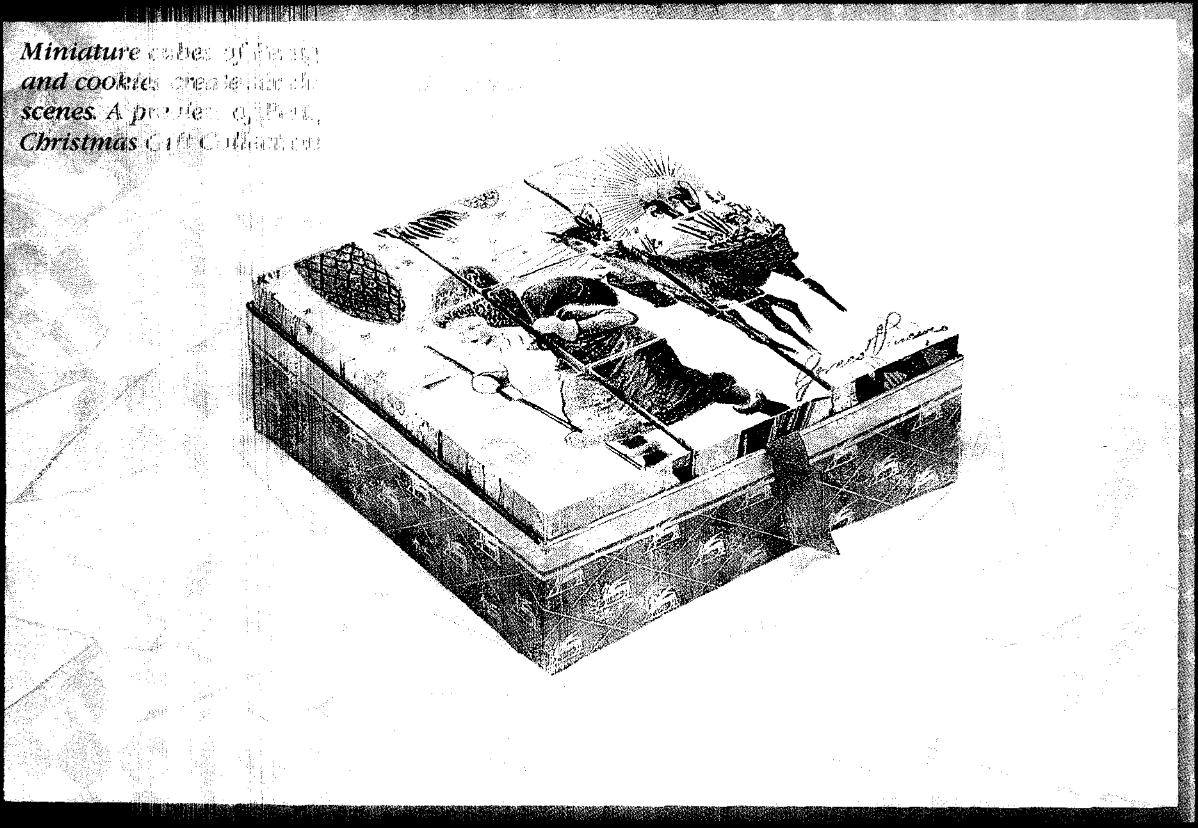

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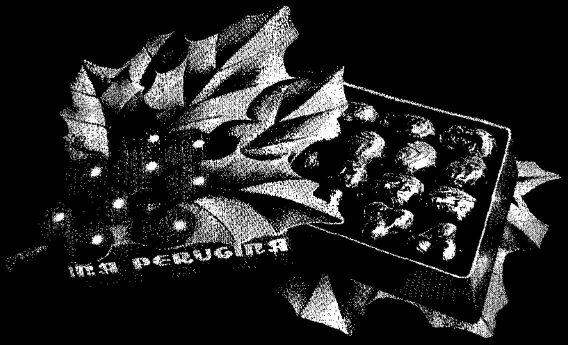

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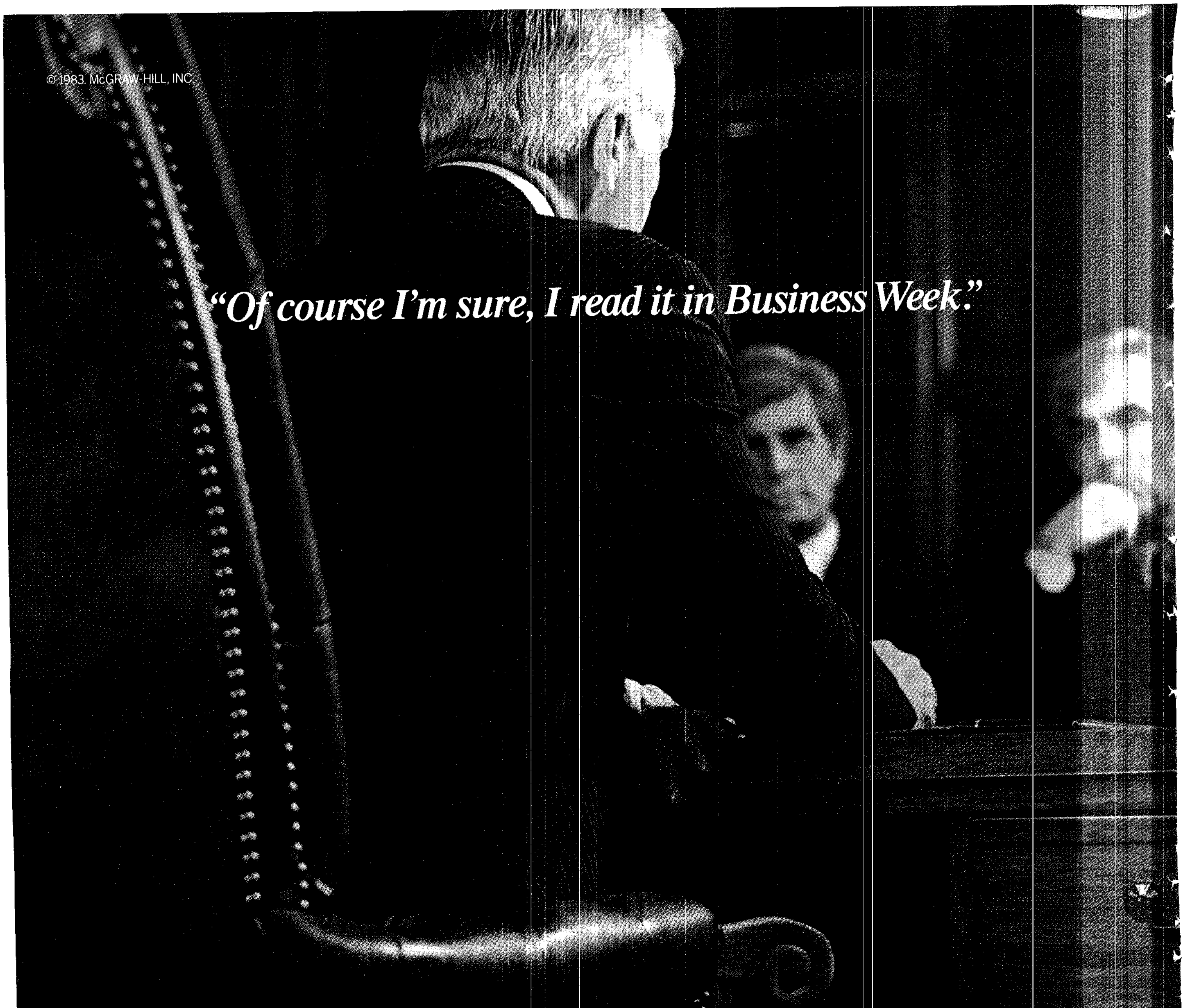
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of the evening is the section that comes the closest to foursquare geometrical precision—the opening of "Diamonds," set to the second movement of Tchaikovsky's Third Symphony. From orchestra or first-ring level, it is boring to look at—a plodding ensemble waltz that lasts forever. Seen from above, it shows you diamonds, diamonds, diamonds. This is Balanchine as Busby Berkeley, thinking up ways to eat up space on the large new State Theatre stage. The sparkling footwork throughout "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" is more properly diamantine.

Balanchine took his titular metaphor seriously enough, but he took even more seriously another kind of imagery—one that seems to have come to him from the imaginary world of ballet. For Balanchine, who inherited it from Petipa, it is not only a feminine microcosm but an actual stage world. "Emeralds" and "Diamonds" are each a conflation of "Swan Lake" and "Raymonda;" they bring back the medieval pageantry and chivalry of those ballets, complete with their glow of post-Wagnerian mythomania. "Rubies" is a sharp (not to say malicious) commentary on the anachronistic survival of the myth into the twentieth century; it's the New World—Stravinsky, jazz, America, sexual equality—pitted against nostalgia for the Old. Both "Emeralds" and "Diamonds" are about queens and the courts they rule; in "Rubies" the royalty is like that in a deck of cards; and it is all part and parcel of the toy kingdom of ballet. The leading male roles in all three ballets are Maryinsky stereotypes, but what Balanchine does with them is something else again. It's as if he'd taken the male cast of a late Petipa ballet and used it as the framework of a new architecture. Here in "Diamonds" is Siegfried–Florimund–Jean de Brienne. There in "Rubies" is a contemporary Bluebird. In "Emeralds" we have a Siegfried, a Benno, and a Florestan. Amid these reverberant depictions, the female roles assume the substantiality of a continuing lineage stemming from the Maryinsky and beyond the Maryinsky, for what was the late-Petipa era of Russian ballet in Petersburg but a revival of the era of Romantic ballet in Paris, with its Gothic inspirations? The roles in "Jewels" are made of memories of memories. They are also, of course, living portraits of their originators as they were in 1967, and though this makes them difficult to keep in repertory their archetypal connections insure that something is left over when the originators are gone. There is probably no ballet more closely identified with Suzanne Farrell than "Diamonds," and Farrell's performances of it this season seemed to set on it the ultimate seal of ownership. Yet when Merrill Ashley took it over, it became intelligibly another construct. The pas de deux without Farrell can still be performed as an Odette fantasy (with hand-behind-head poses reminiscent of Raymonda); Ashley handled this aspect extremely well. And without Farrell's all-absorbing presence it was easier to concentrate on the structural ties that make "Jewels" a true triptych.

The choreography's binding theme is walking. The walking on point that is done in the most memorable pas de deux in "Emeralds" reappears with a different emphasis in the "Diamonds" pas de deux, but it is recognizably a theme that bridges the evening's three sections. In "Emeralds," the walk is paced to the pulse of the music; it follows the turns and twists of a melody that gives no hint of how it is to end. It is as a dance virtually patternless; nothing occurs in it that might call forth a consummation, and so it is as an image virtually motionless, too. It wanders on, beat by beat, until, to a sudden sighing cadence in the music, it passes away into the night. Balanchine is not often given to such stylization, and for him to keep the dance so still is also unusual. He even has the dancers underline the regular beat of the walk with stop-motion poses of their limbs while they're standing still. The consequence is that we pay closer attention to the music, but the music, which is indeed beautiful, does not entirely explain a choreographic treatment that for Balanchine verges on pedantry. Fauré's score was written to accompany a French adaptation of "The Merchant of Venice," and this Nocturne was heard under Lorenzo's speech to Jessica about "the sweet power of music." "Mark the music," says Lorenzo, and Balanchine does—literally! (I believe the stylization of the dance also derives from the somewhat stilted conceits in the Lorenzo-Jessica love scene a page or two earlier—the lines beginning with six repetitions of the phrase "In such a night.") Some years after the première, Balanchine added to his choreography another pas de deux and an epilogue the effect of which introduced a fatal symmetry but also enlarged and integrated the ballet's images. The braced and straining arabesques in the new pas de deux become in the epilogue a linked series of such arabesques spread like an ornamental chain across the back of the stage. We see the necklace one last time before it dissolves into fragments to be folded and put away for good. The music for the dispersal is Mélisande's funeral march from Fauré's "Pelléas;" it ends as the choreography has reverted to walking steps for the three cavaliers, now bereft. On a final note, they kneel in tribute to a vision lost in time.

Balanchine followed Fauré's musical pattern in the portions added to "Emeralds," just as he had throughout the ballet, but he ascribed his own meaning to the pattern, and that is the procedure he seems to have followed all through "Jewels." The heraldic horns in the Fauré link up with the mournful cor anglais in Tchaikovsky's symphony, and we hear the horns the way we see the walking—as a motivic element in the structure of the work as a whole. (In "Rubies," the horns are heard in the brassy whoops of a neoclassical jazz score, and the walking becomes running and prancing.) In "Diamonds," when Farrell walks on point she stretches her feet in a slight pawing motion and we hear a horn call. The echo seems to come from way back in the forest of "Emeralds" —from that wonderfully youthful pas de trois and its air of freedom, of an outing in the woods, perhaps a hunt. (The young man several times extends one arm to lift the two women in light sautés—like a trainer testing two mares in dressage.) Hunt scenes from old ballets rise up invisibly to reinforce that sound and that image, now transferred to "Diamonds," but Farrell's "Odette" wears no plumage. Rather, she flexes her long feet, places her delicate points on the earth, and arches her neck like a white steed—like the one, in fact, she gives us in a pawing, head-

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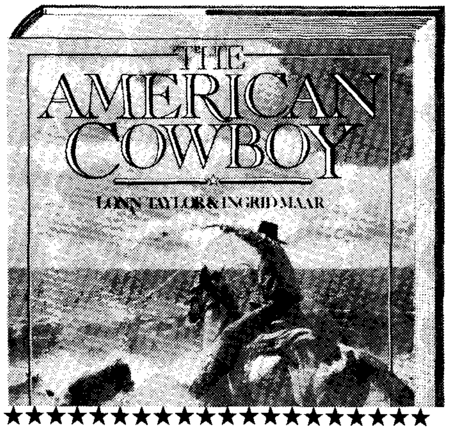

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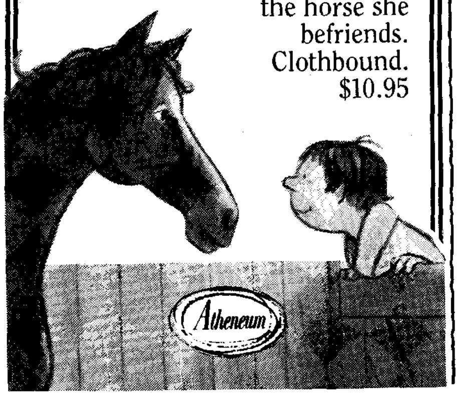


tossing passage in "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," the ballet to Stravinsky's setting of sixteenth-century madrigals (in which, as it happens, Balanchine also uses a necklace construction). And when she bends her head low and stretches both arms out above a forward extension of her leg, "horse" passes into "unicorn," and the "hunt scene" becomes an allusion to the unicorn tapestries in the Cluny Museum. Farrell is both the lady and the unicorn, and in a sense she's the hunter, too, on the scent of her own mystery. (A passing reference to the unicorn, symbol of virginity in medieval iconography, may have been what Ivanov intended in one of Odette's signature poses in the second-act pas de deux, but the way it is usually done it looks more like a stork. The pose is deleted in Balanchine's version of "Swan Lake.") The long "Diamonds" pas de deux is really a monologue; the man is privy to secrets the woman reveals to herself. That, at any rate, is how I read it when it is danced by Farrell and Peter Martins. Its relation to the walking pas de deux and the two intensely private "Mélisande" variations in "Emeralds" seems to me unmistakable.

One could parse Balanchine's language for further correspondences; I have named only the most obvious. But even a casual glance at "Jewels" shows it to be composed not of three unrelated ballets but of two matching panels and a flagrantly dissonant middle panel, which, however, keeps a connection with the two others by extending and upending their formal logic. Without "Rubies," Balanchine must have reasoned, "Jewels" would be a bland evening. By way of describing the ambiguous but compelling logic of abstract ballet, our greatest dance critic, the late Edwin Denby, used to like to cite a line of Mallarmé's about poetry that is made up "of reciprocal reflections like a virtual trail of light across jewels." "Rubies" refracts instead of reflecting; it does its job in the total scheme of things, and it may be the evening's masterwork.

Balanchine carried out his tripartite scheme to the music of three different composers. It is the music that determines the instant-by-instant progression of his choreography, its accent and impetus; and the music is what gives the evening its pleasing symphonic shape—a broadly flowing andante prelude, a red-hot scherzo, a maestoso finish. If I had to guess how the piece was made, I'd say that Balanchine worked backward from the pas de deux of "Diamonds" and *its* scherzo, in which Tchaikovsky burrows into the magic forest of Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." As we saw in the pas de deux, Balanchine makes it a tapestry forest, but basically it's the same forest that he planted with Fauré's help in "Emeralds." Music is widely supposed to be the beginning and end of Balanchine's concern with expression. "Jewels" shows how effectively he could use music to pursue concerns of his own.

THIS season's performances of "Jewels" saw a new décor, by Robin Wagner, consisting of three different diadems hung on the backcloth and a false proscenium enclosing each ballet. The idea, more discreet than the old careless opulence, seemed to be a jewel box. The graduated arches behind the proscenium bothered me at first; by the second performance I had ceased to notice anything but the dancing. There was new casting in some of the principal roles, the most successful being "Emeralds" with Maria Calegari in the walking pas de deux and Carlo Merlo, Alexia Hess, and Shawn Stevens in the pas de trois. These were also Peter Martins' last performances of "Diamonds." He now retires to devote full time to his duties as a ballet master-in-chief. In "Diamonds," as in "Apollo," "Symphony in C," "Duo Concertant," "Concerto Barocco," "Other Dances," and "The Nutcracker," Martins exhibited for the last time, alas, his magnificently limpid, unshowy style in dancing and his incomparably tender partnering. Is there another man in ballet who can bring glory to a ballerina merely by the rapt attention he gives her and the amount of space he creates around her? The audiences who saw him off with ovations will miss him no less than will Miss Farrell, Miss Ashley, and Miss Watts. As a dancer, Martins has always been a winner; his victories have looked almost too easy. But if his gifts were lavishly bestowed he has been their wise custodian. In his years with New York City Ballet, he grew immeasurably as an artist. Placing himself in Balanchine's service, he rose to the kind of stardom that makes him, in his turn, master of the art and the one who must now set the terms of it for the next generation. A loyal knight, he has earned the prize. The enchanted kingdom is in his keeping.

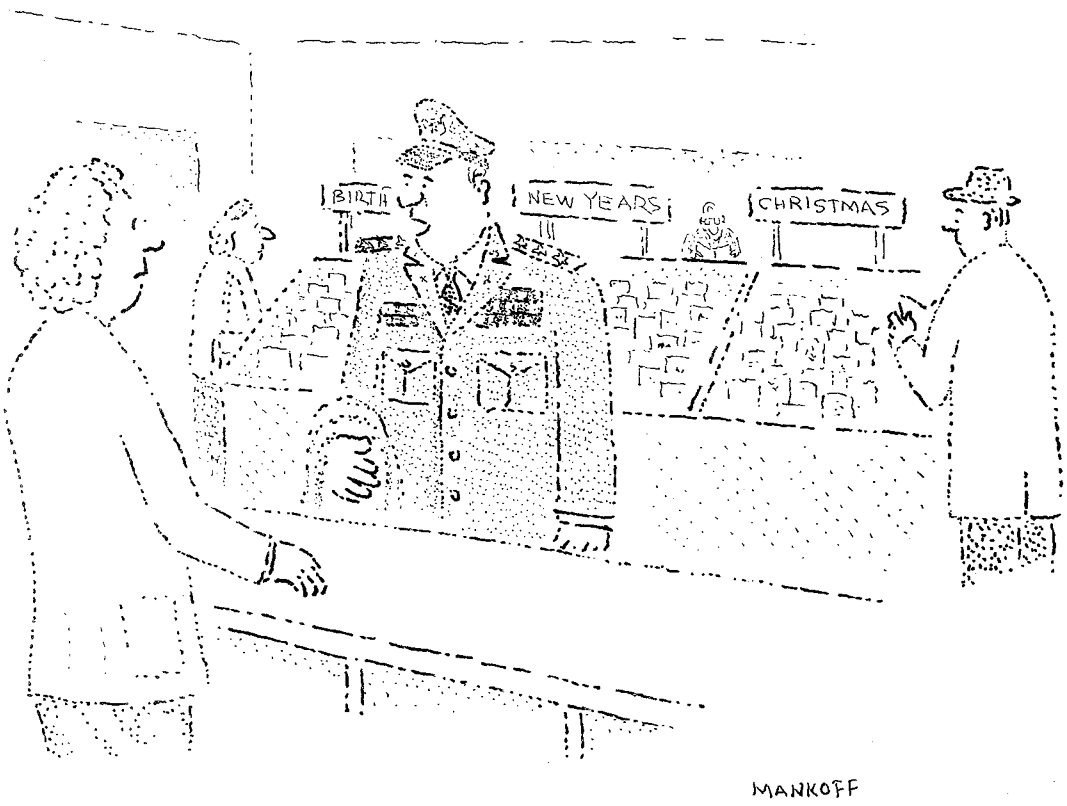
—ARLENE CROCE

BOOKS

Colette

"LOOK for a long time at what pleases you, and longer still at what pains you"—Colette's advice to a young writer defines her as a born watcher, not only of men, women, children, animals, and landscapes but of herself. She was very much an autobiographer, as a portrait painter, novelist, and storyteller. She watched with the candor of a child and a poet, and watched herself watching. Her work has also the apparent spontaneity of one who revised continuously—sometimes to sharpen, at other times to elaborate. In elaboration and in her own presence in a story, she was Proustian, and rarely the invisible narrator. (In some of her short stories, she seems to hark back to a master like Mérimée when she openly intrudes in her tale and distributes her own personality.) The role of the privileged observer may strike us today as being old-fashioned or too easygoing, and close to the vice of explanation, but in his introduction to "The Collected Stories of Colette" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $19.95) Robert Phelps makes an interesting defense of Colette's habit of being "there." In a well-known story like "Bella-Vista," when we see her pretty well camped in the middle of it—and with one of those favorite, uncannily responsive dogs of hers, too—she is there, he says, not to explain but, like a good neighbor, to experience her changing judgments of the people. She is there as the traditional French day-to-day moralist, with more on her hands than she realizes. This has the virtue of taking out the trickery of the surprise ending, which would otherwise be a mere fooling of the reader. Mr. Phelps supports the view by quoting a remark of Glenway Wescott's that Colette was "a kind of female Montaigne," who alights on other natures as she explores her own. The volume contains a hundred of her sketches, portraits, and fuller stories, a third of which have never before appeared in English translation. Among the distinguished translators are Antonia White, Herma Briffault, Anne-Marie Callimachi, and Matthew Ward. The last is not always apt with French colloquialisms—the translator's nightmare. It is jarring, for example, to find the phrase "You must be kidding" uttered in *la belle époque.*

In the early "Chéri" stories, Colette was not there in person. She is almost anonymous in the early tales of the run-down music-hall companies in which, as a hungry young actress, she went through the mill, but here she is imbued with the comradeship of the theatre, though she has to put up with some isolation. She is bourgeoise! What she does share with the company is a passion for attire, costume, the inborn fantasies of the actors and actresses. One says "inborn" because as a country child she saw nature not raw but arraying itself. If she is a sensual pagan realist and has a peasant's eye for the object, she is, like all French novelists, a moralist who formulates her *précisions* at once when her emotions and imagination are shamelessly aroused. She sees nature, and lives in its modes and seasons. She is at once moralist and *couturière:* in the spring landscapes the plum blossom appears, shines, and blows away, but it is she who notices that it changes color at first light, changes to pink at sunrise, and becomes pinker until, in the last hours, it flies away like snow. A cycle. So people, too, in their moods and feelings have their frills and style, their *maquillage,* their scents and fashions. She is one for the comedies, tragedies, and vanities of appearance, for the sight of the body dressed in temperament. (Young girls are dangerous in their torpor. Women are fastidious in their dress, but in rage they are not fastidious.) She is detached and exact about both. In an early "Chéri" story, that perfect Narcissus is by turns vain, tender, charming, greedy, pettish, arrogant, violent, cruel as a child. We see him returning to Léa, his middle-aged mistress, to tell her he's about to marry someone else. He "leans his naughty chin over Léa, and the same pink spark, from the window, dances in his dark eyes, on his teeth, and on the pearls of the necklace." Preposterously thinking of his plumage, he has cadged her pearls from her. Why shouldn't a beautiful male wear pearls and be as-



"I'm looking for something that expresses the spirit of the season but doesn't neglect the need for a credible deterrent."

tounding and demanding? In many portraits or stories, we shall see other "pink sparks" from some object lighting up teeth, lips, chins, skin; hear asides on the formation, even the language, of noses long, straight, or squashed. We shall see necks Roman or stringy, skin smooth or coarse or wrinkled, and scores of pairs of eyes—the blue, one must say, to the point of surfeit and idolatry, but also brown, brown turning to orange, and coffee. Some blondes have chestnut eyelashes. In nature, flowers, trees, insects, dogs, cats, birds will have the same emotive examination. The facts and fantasies of appearance belong to the paganism of *la belle époque*—Proust himself lived for them. As with the body, so with the emotions: the passion of love—whether it is by nature heterosexual, homosexual, lesbian, narcissistic, or maternal—enlarges and remakes everyone even when it turns to agony, disillusion, and sorrow. Do not lose your sorrow too soon, a woman advises her miserable friend. In it lies the indispensable therapy; suddenly she will find herself set free, and rediscover the affections of her neglected friends, the easy norms of society, work, and living which keep us sane. In "The Cure," we shall find this unrepentant analysis. Unrepentantly, Colette had "lived." But what she called living was working hard day and night.

Her second husband, Henry de Jouvenel, the journalist and politician, was angered by her preoccupation with love and personal relationships, her total lack of interest in politics and social commitment—perhaps *his*? It is useless to ask an artist to be other than he or she is. Colette was clearly a shrewd rebel in her time. What never bored her was "ordinary" life, and earning a living. In her theatre stories, she knew all about poverty, hunger, the almost debonair human will to survive and live out one's life. She knew the dark side of the music halls, and the dressing up that gives the actors a double life and sustains their iron will. I think of Gonzalez, the actor in "The Starveling," who at mealtimes did not stay to eat but left the company on the pretext that he was going to "have a look at the neighborhood." His clothes were wretched, his bilious face—especially his awful nose—was a disaster. His aim in life? Not to spend his earnings on the tour, so that he would be able to eat for the two months when he would be looking for a new job. "Once again," Colette writes, "I am confronted by real poverty. When, if ever, shall I cease to find it?" And not only poverty but cheating and exploitation—*la belle époque* not all that *belle*. Yet "The Starveling" is not a sob story: "The stage bell started to ring above our heads, and Gonzalez, incurably late, fluttered off to his dressing room with all the lightness of a dead leaf, with the airy macabre grace of a young skeleton, dancing."

Colette is rarely frivolous in her detachment. She is sustained by stoicism; she is compassionate but tough. Her continuing subject is illusion. Although these theatre stories are presented through the veil of reminiscence, they break out into realism, partly because of her visual flashes and her genius for real dialogue. "The Starveling" is a story; others are portraits of acrobats, conjurers, and knife-throwers, but the "acts" and the risks of each one are precise. The girl who plays the sinister scenes in sketches about The Hall of Poisons, Satan, The Paradise of Forbidden Pleasures, The Beheaded Woman, and Messalina has a superb neck but a meagre body; offstage she picks up her velvet robe and cheerfully reveals that she has bowlegs. (One of Colette's first roles was in the sketch Miaou-Ouah-Ouah; she was hired to mew and bark in this animal routine.) The backstage scurryings, head-tossings, and shouting are excellent. In the long story "Gribiche," a scream breaks out—a girl has caught her shoe in the iron staircase and falls headlong, bleeding. The other girls rush to help, and they guess at once what has happened: the girl has had a back-street abortion. She is carried off to the miserable room where her sly, frightened mother looks after her. Colette is excellent at drawing wary old women—indeed, all women when they are on the defensive. The members of the cast club together on the girl's behalf, out of their miserable pay. The scene of awkward politeness is extraordinary. The girls guess Gribiche will die. She does. The story ends with Colette rather too studiously seeking an "emblematic" phrase that will define the tragedy. In fact, the story has a far better end in an earlier paragraph, when we see the whispering of the girls, nature being the better artist:

> The next evening little Impéria came hobbling hurriedly up to us. I saw her whispering anxiously into Lise's ear. Balanced on one leg, she was clutching the foot that hurt her most with both hands. Lise listened to her, wearing her whitest,

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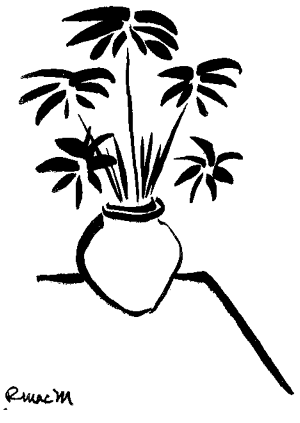
> most statuesque mask and holding one hand over her mouth. She removed her hand and furtively made the sign of the cross.

These observations of body attitudes are astonishing and, I suppose, have the instinctive feminine preoccupation. Even a comic moment earlier in the story has this: "La Toutou gave her colleague a blue glance, equally sublime in its stupidity, its indignation, and its deceitfulness. The anguish of her indigestion made it even more impressive."

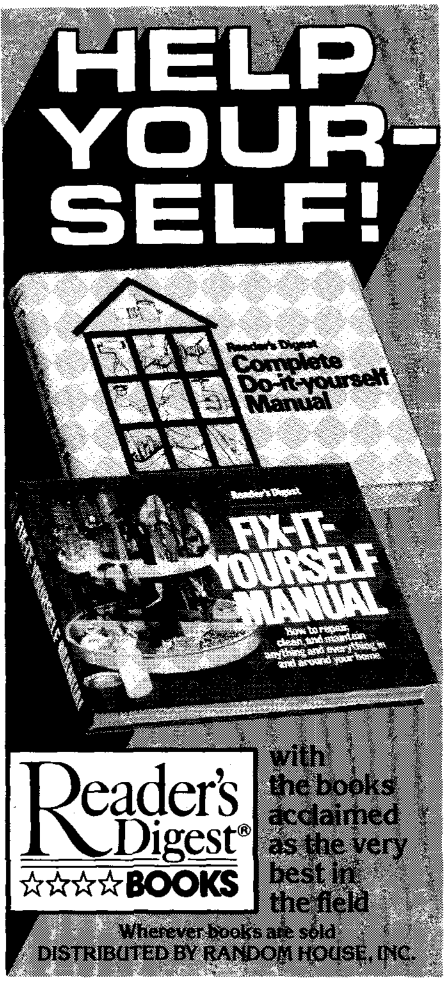
There are a number of slight, witty sketches of husbands pursuing wives, confrontations of mistresses, the ironies of adultery and concealed jealousy. The sketches are briefly piquant, but today the genre seems faded. Also, one cannot guess the backgrounds of these smooth sinners. Where Colette is strongest is in stories into which she brings the working life. In the famous "The Kepi," for example, we are in the seedy world of ghostwriters who turn out romances to order—Colette's early world. A plain, ill-dressed, aging lady in this business, one who has never had a lover, answers a lonely-hearts advertisement from a young army officer. The parties meet and are both transformed by instant sexual victory; indeed, this is one of Colette's rare overtly sexual scenes. The officer is hardly in the room before he is throwing off his uniform at the foot of the bed. His cap—the kepi—somehow gets lost in the bedclothes. The unwise, intoxicated lady grabs it, puts it on her head, and sings a soldiers' marching song. The officer is appalled. End of the affair. A Maupassant story: but, after that, rather spoiled by a knowing chat about the phases of love between Colette and a too ironical friend.



In a long story, "The Rainy Moon," Colette makes a more sophisticated use of her role as the watcher inside the tale. She becomes elaborate, and every incident makes the mystery more intricate and edgy. She is seen delivering a manuscript to her slaving typist, who supports a sister called Délia, who is ill and will soon appear to be on the verge of insanity. Délia's husband, one Eugène, has left her, and, listening to the typist's lamentations and complaints, Colette guesses that she, too, had been in love with the missing husband and was jealous. Quite wrong: superstition and relics of popular magic and witchcraft haunt the minds of the sisters. Délia is plotting a murder: she is engaged in "convoking" spirits, by the ancient routine of unceasingly, silently pronouncing and cursing the name of the husband, hundreds of times a day, willing his death. (Dear old animal magnetism, in short!) Even the sane sister believes in the possibility, and, rather snobbishly, says that Délia is possessed by nothing so commonplace as the Devil but something far more powerful. How can such a tale be made tolerable or credible? By what seems to me a stroke of genius. Colette herself, the rational narrator, catches the infection of murderous passion:

> I kept relapsing into a nightmare in which I was now my real self, now identified with Délia. Half reclining like her on *our* divan-bed, in the dark part of our room, I "convoked" with a powerful summons, with a thousand repetitions of his name, a man who was not called Eugène.

She has remembered that she, too, had someone to hate. Of course, the next day the rational Colette comes to her senses. But—second turn of the screw—months later she will see Délia outside a stall in the street eating from a bag of chips and wearing the white crêpe band of a widow. Grand Guignol, of course. But—as Henry James once showed—there is a probable third turn: a concealed neurotic history inhabits the implausible. Colette has prepared us for this, without our noticing it much, at the beginning of the story. Rereading it, one notices how much she stresses that the flat the two sisters live in was one in which she had once lived. The room that Délia slept in had been Colette's room. The impossible story is perhaps, like "The Turn of the Screw," the narrator's own fantasy. Mr. Phelps' reference to Colette's neighborliness as she settles among her people here takes a haunting turn. Our fantasies are a wardrobe containing borrowed attire. Yes, a Mérimée might have contrived this imbroglio and convinced us because he, too, was in his tale. And Colette's beloved Balzac—whom she read avidly when she was a child—had taught her to pack in the furniture, even the wallpaper, when you



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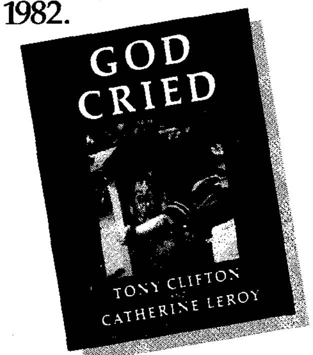

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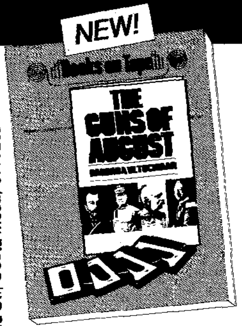

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elect to chill. It is noticeable that the two sinister things in the story are, first, "something to wear" and, second, physical allure: that band of white crêpe and Délia's "little Roman chin."

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HIGH SPIRITS, by Robertson Davies (Viking/Penguin; $14.95 cloth, $5.95 paper). Now that Robertson Davies is no longer Master of the University of Toronto's Massey College, and is therefore no longer treating his wards to an original ghost story each Christmas season, students and scholars will have to find some other reason for haunting Massey's classrooms and corridors. The rest of us will be hard put to it to parcel out these eighteen delightful ghost stories over the next eighteen Decembers. "Massey College is troubled with ghosts, much as lesser fabrics are troubled with mice," Mr. Davies explains; this "spectral density" has meant many chances for him to chat with "the Cream of the Ectoplasm"—even, in the first-person plural, Queen Victoria—and with one of its immortal masters, hoofed and horned, who boasts of inventing the Christmas card. Other encounters include a heart-to-heart, while waiting for Ibsen ("Surely he would come to Canada, if only to sneer"), with an Accredited Spectre, First Class, from Gloucestershire, hounded by air-conditioning; a debate with a bundle of newsprint embodying the spirit of feminism, who does not cow Mr. Davies ("To me Ms. has always meant Manuscript"); an oral examination of an incorrigible, if transparent, Ph.D. candidate; and a tempting offer, as Mr. Davies' eighteen-year tenure draws to a close, from a vinegar-guzzling four-hundred-and-fifty-year-old Praefectus of the Instituto Cryonico da Colombia.

ROSIE, by Anne Lamott (Viking; $16.95). A fine novel about an eccentric, non-nuclear family with two, then three, and finally four heads, but always with just one heart: Rosie. The story, set in a pretty town near San Francisco, begins with a funeral when Rosie is four and ends, five years later, with a wedding. In the meantime, Rosie's mother, a tall, stately, boozy "thwarted workaholic" (in her own words), gains a friend and also a lover. The friend is a fat, witty weaver who knows all about binges and procrastination and only a little about men; the lover is a short, thin, hardworking writer, always scribbling notes for his novel. There is also Rosie's best friend, whose picture-perfect home makes Rosie feel deprived; after her own mother's eclectic, ethnic cuisine, she marvels at, say, tuna casserole. Toward the end of the story, the weaver mentions the fact that the Arabic root for "child" can mean both "potter's clay" and "dawn." After five years, Rosie's dawn is turning into day, and she has begun to be molded by the mischief she has made, and by her discovery that adults make mischief, too, but call it by other names.

FOGGAGE, by Patrick McGinley (St. Martin's; $11.95). We first heard Mr. McGinley's interesting Irish voice in "Bogmail," a murder mystery, though not an ordinary one. His new novel is set in the same Irish countryside, and although it is not a murder mystery it, too, deals with death, almost excessively. It also deals with incest—a cheerful sensual companionship between a forty-year-old farmer named Kevin Hurley and his twin sister, Maureen. Theirs is, indeed, as Mr. McGinley beguilingly shows us, an almost idyllic relationship until the forces of convention take over and Kevin marries. This is a dark story, made all the darker by lightning bolts of humor, and a telling glimpse of the human predicament.

GENERAL

THE BRITISH CHARACTER, by Pont, with an introduction by Alan Coren (Merrimack; $11.95 cloth, $5.95 paper). Pont was the pen name of the Englishman Graham Laidler, a trained architect who, because of frail health, took up cartooning. Though he died, in 1940, at the age of only thirty-two, his series of illustrations, for *Punch*, of "The British Character" made him famous in his time and, reissued with a bouncy introduction by Alan Coren, still hold up as a definitive statement of the theme. "Love of Keeping Calm," "Strong Tendency to Become Doggy," "Importance of Not Being an Alien," "Tendency Not to Know What to Do on Sundays"—these are a few of the changeless national traits given droll pictorial embodiment in Pont's somewhat spidery

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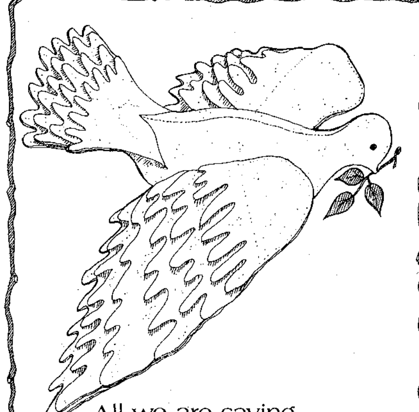

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THE ALLIANCE: AMERICA, EUROPE, JAPAN—MAKERS OF THE POSTWAR WORLD, by Richard J. Barnet (Simon & Schuster; $19.95). A retrospect, from the end of the Second World War to the present. Mr. Barnet recalls that, whatever the Allies may have planned for the Axis, the devastation of Germany and Japan presented the urgent reality that the vanquished populations had to be fed. The cheapest solution was for them to feed themselves, and so the United States began to assist its former enemies' recovery. For several years, their weakness, and that of our wartime allies, elicited generosity (the Marshall Plan) and idealism (we promoted a united Europe and a democratic Japan). Our allies' growing strength brought us both relief (they served as barriers to the spread of Communism and as markets for our products) and distress (they have become our economic competitors and often resent what they regard as American tutelage). Mr. Barnet implies—what many citizens of these countries may suspect—that it is time to reconsider past assumptions and current international arrangements. Part of the book first appeared in this magazine.

THE GAME, by Ken Dryden (Times Books; $14.95). An unusually smart, serious book about ice hockey, of all things. Dryden, the Cornell- and McGill-educated lawyer who played goalie for the Montreal Canadiens from 1971 to 1979, had the habit sometimes, during lulls in a game, of resting his chin on the end of his stick while gazing down the ice, as if he were playing hockey and contemplating it at the same time, and his writing has the same studious, observant quality. Here, for example, is his description of Guy Lafleur beginning a breakaway: "Helmetless, he starts with a suddenness that sends his hair flipping up in back, in three or four strides pulling away at his temples, streaming out behind him like a flag in a breeze." The book covers a single week in the late winter of 1979—when the Canadiens were on their way to a fourth-straight Stanley Cup, and Dryden had just come to the decision to retire at the end of the season—but it is full of digressions and asides on larger subjects: the role of money and celebrity in modern sports; the importance of rituals and superstitions in helping to define a team; the influence of fear (of failure and of injury) on hockey players; and the particularly isolating, anxiety-inducing nature of goaltending. These meditations conclude with a lucid and surprising review of the history of hockey, in which Dryden suggests that some of the problems now afflicting the pro version of the sport—excessive violence, dull and unimaginative playmaking—may stem from something like a collective failure on the part of Canadians to understand the spontaneous, free-flowing nature of their own game.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LABRAVA, by Elmore Leonard (Arbor House; $14.95). Like Hammett after he had stopped writing and Raymond Chandler after his death and Ross Macdonald toward the end of his career, Mr. Leonard has recently (after more than twenty novels) been discovered to be a "serious" writer. The good news is that this has apparently done him no harm: his new novel is as unpretentious, as polished in every respect, and as thoroughly enjoyable as any of its predecessors. Joseph LaBrava is a former Secret Service operative who has found his way to Miami Beach and to photography—and, dream come true, actually met the movie actress (celebrated second lead) with whom he fell in love at age twelve. Through her, he becomes embroiled in the sort of misadventure (involving a Cuban hustler and a big, smiling redneck psychopath) that his creator so strongly imagines.

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When a man as discerning as St. Nick gives his personal seal of approval to a car, you know it must be something to say ho ho ho about. Santa's a man with tough requirements. That's why he chose the Tercel 4WD Wagon. The sleigh is fine for Christmas Eve, but for the rest of the year he needs something more practical. He needs a car roomy enough to carry feed for all his reindeer, yet economical and dependable to pull through treacherous roadways.

If the Tercel 4WD Wagon can fit needs as demanding as Santa's, just think how easily it can accommodate you. If room is what you want, stretch out. No small 4WD wagon can match its roominess. The roof line is higher than any other small wagon, for more headroom. And there's a panoramic rear window for more visibility. Five people can sit comfortably with lots of space for gear in the carpeted cargo area. And if you want more luggage space, just fold down the rear seat backs and get 59.8 cubic feet of space.

If economy is what you want, Tercel's fuel efficient 1.5 liter SOHC engine delivers the best fuel economy of any 4-wheel drive wagon: 41 Estimated Highway, ㉛ EPA Estimated MPG*

If you want a tough, dependable car, look no further. The Tercel 4WD Wagon can pull through almost any road condition from the North Pole to Main St.** And it switches from front-wheel drive to four-wheel drive on command.

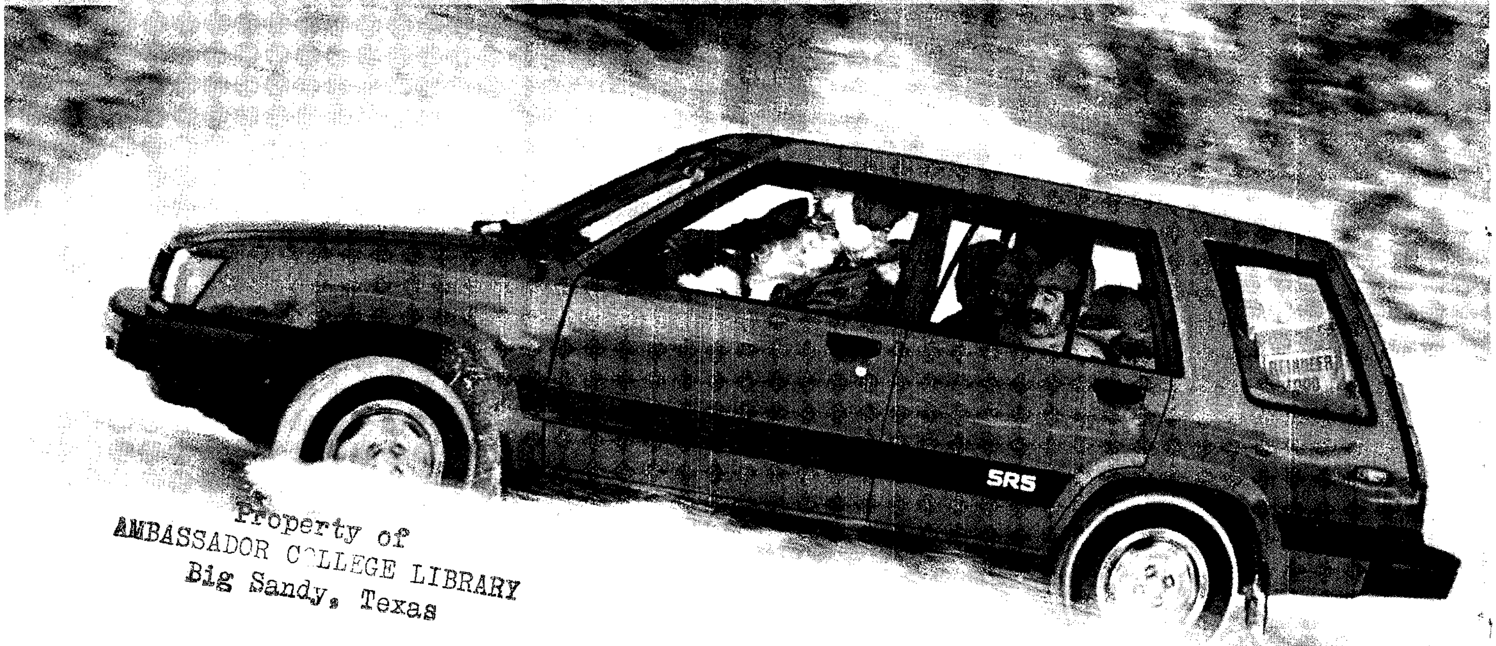
New for 1984 is a conventional 2WD Wagon that has all the features Santa wants in his 4WD, but it's for people who don't have to go to the North Pole.

Is the Tercel 4WD Wagon for you? Just ask Santa.

*Remember: Compare this estimate to the "EPA Estimated MPG" of other cars with manual transmission. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."
**Optional chassis gravel shields recommended for rough road use.

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

THE 1984 TERCEL 4WD WAGON. THE OFFICIAL CAR OF SANTA CLAUS!



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HO HO HO!